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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

No. CLXII.—New Series, No. 42.

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THE
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ART. I.—DR. PUSEY'S LIFE AND LIFE-WORK.

1. *The Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D.* By Dr. LIDDON. Edited by Rev. J. O. JOHNSTON, M.A., and Rev. R. J. WILSON, M.A., Warden of Keble College. In Four Vols. Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.
2. *The Doctrine of Holy Baptism.* By Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. Oxford: Parkers.
3. *The Character and Life-Work of Dr. Pusey.* By Rev. JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. London: C. H. Kelly.

A RCHDEACON SINCLAIR, in an address delivered at the last Church Congress on the subject of the English Church Union, drew attention to a recent authoritative publication put forth by that Union, which, to quote the Archdeacon's words,

"pointed out with great frankness the mistakes of the Reformers in our present Prayer-book, proposed the omission of the Ten Commandments, advocated mediæval additions to the Church office to bring it into line with Sarum, pronounced fasting reception to be necessary, urged the practice of reservation, proposed the introduction of the Romish service of Benediction, wished to alter our cathedral services so that there should be mass every morning, longed that everybody should recognise that our chief religious duty was the oblation of the Lamb of God, insisted on the restoration of the word *mass*, and deplored the disastrous effects of the Reformation."

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If to this authentic enumeration we add, as among the objects aimed at, the establishment of Sisterhoods and Monasteries, and the restoration of the Confessional, with all that that implies, we have a fairly representative but by no means complete account of the retrograde movement towards the mediæval practices of the Church of Rome, which would seem to be in the ascendant at this time, within the limits of the Reformed Church of England. Words fail to describe the fatal meaning and tendency of this movement. A passage, however, from the *Guardian* for last October 11 may fitly be placed by the side of what we have quoted. The *Guardian* knows its market and weighs its words; it represents the highest faculty and best-informed judgment of the high Anglican party. The following is the passage. It occurs in an article on the subject of "Reunion" as brought before the Church Congress last autumn :

" No doubt, according to a pregnant sentence of the Archbishop of Dublin, there is more difference between High Churchmen and Low Churchmen within the Church of England than there is between High Churchmen and Roman Catholics on the one side and Low Churchmen and Dissenters on the other. But then this is the result of an ecclesiastical accident. The combination in one and the same Church of opinions so widely divergent can be explained historically, but not logically. It is hardly conceivable that it could have existed, if the Church had not been established, or that it should continue to exist if the Church ceased to be established. Any religious and intelligent Dissenter, who was invited to come into the Church, would naturally, we think, ask Into which Church of England am I to come? Is it the Church of Lord Halifax or the Church of Sir Robert Lighton? "

This passage teaches in terms of unmistakeable plainness that the difference is altogether less between high Anglicanism and the Church of Rome than between high Anglicanism and the Evangelical and Protestant portion of the Established Church; and that, but for the coercion of the State bond, there would, of necessity, be a complete organic separation of the one party from the other;—the high Anglican section being the true Church of England and the Evangelical Episcopalian no part of that Church whatever. It teaches that the true Church of England is as narrow, as exclusive, as ritualistic as "the Church of Lord Halifax," which is no other than the

Church of the "Church Union," to which we have referred, Lord Halifax being the official head and the presiding spirit of the Union. This Romanising sect, according to the *Guardian*, is the true national Church of England. The claim is a grotesque absurdity. But the deliberate utterance of such a judgment by the *Guardian* is a very dark sign of the times. It shows that in the opinion of that journal there is no need any longer to keep on terms with the evangelical section of the Established Church. In anticipation of the day of disestablishment, that journal distinctly and deliberately looks forward to the division of the existing Established Church into at least two sections, of which that alone is to be accounted as representing, and indeed as being, the true Church of England, which is in close affinity and sympathy with the Church of Rome, and which severs itself completely from the Evangelical and Protestant portion of what has hitherto been deemed the Church of England, and from the convictions and sympathies of the great majority of Englishmen.

It seems not improbable indeed that there will be not two but three distinct sections in the event of disestablishment—a Romanising section, an "evangelical" section, and a Broad Church section. Such is the prospect which faces us. How far the Neo-Romanising section, the Church of the Church Union, would be likely to go, when freed from the State bond, and organised into a separate sect, must remain a question. But, judging from what we know of the zeal and extravagance of the high sacramental sections of our Colonial Churches in South Africa and Australia, even in the midst of what in England would be regarded as middle-class social conditions and democratic institutions; judging also from the recent developments of ritualistic superstition and of bigotry in the United States, and from the much-increased and strengthened tendency of the Anglo-Irish Episcopal Church towards Ritualism and high Sacramentarianism, since Disestablishment took place; it might fairly be doubted whether in the England of Laud and of Pusey the "Church of Lord Halifax" would shrink from any ritualistic and Romanising extreme short of acknowledging the Papal claims.

The greatest force in bringing about the present lamentable

condition of things was unquestionably Dr. Pusey. He more widely, more diligently, and with more of personal influence than any other man, sowed the seeds of the harvest which our country is now reaping. Keble, Newman, and Pusey, these are the three men whose names must always be associated as the founders of the Neo-Romanising movement in the Church of England of the last two generations. Keble, however, alone would only have handed down to a few the tradition which he had himself received from the Divine Right Non-jurors of the last century. There was no motive energy, no propagandist force in him. Newman was the man of magnetic influence, the man of intellectual superiority and force. It was he who laid the ferment and supplied the ideas which were to start, to inform, and for ten years to inspire and guide the whole movement. But, after his secession to Rome, the movement must have died a natural death before many years had passed, if it had not been taken up and fostered for nearly forty years by Dr. Pusey who, though not a man of any originality, combined in himself many of the qualities which go to foster ideas and to build up a school of religious devotion. In some respects, indeed, he had points of special superiority as the leader of a party. Newman and his short-lived but powerful comrade Froude were able, astute and daring—daring almost to recklessness. But these bachelor Fellows, being at first men of no school or set, were also men of no social position, and at the beginning of their work had no personal influence. For a while at least they unsettled and alarmed more powerfully than they attracted or persuaded. What Pusey did for the new movement is told by Newman himself in his *Apologia*. Newman says: "Without him we should have had no chance of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. He had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his professorship, his family connections, and his easy relations with the University authorities." He was able to give "a name, a form and a personality to what without him was a sort of mob."

At length a part of Dr. Pusey's biography has been published, after many years of expectation. Dr. Liddon, Pusey's

disciple and intimate friend for many years, and one of his Trustees, had done much in the way of preparation, but he had not altogether finished even the collection of matter for the work, nor had he throughout perfectly moulded his own material into form. The two volumes, however, before us, and which cover about half the ground of Pusey's life, must be taken as substantially the work of Dr. Liddon. So far as it goes, notwithstanding its voluminous character, the biography fails to give a complete exposition of Pusey's views or a complete account of his work and influence. Even Dr. Liddon, it would seem, has not ventured to go thoroughly into the meaning of all Dr. Pusey's work, or exactly and fully to expound his doctrine. His life was the life of a saint, but of a saint of a morbid and misguided school. His history is capable of being written in its main personal outlines, which are generally interesting and sometimes touching, without undertaking fully to exhibit throughout the inner meaning of his line of development in doctrine and in spiritual counsels. There are also facts connected with his history which may be gathered elsewhere, but which are not necessary for the continuity of the narrative, and the insertion of which might not appear to be advantageous to his memory as a divine of the Reformed Church of England. Yet some of the information omitted may be necessary in order to a just estimate of his work and to the needful counteraction of the grievous mischief which, good man as he was, he wrought not only within the Church of England, but, more or less, throughout all English-speaking countries.

The name of Pusey did not belong to the ancestors of the future ecclesiastical leader, but to the estate which came to his father as a gift from two sisters bearing the name of Pusey, who were co-heiresses of the Pusey property and sisters-in-law of the first Lady Folkestone, Dr. Pusey's grandmother. His father was the Honourable Philip Bouvierie, son of the Earl of Radnor, whose second title was Viscount Folkestone; he took the name of Pusey with the Pusey estates. The Bouvierie family were Walloons, who became naturalised English subjects in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and were ennobled in the eighteenth; the family, before it migrated to London, having been for more than one generation:

settled as part of the Walloon colony at Canterbury. Pusey was, therefore, descended from Low Country Protestants of the French Reformed Confession, who had been driven from their country on account of their religious faith. He recognised in himself the strain of Walloon breed and temperament. He would sometimes say, with a smile, "You know I am phlegmatic, and indeed Dutch." Canon Liddon intimates that his business instincts and habits might have been in some sort inherited from his commercial line of ancestry. His mother traced her descent to an Anglo-Saxon family which was already ancient in the time of the Plantagenets. She was the daughter of the Earl of Harborough, was married when very young to Sir Thomas Cave, and was left a widow at twenty-one. At the age of twenty-six she married the Honourable Philip Bouverie Pusey. Her father, though an earl, was also a clergyman, and she undertook the religious education, after a plain, old-fashioned Anglican fashion, of her children. "She used to talk to her son as if she represented a religious temper which had belonged to her race in earlier days. 'All that I know of religious truth,' Pusey used to say, 'I learnt, at least in principle, from my mother.'" She taught her children their Catechism, and read the Scriptures largely with them.

So much, in brief, we gather as to the ancestors of Dr. Pusey from a very long genealogical appendix, of which the greater part refers to the Puseys, with whom, whether in respect of blood or of training, the inheritor of their name had nothing more than a legal and incidental connection. His wealth came mainly from them, but that was all. What strikes us on looking over his pedigree is that diligence, common-sense, and business-training seem to have been hereditary; but that along the whole line, at least since the days of the De Bouveries of the Burgundian Court in the Middle Ages, there is no glimmer of real distinction either in Church or State, in arms or learning. Pusey House did not contain a library of any value. Pusey belonged, however, to the *noblesse* of England; he called such a nobleman as the Earl of Shaftesbury his cousin; he inherited a large estate.

Edward Bouverie Pusey was the second son of his parents, and was born in 1800 at Pusey House, a mansion situated in

Berkshire, twelve miles from Oxford, near a hamlet consisting of some dozen cottages, and in the midst of a sandy region timbered mostly with fir-trees. Here, through the greater part of his life, was his study and his home; his Fellowship first, and afterwards his Professorship and his Canonry, being at Oxford, where the pulpit of Christ Church, sometimes exchanged for St. Mary's, was his place of power. After his elder brother's death, the paternal home with the estates became his own property. He died, however, at a Cottage Retreat, near Ascot, to which he was accustomed to retire when he sought perfect privacy.*

Pusey's first schoolmaster, the Rev. Richard Roberts, of Mitcham, to whose care he was sent at the early age of seven, taught and disciplined him as a classical scholar of 1807 might have been expected to do. He flogged him once for cutting a pencil at both ends; he flogged him out of false quantities; he made him an adept, for his age, both in Latin and Greek verses; he prepared him thoroughly for Eton. Pusey used to say in after life that he could have passed the University Little-Go before he went to Eton. He worked more than ten hours a day, though he was only eleven when he left Mitcham. Dr. Keate was his master at Eton. There he continued the same course of application into which he had been introduced at Mitcham. The late Rev. Edward Coleridge, who sat on the same bench with him, wrote of him in 1882 that he "did not engage in sports, did long exercises, and was very obscure in his style." "The child was father of the man"—of the "portentous student" of after days, who knew the rules of Latin and Greek syntax and prosody, but not the niceties of style and composition in his mother-tongue, which he never learned to write elegantly or idiomatically. With English literature he seems never to have gained any considerable acquaintance, and his residence in Germany in early manhood probably did not tend to supply the defects of his earlier education, but rather to aggravate the imperfections of his English scholarship.

There was one respect, however, in which he acquired the

* Dr. Rigg's *Sketch and Study*, pp. 26, 27.

accomplishments of an English gentleman, whilst still young. He learnt to shoot well and was a good rider across country. It was a saying of Charles Kingsley that all the Tractarian leaders were wanting in virility, not so much effeminate, as naturally more woman-like than masculine. Few who have closely studied the characters of Newman, Keble, Froude, and some others of the foremost Tractarians will, we think, deny the general truth of the observation. In some respects, also, it seems to have applied to Pusey; but in the point now noted at any rate, perhaps also in some other points, Pusey was more masculine than his chief Tractarian associates. At Eton his religious character, as might be expected, was not developed. His period there, however, coincided in great part with that of Napoleon's greatest victories, with the amazing growth and the culmination of his power and ascendancy, and with his overthrow. These critical years of the world's history "contributed to develop that sense of the Presence of God in human affairs, as attested by swift and awful judgments, which coloured so largely his religious convictions." Altogether his Eton course appears to have been studious and creditable, but not distinguished. He was no doubt moral, but of special religious character or experience there seems to have been little trace. He gained no school honours. On leaving he went to read with a private tutor, Dr. Maltby, afterwards Bishop of Durham, at Buckden, near Huntingdon. Here, during his stay of fifteen months, he seems to have made real progress in his classical studies, in preparation for University honours at Oxford. He said in after life that he was "very happy with Maltby; there were no black sheep at Buckden"—an evident reference to the "black sheep" of Eton, with whose character and conduct it is clear that he had no sympathy.

In January, 1819, Pusey went to Oxford and, as an Eton boy, naturally entered Christ Church. Among his friends at Oxford was his cousin the future Earl of Shaftesbury. Their friendship, however, was checked by Pusey's declining to read for lectures with Lord Ashley. Had this check not occurred, and the future heads—one as a clergyman, the other as a layman—of the two antagonistic bodies of the modern Church of England, had grown into public life as intimate friends, the

Anglican history of the century might, perhaps, have been materially different from what it has been. Another friend was John Parker, of Sweeney Hall, Shrewsbury, afterwards a clergyman. We refer to him because he tried, in vain, to bring his friend to study and master a good and true style of English writing. "It is easy," he warned him, "to write moderate English, but far from easy to write it finely. I am sorry to say that almost the only man who writes English with purity, though he is frequently vulgar, is that infamous William Cobbett." When in 1828 Pusey sent him a copy of his *Theology in Germany*, Parker replied, "I will carefully read it, and criticise the style, as that is the only part where my opinion would be of use to you." Certainly in that publication there was ample scope for criticism of style. Another intimate friend of Pusey's undergraduate life—a friend also in after years—was R. W. Jelf, afterwards Canon of Christ Church.

Just before going up to the University, Pusey had become deeply attached to the lady to whom he was eventually married, who must have been as interesting and attractive a woman as she proved herself to be a congenial and devoted wife. Of her history and family connections, however, little or nothing is to be learned from the biography, except that she had been baptized by a Dissenter. For some reason, not disclosed, Pusey's father refused his consent to his son's engagement to this lady, to which her own family seem also to have been opposed. Nor was it till after her father's death in 1827 that the way was cleared for the engagement to be contracted with all proper consents. During the years that elapsed before the obstacles to his engagement were removed a settled cloud rested upon his mind. No other object seems even for a day to have distracted his desire or affection. His disappointment overcast his College life, and at one time threatened to interfere with his University work for the schools. However, after prodigious work during his last year at College—to the extent, sometimes, of sixteen or seventeen hours a day—so that he himself described his later undergraduate life at Christ Church as "that of a reading automaton who might by patience be made a human being," he finally gained a first

class, with high honour. His strength, however, as we are told—but should scarcely have needed to be told—"lay in accurate verbal scholarship rather than in philosophy."

His degree won, he went with a College friend to Switzerland, spending three months on the tour. Under the influence, at least in part, of his disappointed affections, he indulged, as his Diary shows, in not a little morbid sentiment—in what his biographer describes as "Byronism," as he himself indeed called it. This Byronic mooning is not what would have been expected in the case of such a young man as Pusey; it is deliberate and elaborate, as the passages quoted from his Diary show. At the same time they evince more than a little susceptibility to the grand and beautiful features of natural scenery, and show also that he took a lively interest in the history, topography, and geology of the regions through which he passed, especially the glorious Savoy scenery between Geneva and Chamounix. Pusey's Byronism did not affect his religious faith or his morals, but it made him indulge, with a sort of self-satisfaction, in gloomy and morbid ideas and feelings. His own account in after years was as follows :

"The extreme force and beauty of Byron's poetry, combined with a habit of deep and, in some degree, morbid feeling, which had always more or less a shade of gloom, induced us to give our assent to, and even in some measure exult in, feelings of whose full extent we were either at the time not aware, or at least against which we half, and but half, shut our eyes."

This description is not very perspicuous, but it is sufficiently intelligible, and it harmonises, in some sort, with his characteristics through life. He seems almost always to have been surrounded, more or less, by an atmosphere of depression and to have been full of sorrowful foreboding as to the course and aspect of the times, though he was free from religious doubts and intellectually full of self-confidence. He was always, on the other hand, very hopeful and indeed sanguine in regard to the health and well-being of those with whom his heart's affections were bound up.

So self-confident was he, at the very early age of which we are writing, when he was but twenty-three years old, that, although philosophy and speculative thought were all through

his life uncongenial and foreign regions of thought to him, and therefore he must have been peculiarly incompetent to play the part of "Christian advocate," or a representative champion against speculative unbelief, he nevertheless undertook an argumentative correspondence, which seems to have continued during many months, with a well-read sceptic and atheist of the French school, who had been a friend of his at Eton. The correspondence ended as might have been expected. Pusey was not in the least, so far as appears, disturbed in the solidity of his own Christian faith, nor his correspondent at all influenced by Pusey's arguments. One effect this correspondence had on Pusey which gave a colour to his life—it produced the "conviction that the faith of Christ had, in the very heart of Christendom, implacable enemies just as ready to crush it out of existence, if they could, as any who confronted the apostles of the Church of the first three centuries."

It is amusing to read that :

"As Byron to a certain extent spoiled Pusey's view of the Swiss mountains, so Pusey at first read Walter Scott with Byron's eyes. His brother Philip induced him to read *Rokeby* by telling him that he had a great deal of Wilfrid in his character. 'I read the book,' he said long afterwards, 'most carefully, and found it so; it became from that time my greatest favourite. Maria, of course [the lady he loved], occupied the place of Matilda. My destiny was, I know not how far, identified with Wilfrid's. You may, or rather cannot, conceive the effect of the beautiful "cypress wreath," or the few last words which Wilfrid addresses to Matilda.' The love of study, the love of nature, the pensive melancholy mood, were to a certain extent common to Edward Pusey and Wilfrid."

Dr. Liddon goes on to quote, as more or less applicable to Pusey, some of Scott's lines, including these four :

"No touch of childhood's frolic mood
Showed the elastic spring of blood :
Hour after hour he loved to pore
On Shakespeare's rich and varied lore."

The first three lines seem to apply remarkably well, but as to the fourth we have never seen a glimmer of evidence that Pusey was a student of Shakespeare.

Pusey returned from his tour in time to be present at the marriage of his elder brother to Lady Emily Herbert, daughter

of the Earl of Carnarvon. This happy marriage gave him an accomplished and charming sister-in-law, of a strongly religious character, and, in after life, was one of those family or social connections which contributed not a little to his influence and authority as a Churchman.

"For more than thirty years, to her husband's delight and satisfaction, Lady Emily corresponded constantly with her brother-in-law. . . . This friendship lasted undimmed to Lady Emily's last hours. He admitted her [after his wife's death] to share his thoughts and hopes and fears in those years when his heart and mind were taxed to the uttermost by the demands of the great movement in which his share was so great and so responsible; and he found in her a sympathy more intelligent and responsive than that of any other member of his family. In her last hours he was at her bedside, and in his ministrations and words she found her greatest comfort and support."

Lady Emily wrote at least one novel, of which the title is not given, but in which, we are informed, she introduced Edward Pusey into her pages under the name of Edgar Belmore, setting forth his high and strict religious character, as she conceived it, and reproducing a part of his early history.

Returning to Oxford, Pusey applied himself to the work of gaining a settlement there, and taking his line for life as a scholar and a divine. His ambition, though sedate, was high and steadfast, an Oriel fellowship was his mark—Oriel, at that time, being the selectest garden of intellectual and also of religious culture in the University. The Fellows of Oriel were men of high accomplishments and especially of disciplined intellect. Intellectually Pusey, without doubt, was distinctly below the Oriel standard. Copleston was Provost, Davison and Arnold had but lately ceased to be Fellows. Whately, Keble, Hawkins, Jelf, were of the Fellowship. Newman was in his year of probation. The College was famous for its pre-eminence in logic. It was coarsely said to "stink of logic." To the end of his days Pusey was singularly defective in logic and logical methods of thought and teaching. He himself confessed that he was quite wanting in the speculative faculty, which was the distinction of several of the Oriel Fellows. Most of the Oriel men, also, were distinguished for the simplicity and purity of their English style, whereas Pusey's style was rugged and barbarous. Nevertheless he won his Fellow-

ship, though with the significant qualification that he was not to be a College tutor.

It is evident enough that his was a favoured suit for preferment from the very outset. In those times mere intellectual merit and scholarly attainments counted for less than they do at present in the competition for fellowships. Character, connections, and position counted for more. Even as a classic, whilst his reading, no doubt, had been large, and his grammatical knowledge must have been exact, it is more than doubtful whether he ever attained to the elegancies of style and composition which have distinguished high University scholars both in earlier and later times. He was, however, elected. A description of him is quoted from one of Newman's letters when Pusey was an undergraduate of twenty-two years of age, but already aspiring to an Oriel fellowship, and was a guest of his friend Jelf at Oriel high table :

"His light curly head of hair was damp with the cold water which his headache made necessary for his comfort; he walked fast with a young manner of carrying himself, and stood bowed, looking up from under his eyebrows; his shoulders rounded, and his bachelor's gown not buttoned at the elbow, but hanging loose over his wrists. His countenance was very sweet, and he spoke little."

During the examination for the Fellowship, Pusey had one of his bad headaches and broke down. He tore up his essay, saying that there was no good in going on with it. Jenkyns, one of the examiners, picked up the bits, put them together, and showed the essay to the Fellows. Newman says that it was a capital essay. Later in the examination, after an hour's unsuccessful effort, he wrote a letter begging to retire from the competition, and left the hall. The Fellows, however, requested the Rev. C. J. Plummer to go over to his lodgings and persuade him to revoke his decision. The result was that Pusey persevered and gained his Fellowship. The porter at the college-gate was asked on the last day who would be elected, from which it may be inferred that quick and acute porters may sometimes hear a good deal, and know more than most. "What do you think, sir," was the reply, "of that gentleman in the chapel?" Pusey was alone in the chapel or ante-chapel on that day.

"It must be owned," Dr. Liddon remarks, "that the Society of Oriel did not endow Pusey with its characteristic excellence of clear writing." Pusey quotes and adopts a description of himself at that time from the letter of a friend as "shy," and expressing himself with hesitation and obscurity. "To the end of his life," according to Dr. Liddon (vol. i. p. 144), "Pusey's sermons were marked by a complete indifference to method and rhetorical effect." It is evident that this fault in his writing was the result of simple incapacity. A mind insensible to logical relations in thought is a mind incapable of method in discourse or argument, and destitute of the faculty which must lie at the basis of effective rhetoric. It is easy to understand a judgment upon Pusey, whilst still a young man, which was passed by two young men at the time of his preaching his first sermon in 1828. A relative of Mrs. Pusey's writing about Edward Pusey, as she calls him, says: "He is entirely engrossed with the subject of Divinity, and unless upon that point is a silent man; he listens and makes great observation on character, and always leans to the most amiable side in his judgment; but he is not by the generality thought agreeable; Thomas and Reginald think him very stupid."

His fellowship being gained, and his position in his University assured, Pusey undertook—in 1825—the critical enterprise of visiting Germany, that he might study in its most distinguished Universities, and make acquaintance with its greatest scholars. It was a bold step to take, and affords a measure of the scholarly zeal and the thirst for learning which were characteristic of Pusey. The strongest motive, however, which determined his decision was the advice of Dr. Lloyd, at that time Professor of Theology at Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of the Diocese. People were saying—such was Pusey's own account to Liddon in later life—that the new German theology was full of interest. Only two persons in Oxford were understood to know German. One day Dr. Lloyd said to Pusey: "I wish you would learn something about those German critics." In the obedient spirit of those times, Pusey set himself to learn German, and afterwards he went to Germany himself. There he made acquaintance with

Eichhorn, Tholuck, Schleiermacher, Neander, Freytag, Lücke, Sack, and others ; attended lectures at Göttingen, Berlin, Bonn, and elsewhere ; paid particular attention throughout to Hebrew and Arabic studies ; and finally returned in 1827, after spending the greater part of two years in the country. That visit largely determined the after-course of his life. "My life," he said to Liddon, "turned on that hint of Lloyd's."

Whilst he was studying in Germany the Rev. H. J. Rose published his four discourses, delivered at Cambridge in May, 1825, on *The State of Protestantism in Germany*. These sermons created a deep impression in England, and were soon the subject of severe criticism in Germany. Pusey, full of friendly feeling for his German friends and teachers, was displeased at the tone of Rose's strictures, here and there, and regarded the sermons on the whole as giving an incorrect and injurious impression as to the state and prospects of the Protestant religion in Germany. He, therefore, with characteristic self-confidence, formed the purpose, whilst still in Germany, of replying to Rose. Mr. Rose at that time was a clergyman of high distinction and great influence, many years, of course, Pusey's senior. Pusey was only twenty-six, and was not yet a Deacon. He was a young layman who did not know much of Theology, and as to German studies and History, must be regarded as yet a mere neophyte. But he had no hesitation as to measuring swords with Mr. Rose. At that time "the history, the results, the temper, and the tendencies of German Protestant Theology were as little understood in England as though they had belonged to another and a distant continent, far beyond the pale of Christendom and civilisation."

Pusey returned from Germany in 1827, but did not publish his reply to Mr. Rose until the following year. In the meantime his friend and patron, Dr. Lloyd, Professor of Theology at Oxford, had succeeded to the Episcopate. He himself, about the same time, became engaged to the lady to whom for eight years he had been attached, her father having died, and all opposition to the marriage having passed away on the side of his father. This lady having been baptized by a Dissenter, it may be presumed that her family had at one time been members of a Dissenting congregation. She had latterly with

her family attended the ministry of Mr. Close, afterwards Dean Close, at Cheltenham. She was full of religious knowledge and religious scruples and questionings. The correspondence between Pusey and herself was most voluminous, and dealt with many bristling points of controversy, religious and ecclesiastical, including also moral and social questions. Eventually she became as High a Churchwoman as any High Churchman could have desired, and became also her husband's helper—largely his amanuensis. She was a most devoted wife, and possibly her health was undermined by the strenuous sympathy and co-operation which she continually gave to her husband. Her death, in 1839, marks an epoch in the history of her husband's religious development.

In 1828, the year following Pusey's engagement, his father died at the age of eighty-one, Pusey was ordained Deacon, and shortly afterwards married; and what Pusey would probably have thought still more important even than his marriage—Dr. Hawkins was elected, John Keble was rejected, as successor to Copleston in the Provostship of Oriel. The Puseyite school, with one consent, appear to have been of opinion that if Keble, who was at one with Newman and Pusey in regard to the whole teaching of the Oxford Tracts, had been chosen, the High Church party would have escaped all the troubles which followed, and which they regard as so disastrous, especially the condemnation of Tract 90, and the consequent secession of Newman. There is, however, another way of reading history which would regard the election of Hawkins instead of Keble as peculiarly providential, and the condemnation of Tract 90 as a beneficial event in the history of the English Church, one altogether necessary to its consistency of character and to its well-being. There can be no doubt that it was Newman's influence which cast the die in favour of Hawkins, and that he so prepared the way for his own official censure. It also cannot be doubted that, for all the ordinary official responsibilities of a Provost, Hawkins was a much fitter man than Keble.

In 1828 Pusey published his reply to Mr. Rose, under the title, *A Historical Enquiry into the Probable Causes of the Rationalist Character lately predominant in the Theology of*

Germany, and two years later, under the same general title, he published the second part of the *Enquiry*, containing an explanation of some points misconceived by Mr. Rose, and further illustrations. This second pamphlet was a reply to strictures on the former pamphlet which Mr. Rose had published in the interval. The former of these publications issued from Messrs. Rivington's house before its author had received his appointments as Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christchurch, and before he had been ordained priest. The latter, which is much the larger of the two, was published when he had been ordained Priest, and had been appointed Professor and Canon, but had ceased to be a Fellow. Throughout these remarkable first-fruits of his theological studies, Pusey wrote as an English divine of the moderate High Church school, whose views had been enlarged and liberalised by intercourse with the best and ablest Continental divines, might have been expected to write sixty years ago.*

He was, however, in 1830, far from being a Low Churchman, although, as yet, he had not entered within the coils of extreme High Church principles, within which he was so soon afterwards entangled. He refers, for instance, without disapproval, to the Lutheran practice of confession, as this practice had been in use in the earlier and better times of Lutheranism. He mentions, in particular, the fact that the saintly Spener was the confessor of the Elector of Saxony, observing, however, that because of the growing hollowness and formalism of the times, Spener was thankful to retire from his confessorial office. But, at the same time, throughout this *Enquiry* he speaks habitually of "Churches" generally, besides those calling themselves "Catholic"; and of the "German" Church, as well as of the "Roman" and the "English" Church; no exclusive epithet, no employment of the word "Catholic," as is now customary among High Churchmen to distinguish "Apostolic" and "Episcopal" communions from other sects, being found in the *Enquiry* from first to last. He speaks enthusiastically of "the

* For a view of the scope and contents of Pusey's *Enquiry*, we may refer our readers not only to what is said upon the subject in the biography, but especially to Dr. Rigg's *Sketch and Study* (pp. 26-35).

immortal heroes, the mighty agents of the Reformation." Mr. Rose had attributed German heterodoxy largely to three causes—the want of diocesan episcopacy, the absence of binding Articles, and the want of such a liturgy as that of the English Church. Pusey objects that Mr. Rose's view "involved the abandonment of the fundamental principles in Protestantism and derogated from the independence and the inherent power of the Word of God." In after years Pusey came to agree very closely with the views of Mr. Rose. Undoubtedly his own view as to the state of religious belief in Germany was much too sanguine. It is almost ridiculous to think that in 1828, with Strauss and Baur and their followers yet to come, Pusey in the title to his pamphlet speaks of the rationalism "lately predominant in Germany." But Mr. Rose was utterly at fault, as we need not argue in this Journal, in supposing that Bishops and Articles and a Liturgy could have saved Germany from the devastations of Rationalism. The rigid suppression of all ecclesiastical movement or liberty, under the iron hand of the State, together with the entire absence of any freedom of evangelical life and fellowship in the German Churches, were the chief causes of German Rationalism.*

At the point where Pusey stood when he wrote these pamphlets, he was not far removed from the position occupied by Archbishop Tait throughout his course, and it is an interesting question how it happened that, holding such a position in 1830, he came within five short years to the position marked out by his Oxford *Tract on Baptism*. Of the chasm between his position in 1830, and that occupied by him in 1835, Pusey himself indeed would seem to have been unconscious. It was one of his peculiarities that he fancied himself and the movement of which he came to be the centre to be all along fixed and stationary. There can be little doubt, however, that it was the question of the historic unity of the Church of Christ which determined his position in after life. To use striking words, originally applied to Sibthorp, by Bishop Wilberforce, who, High Churchman as he was, never lost hold

* See *Religion in Germany*, vol. ix. of this Journal, January 1858, pp. 407-8.

of the root-principle of evangelical life and unity, Pusey "held the $\pi\rho\omega\tauον$ ιενδος, that unity is to be gained by the members of the Church Catholic through union with one visible centre."* He knew little or nothing of evangelical teaching and experience on the point, and he was dazzled by the picture of visible external unity, as presented in the writings of the hierarchical "fathers" of the patristic age, who had themselves departed from the spiritual simplicity and majesty of St. Paul's teaching as to the Church. Just here is the watershed which divides two systems of ecclesiastical and theological thought and obedience. For an English ultra-Churchman, the way just here goes off direct to Rome. Here is brought into view the difference between the citizenship of the "Jerusalem above," "which is free," and of the Jerusalem of the Roman unity, which "is in bondage with her children."

Considering his antecedents, and especially his experience in Germany, Pusey might well, one would think, have shrunk from embracing the High Church sacramentarian system of doctrine; but, missing the true principle of which we have spoken, it may have been that to him the alternative seemed to lie between accepting the whole scheme of hierarchical and theurgical transcendentalism or going the entire length of the German rationalism within which it is hardly too much to believe that he had felt the danger of being entangled. It is certain that, having put his hand to the ritualistic plough in the Oxford furrow, he never looked back. Of his adhesion to the hard and extreme externalist school, he gave the pledge and first-fruits, not so much by his Tract on *Fasting* in 1833—one of the earliest of the Oxford Tracts—as by that on *Baptism* in 1835.

Perhaps we should note, in this connection, that it was not until after Pusey's marriage and his settlement at Oxford in 1830 that he came closely and fully under the spell of Newman. At an earlier period Newman had taken a liking to him, and had drawn him out, encouraged him, and more or less patronised him. The shy young man had responded feelingly to Newman's attentions. But now Pusey was not only a College don, but a

* Wilberforce's *Life*, vol. i. p. 203.

University Professor and a Canon ; he was, to use Newman's own words, in "easy relations" with all the University authorities, and also with many people of rank and influence. Mrs. Pusey's Diary shows that, however secluded was Pusey's life after his wife's death, ten years later, they kept good company, and saw a good deal of it, for some time after he went into residence at Oxford. Newman henceforth cultivated Pusey assiduously, and Pusey felt sympathetically the power of that master-mind and the fascination of his influence. He rapidly graduated, accordingly, in the new Oxford school, and, before long, fairly kept step with him whom, in common with the rest of the Tractarian company, he recognised as his leader. Still, we find that, as late as 1835, in delivering the "Inaugural Address" to the "Theological Society" which he founded, and of which he was the first Moderator, he laid stress on the advantages of the Reformation, and spoke of the Lutheran and Reformed "Churches." In starting it, moreover, he tells his wife in a letter that he sees elements of disunion, in that John [Newman] will scare people (vol. i. p. 336). As yet, therefore, he must have been sometimes a little restive. In the account which these volumes give of the rise of the Oxford Movement, there is, as the critics have said with one consent, little that is new. There was, indeed, little left to tell, although, in a biography intended to be historical and monumental, and relating to the second, and, in later years, the sole leader and chief of the school, an adequate chronicle of the whole growth and progress of the movement was a matter of necessity. Some things, if Dr. Liddon's intention had been completely to exhibit the life and conduct of his hero in all its aspects and influences, should, we think, have found a place in the record which are actually wanting, and those things would have been less known than most of what is told. But the biographer has been prudent as well as authentic, and has discreetly left certain points in the shade, which it will be our business to bring into the light.

From 1830 to 1838, when the state of Mrs. Pusey's health obliged him to live much away from Oxford, and to give up his generous hospitalities, Pusey used his wealth in such a way to make not a few his grateful debtors. For some years he

had received students into his house, J. B. Mozley being the chief of these, as the readers of his letters will remember. When his wife's condition of health obliged him to give up this plan, Pusey took another house for the same purpose, of which J. B. Mozley seems to have been the head, and where, for a time, Mark Pattison resided. The effect on Pattison, as we know from his autobiography, was by no means happy ; and, on the whole, this second arrangement proved a failure. The home was closed in 1840. Pusey's reputation, however, was already established in 1837, as "the great benefactor of Oxford," the Cambridge visitor who so describes him adding that "he supports five divinity students in his own house, and his benefactions to the poor are very great." He further states, after referring to the immense excitement produced by his Divine Right 5th of November sermon in that year, that he was said to "possess an indirect but great influence over the whole clergy of Oxford," including even those who were not altogether favourable to his views (i. p. 406). At this time (1837) Pusey had already published his famous Tract on *Baptism*, but, as to auricular confession, we learn that "he feared it was a grace which had been lost to the Church, and could not be restored" (p. 407).

We pass over the detailed history of the rise of the Oxford Movement, and of the Hampden Controversy. We must, however, in passing, specially note that Dr. Liddon quietly throws over two notable errors which at different times have found a good deal of support from Anglican writers, and even in the columns of the *Guardian*. One of these has been that Hooker sanctions the high sacramental doctrine of Pusey and his followers. The author of the great sermon on *Justification* ought never to have been supposed to hold such doctrine ; the idea is strangely astray. The allusions to the subject of the Lord's Supper in the *Ecclesiastical Polity* do not lend the slightest colour of support to such an idea ; they plainly imply the contrary. Dr. Liddon, in effect, concedes this, and, as accounting for Hooker's failing to agree with the standard of high sacramental orthodoxy, taught by the Laudian school, and revived by the Oxford Tractarian writers, refers to the "Calvinistic tinge" which remained in Hooker's teaching.

This phrase seems to indicate the source of the error on this subject which has prevailed. Because Hooker was the defender of Anglican episcopacy against Calvinistic presbyterianism, it appears to have been imagined that he must have been high Anglican all round. This erroneous assumption is born of deep and far-reaching ignorance. In fact, the great champion of English episcopal government was as little of an apostolical successionist, in the sense of modern Ultra-High Churchmen, as of a high Oxford sacramentarian. On all points he held the scales fair and even between the opposing schools; he was neither Lutheran nor Calvinist; he was neither patristic nor Zwinglian; he was Pauline and Scriptural; he was an Evangelical English Churchman, a true son of the English Reformation in its best, its ripest, its most justly balanced form. Not less unfounded is the idea that Alexander Knox was in any way a forerunner of the Oxford Tractarian school. He was the intimate friend of Wesley for many years, and after his revered friend's death continued to delight in the preaching of Wesley's most eminent "assistants," especially Adam Clarke. His doctrine of faith is identical with that taught by Wesley in his *Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion*, and nearly resembles that of Luther, and also that taught by Archdeacon Hare; it is contradictory to that taught by Newman and Pusey. His doctrine as to the Eucharist, also, is very far removed from Pusey's doctrine of Consubstantiation and the Real Presence.*

It is our business in this article specially to note the points of progress and development in Pusey's growth out of the "liberal" High Churchmanship of his early manhood, into the extreme Romanising position which he maintained for nearly half a century. We have said that of his adhesion to the Tractarian School he gave the pledge, by his Tract on *Baptism* in 1835, five years after he had published the second part of his *Enquiry* in answer to Mr. Rose. His earlier Tract on *Fasting* was distinguished from the other Tracts of the series by the signature of Pusey's initials, and it contains nothing

* As to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in particular, we may refer to his letter to Hannah More (*Remains*, iv. 308-311).

characteristic of the special sacramentarian teaching of the Tractarian School. The Tract on *Baptism* was unsigned, and took its place strictly and fully as one of the anonymous Tract series.

By it he laid the foundation of that definite doctrine on Grace, and all that relates to the innermost and essential Christian life, which has since been the peculiar characteristic of the modern Sacramentarian School of Oxford. Here also he began to mark out sharply for the Oxford School that line of evident divergence from the spiritual doctrine of the Reformation which before long alienated Samuel Wilberforce from the new High Church party. He was, indeed, but a clumsy exponent of the new views, which were afterwards presented in a much more plausible and attractive form by Robert Wilberforce, who was able to give an aspect of philosophical system and method to what was really not so much mystical and transcendental as contradictory and impossible—as contradictory as that two and two make five, as impossible as a fourth dimension in solid geometry. But, however clumsily, Pusey, a pious and spiritually minded Christian, so taught his doctrine as to make it appear, to those who received it, a vital part of spiritual theology, as exhibiting in its first beginnings the work of the Holy Spirit in renewing and sanctifying the soul. This he did with a gravity, an earnestness, we had almost said an unction, which impressed many of his readers, however much they might be puzzled by some parts and startled by other parts of his teaching. Dr. Liddon has hardly done justice to this part of his subject. He seems himself to hesitate as to endorsing or professing to understand all that his master has written. He leaves the reader to infer from what he quotes, as said by eminent High Churchmen, as to the difficulties raised by Pusey's teaching, and from his own silence, that the Tract raised serious questions in the minds of the ablest High Church divines, recognised authorities in their own school, such as he himself cannot undertake to remove. He quotes also admissions from Pusey himself that he had not clearly or satisfactorily explained his own views; and he gives us to understand that, though the Tract was afterwards enlarged, though several editions of it were published, it was never so

enlarged as to supply what was needed, and was at last left by its author unsatisfactory and incomplete. But he gives no real explanation of the special teaching of the Tract, although he occupies some pages in vague statements, partly quotations, intended to indicate its general purpose and drift. This deficiency we must endeavour to supply.

All that we are about to write is founded on a first-hand study of the Tract, and of Pusey's Sermons. The sequel to the tract, which Pusey never published, the explanations which he never gave as a part of the tract, or in any connection with the tract—explanations which, we may reasonably hold, he had not fully worked out when the tract was written, and so far as he saw them coming into view, shrank at that period from making known to an unprepared English public—were in effect involved in that full-blown Confessional system, of which a good deal must needs be said in the after part of the biography, and which, to the bitter grief of his Archbishop, and the Bishops of the southern dioceses especially, harassed and disturbed Pusey's episcopal superiors during the later years of his life—that confessional system which, as we have seen, when he wrote the tract, he regarded as a grace and blessing lost to the English Church.

The first occasion on which Pusey aroused public attention on the subject of baptism was when he preached at Christ Church his remarkable sermon—Thomas Mozley, in his *Reminiscences*, calls it his “great sermon”—on “Sin after Baptism.” Unless the order of the *Reminiscences* is hopelessly confused, this sermon was preached at an earlier period than the publication of the Tract. The text was Heb. vi. 4-6. Mr. Mozley says: “Every corner of the church was filled; one might have heard a pin drop. Every word told. The keynote was the word ‘irreparable,’ pronounced every now and then with the force of a judgment.” The sermon does not appear to have been published. But Mozley's account of it shows what was the leading idea of the exposition and of the commination fulminated by the preacher. He made the language of the terrible passage refer directly and properly to baptism. In *baptism* the Hebrew reprobates had *once for all*, *ἀπατητοί*, been “enlightened,” and through confirmation had been

"made partakers of the Holy Ghost." Such offenders as these, having "fallen away" from grace by wilful sin, it was impossible to "renew again unto repentance." Their loss was "irreparable."

The exegetical ignorance which could thus misinterpret a text—the reference of which to publicly apostate Jews, who in returning to the camp of blaspheming anti-Christian Jews, "crucified to themselves the Son of God afresh and put him to an open shame," should have been very plain to a Biblical student—is beyond what could well have been thought possible in an Oxford Professor of Hebrew even in the era of Lord Grey's or Lord Melbourne's Ministry. Nor is it wonderful that the question as to Sin after Baptism thus raised by a sermon not to be forgotten, and raised again vaguely, but with emphasis, in his Tract on Baptism, but left unanswered, should have been cast up against Pusey by one after another even of his High Church friends, and should be implicitly recognised by his biographer as a problem unsolved. How Pusey came to solve it afterwards we shall presently explain.

Meantime we go on to show that other parts of his teaching on the subject of Baptism, as these are set forth in his Tract, if not so dark and repulsive as this, are scarcely less difficult or incredible. He gathered up the substance of the first part of his Tract, as several times revised and as very greatly enlarged, in a volume entitled *The Doctrine of Holy Baptism*. In this volume he makes Baptism to be the one means and channel of the whole Christian life at its initiation, whether for adults or infants. Herein, and only herein, is conveyed forgiveness, and the new birth, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. The meaning and operation of faith in the case of penitents is restricted to the preliminary work of accepting the authority of the Church and the teaching of the priest as to the way of salvation. St. Paul, according to Dr. Pusey, knew nothing whatever of Christian grace until after his baptism. "As yet," he says, "neither were his sins forgiven, nor had he received the Holy Ghost; much less was he born again of the Spirit, until It was conveyed to him through the Saviour's sacrament." "Before his Baptism, he appears neither to have been pardoned, regenerated, justified, nor enlightened." During the three days

and nights of his blindness and agony he was unvisited by any illumination of the Spirit, or any influence of the special grace of Christ. All that transformed him from the state of bondage, darkness, and terror was accomplished in and by his baptism at the hands of Ananias. In that his pardon was declared, his soul regenerated, and the Holy Ghost imparted to him in sudden power and fulness.

The case of Cornelius, indeed, is admitted to be a sort of exception, the solitary exception, except the primary and palmary case of the disciples who, on the Day of Pentecost, were baptized with the Holy Ghost in order to qualify them for baptizing others "with water and with the Holy Ghost." The case of Cornelius and his household Pusey virtually identifies with that of the first disciples in the upper-room. Unfortunately for any such identification, the first disciples on the day of Pentecost had not been baptized unless with John's baptism, while, on the other hand, Cornelius was baptized immediately *after* receiving the Holy Ghost. That is to say, when he had already received the Holy Ghost, he afterwards received that baptism of which the characteristic virtue, according to Dr. Pusey, is that in and by it the gifts of pardon and of the indwelling Holy Spirit are conveyed to the baptized.

Dr. Pusey's name is great, and it is the object of this biography to make it greater than ever, not only as a man of saintly devotion and life—that he was—but as, of this age, the greatest "Master in Israel." For this reason our readers must bear with us while we exhibit still more fully the actual teaching of the Oxford High Church rabbi—the great theologian of his school. St. Paul declares (1 Cor. i.) that to the Corinthian believers Christ had been made "wisdom from God," "and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." The direct and proper reference of the Apostle here, Dr. Pusey teaches, was to the baptism of the Corinthian Christians. He teaches this without appearing to note the contradiction he thus gives to the Apostle's own words almost immediately preceding, in which he says that Christ sent him "not to baptize but to preach the Gospel," and even thanks God that he had himself baptized only two persons at Corinth, "lest any man," as he explains, "should say that ye were baptized into my name."

So, again, Dr. Pusey so interprets St. Paul as to make the Apostle teach that it was in and by Baptism, as the direct and only means and instrument, that the Corinthians "were washed, were sanctified, were justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God" (1 Cor. vi. 11); although this would imply, that with this great work, inasmuch as he did not baptize them, the Apostle himself had nothing to do. The words of John the Baptist, "I indeed baptize with water, but there cometh One after me, who shall baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire," are interpreted as finding their direct and proper fulfilment in the effects of Christian water-baptism as administered by the disciples and their converts on and after the Day of Pentecost. The Ephesians, we read, were "sealed by the Spirit of God unto the day of redemption," "were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise which is the earnest of our inheritance." This sealing, Dr. Pusey teaches, is only a name for baptism. Similarly, when the Apostle says in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians that God had "anointed" and "sealed" the Corinthian believers, and given them the earnest of the Spirit in their hearts, the full and proper meaning of the passage is said to be satisfied by referring it to the direct and necessary results of the baptism of these Corinthians. Nay even when St. John, in his First Epistle, speaks of the "unction from the Holy One," the reference, according to the Puseyite theology and exegesis, is to the gift and blessing bestowed in and by the act of baptism as means and instrument. With characteristic intrepidity, with the sanguine thoroughness of purpose which, as Newman has taught us, in the case of Pusey, was unconscious of any "intellectual perplexities," the plough of Tractarian superstition is thus driven straight through the plainest teaching of apostolic doctrine—and this in the name of apostolicity!

The following passage will serve to present in his own words a summary view of Dr. Pusey's doctrine as to Baptism :

"No change of heart, then, or of the affections; no repentance, however radical; no faith, no life, no love, comes up to the idea of this 'birth from above'; it takes them all in and comprehends them all, but itself is more than all: it is not only the creation of a new heart, new affections, new desires, and, *as it were*, a new birth, but it is an

actual birth from above or from God, a gift coming down from God, and given to faith, through Baptism; yet not the work of faith, but the operation of 'water and the Holy Spirit.' Faith and repentance are the conditions on which God gives it; water, sanctified by our Lord's Baptism, is the womb of our new birth."

Here, in passing, let us note that the faith of which Dr. Pusey here speaks is not at all that "faith of the Son of God," that "faith of the operation of God," of which St. Paul speaks, and whereby he tells us that he lived (Col. ii. 12; Gal. ii. 20); it is faith before grace, faith apart from any special influence of the Holy Spirit. What it may be understood to mean in the case of the baptized *infant*, Dr. Pusey makes no attempt to explain.

Thus much, however, we learn as to Infant Baptism—that Infant Baptism and Confirmation are part and parcel of the same Sacrament. According to this view, in Baptism, "original sin is washed away and Divine grace imparted" through the Spirit of Christ; in Confirmation, regarded as part of Baptism, the fuller and richer gifts and influence of the Holy Ghost are, under the laying on of the Bishop's hands, imparted to the catechumens. Pusey approves and adopts the expressions which speak of Confirmation as "part of Baptism," as "the complement of Baptism"; and he quotes with approval from Bingham the language of Haime—a High-Church writer—which affirms "in so many words—'The gift of the Holy Spirit is given in *Baptism* by the imposition of the Bishop's hands.'"

We add another quotation, the reference of which is to Infant Baptism. After referring to the earliest memories of happy homes, and to "bright visions of the past" in childhood's happiest days, Dr. Pusey proceeds as follows:

"It is not then in vain, surely, that throughout His whole Church He has blended with that early past one brighter spot which sheds its lustre over all, and from which the light of their sun shines sevenfold, our baptismal morn. . . . Our baptism is of inexpressible value and comfort, even because it is the act of God; it has nothing earthly mixed with it; it was simply His who chose us 'to the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ,' and 'predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto Himself.' Our comfort, our joy, our peace, our consolation, our glory, is to have

what we have purely from Him, and conveyed by a formal act of His, whereby, 'not according to works of righteousness which we did, but according to His mercy HE SAVED US, through the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.'"

Such was Dr. Pusey's teaching as to the new birth and the gift of the Holy Ghost in Baptism, equally for adults and infants. The Christian life so begun in the soul was, of course, as he taught, to be nourished and maintained by the "Holy Eucharist," in which our Lord in His perfect fulness, as God and man, as Son of God and Christ, is consubstantiated with every particle of the consecrated bread and wine. But in the present article we cannot enter on the subject of Dr. Pusey's views as to the Real Presence and the Eucharist, in regard to which, in his sermon entitled *This is My Body*, preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, in 1871, he quite simply, and as a matter of course, quotes Bossuet's words as to "the essence of the Sacrifice of the Eucharist," as exactly representing his own, thus directly identifying his own doctrine with that of Tridentine Popery.* Dr. Pusey's peculiar doctrine of consubstantiation is in fact not to be distinguished from the Romish Transubstantiation.

The question as to Sin after Baptism now, however, comes back to us. The sources and channels of the divine life, the Christian life, in man, according to the Puseyite teaching, have been shown. But what is the case of those who, by wilful sin after Baptism, have lost the life imparted, have fallen from Grace and from Christ, and incurred an "irreparable" forfeiture? This is what Pusey did not explain in his Tract, but what on all sides, after his awful sermon at Christ Church, he was expected to explain. The explanation was never given as a part of his *Doctrine of Holy Baptism*. The demands of his friends were never explicitly dealt with. Expectations were held out that he would explain; he intimated that in a larger treatise, dealing with the whole Christian life, what was needed might be supplied. But the explanation never came. Indirectly, however, Pusey's views were at length made known in print, and then it was not difficult to under-

* Rigg's *Sketch and Study*, pp. 67-68.

stand why they were not earlier and more plainly and fully set forth. When he had defined his views on the subject, he thought it prudent to keep back the publication of his remedy for post-baptismal voluntary sin, until he had privately prepared the mind of his disciples for receiving and applying it. Like all his school, he believed in the doctrine of Reserve, taught in more than one of the Tracts. In brief, his remedy was *The Confessional*.

Among his published sermons, sermons published many years after the Tract on *Baptism*, are some on the very subject. We are about to quote from the Preface to his first sermon on *Entire Absolution to the Penitent*.

Referring to penitents, he says: "They wish to be, and to know that they are, in a state of grace. God has provided a means, however deeply they have fallen, to replace them in it." And then he explains what is the means so provided of God. "By His absolving sentence," he says, "God does efface the past." But inasmuch as they "cannot estimate their own repentance and faith, God has provided physicians of the soul to relieve and judge for those who 'open their griefs' to them." Such was Dr. Pusey's doctrine. It is not the Spirit of God, the "Spirit of adoption," imparted from above to the penitent and believing suppliant, that delivers from the "spirit of bondage unto fear." It is the voice of the priest-physician, declaring "the absolving sentence" of God, whereby He "effaces the past." It is the priest-physician judicially "estimating the repentance and faith" of the penitent, who "judges for" and, when he is satisfied, "relieves those who open their griefs" to him. As the priest, under the Mosaic law, examined the leper, and either pronounced him clean, or sent him back to his seclusion as unclean, so the Anglican priest, the Anglican "physician," according to Dr. Pusey's doctrine of faith and salvation, examines and judges as to the state of the penitent, and either "estimates" his repentance and faith to be sufficient, and accordingly restores him to the congregation of the faithful, declaring, as God's voice, that the "past is effaced," or else judges them to be insufficient, and sends him back to prolonged penance, with directions to return and submit himself for judgment on a future day.

Thus the penitent may get comfort from the priest, but from him alone can receive any sure or lawful comfort. Here, in this "sacrament of confession and absolution," and here alone, is the rightful source of consolation for the troubled conscience. For venial sin, indeed, for hasty and unconscious transgression, the daily confession in the public prayers at church, and the public absolution from the priest following thereupon—the whole service being read and interpreted under high Anglo-Catholic light—might be sufficient. But for all wilful sin that troubled the conscience the one true and legitimate remedy was the confessional.

This was Pusey's consistent doctrine, although the fear of episcopal censure led him often to use language which rather implied than straightforwardly expressed it—language which laid down the principle, but did not in full distinctness draw out the conclusion—and his practice for forty years was in strict agreement with his doctrine. Most earnestly and repeatedly did Bishop Wilberforce endeavour to gain from him some substantial concession as to this point of his teaching; but he completely failed. Dr. Pusey neither frankly told the whole truth as to his own teaching and example, nor gave any pledge as to his future course.

Dr. Pusey's preaching, when not addressed to believers, was of the most stern, searching, and awakening character, but never coupled with any direction of sinners immediately to Christ as their Saviour; its characteristic effect was to drive his hearers to the priest and the confessional. One sentence in the preface to the first volume of his *Parochial Sermons* puts in very strong light the antagonism between his views and those of John Wesley as to the point which is now before us. "Wesleyanism," he says, "substituted its doctrine of 'present salvation' for the comfort through the ordinance of confession and absolution." If we turn this sentence round, the truth will come out in the following form: Puseyism substitutes for the blessed doctrine of a present and conscious salvation, through "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," such comfort as may be obtained from confession to a human priest and absolution pronounced by his lips. If this prime and deadly element of Popery, together with the

essentially Romish doctrine of the Mass, are now widely spread through England, and in course of increasingly active propagation, Dr. Pusey, more than any other man, contributed to the lamentable result.

What is to be said as to such teaching as this? With what prerogative of heart-searching does it invest the priest! "I the Lord try the reins," so we read in Scripture. But here it is the parish priest who "searches the hearts and tries the reins of the children of men." This is the provision whereby we common, unordained sinners, coming to the young curate of our parish, who was ordained priest last week, may be assured, "however deeply we have fallen," that we are restored, may be made to "know that we are in a state of Grace." This is "the means which God has provided." One shrinks from using the only words which can truly describe such teaching as this. To a serious thinker, who comes fresh from the contemplation of the Divine majesty and grace to the view of this dogma, it is a hard thing to refrain from whispering to himself the question, "But is this less than blasphemy—to invest poor frail young mortals, fresh from college, with such attributes as these?" While to the man who comes direct from personal intercourse, in flesh and blood and broad-cloth, with the priests and "physicians" of whom this great Churchman speaks, the pretensions set up on their behalf cannot but appear ludicrous in their absurdity. Indeed, but for the intrinsic impiety of these claims, they might be expected to dissolve amid "inxtinguishable laughter."*

What we have now stated will enable the readers of Dr. Pusey's biography to understand the feeling excited by his Tract, as otherwise they hardly could understand it. It is to be observed that to the "terrible" sermon the biography makes no reference. And yet that sermon explains some references in the biography. Mr. Rose, for example, we are informed, thought that Pusey "ought to have answered the serious and pressing question—'What is that grievous sin after baptism which involves a falling from Grace?'" The reference here, no doubt, is in part to certain obscure phrases or allusions in the Tract;

* Dr. Rigg's *Sketch and Study*, pp. 23-25.

but, still more, it can hardly be doubted, the reference is to the sermon. Rose, we are told, understood Pusey to teach "no remission of sin after baptism." Pusey himself said in later years, and the quotations we have made from his later sermons throw on his words a full light such as the biography does not afford—"From the moment of my completing the Tract on Baptism, I felt that I should have written on Christian repentance, on confession and absolution." The Tract was originally published in three parts. The first part, which consisted of forty-nine pages, was republished in a volume of 400 pages, as the first part of a treatise, this being the volume from which we have quoted. Parts II. and III. were never republished. "Part II.," Pusey wrote to Keble in 1841, "will be suspended till I can read about absolution." "The remainder," he wrote about the same time to Archdeacon Harrison, "must wait a while, until I can read more on absolution and the absolving influence of the Holy Eucharist." He waited forty years, but never completed his Tract, or, rather, treatise. Meantime he developed his teaching and influence in the organisation, far and wide, of the Confessional movement, working especially by means of sisterhoods and of schools. Even boys of tender years were trained to practise Confession. But this practical development of his doctrine belongs rather to his later life and to the latter portion of the biography, than to our scope in this article.

From the period of his publishing this famous Tract, Pusey took his position as the great spiritual teacher and preacher of the patristic revival. The solemnity of his tone continually deepened, his consecration of life was more and more recognised, his earnestness was profound and contagious; sin and holiness, the solemnities of life and death, were the themes of his awakening sermons. The great sorrow of his life—the loss of his wife—came upon him before the excitement occasioned by his baptismal utterances had passed away. Even in connection with her death there is a touching, but surely also a painful, example of the manner in which his legal and, in honest truth, Pharisaic, teaching had taken hold of the wife he so passionately loved, and who seems to have been so worthy of his love. As we have already noted, Mrs. Pusey had been baptized by a

Dissenter. In her last lingering illness this matter disturbed her peace. She could not find "rest to her soul" simply in her Saviour; she could find no peace till "conditional baptism" had been administered to her. Newman accordingly re-baptized her, and her gratitude to him for this act was painfully abject. It is all but certain that, if she had been under the spiritual guidance of Cardinal Manning, no such scruple would have been allowed by him to vex her soul. Her death (in 1839) left Pusey disconsolate. Not only so, he regarded this sorrow and bereavement as a chastisement laid on him for his sins, and himself as only fit to be regarded as a life-long penitent, who was to take his place alongside of guilty sinners at the feet of Jesus—his duty through life being *facere paenitentiam*. This feeling deepened the sombre tone of his saintliness—for we may not deny that he was, notwithstanding his errors, a devoted and holy man—and increased the severity of his discipline both towards himself and others. From this time he lived an absolutely secluded life. He shut up the drawing-room at his Christ Church house, never to open it again; he did not go into public; he shunned society.

This must be borne in mind when we come across such traces of his character and influence as are to be met with in the biography of Mr. J. R. Hope, afterwards Mr. Hope-Scott, whom Pusey, in effect, trained into a Romanist, though he himself never thought of entering the Romish Communion, and seemed to be no less amazed than grieved, in his case as in that of Newman, Manning, and many more, when he saw one whom he had encouraged in his approaches Romewards pass forward to the obvious goal which had long fascinated his vision, but which Pusey himself was so blind as never to have seen standing full in view at the end of the road he was taking.*

* "None are so blind as those who will not see," so says the proverb. Nearly seven months before Newman seceded to Rome, he wrote—it was in March, 1845—a long letter to Pusey, explaining frankly and fully his position. In this letter he says, "I cannot hold precisely what the Church of England holds, and nothing more. I must go forward or backward, else I sink into a dead scepticism, into which too many in Oxford are now sinking. You cannot take them a certain way in a line, and then, without assignable reason, stop them." If there had been anything in Pusey of logic or speculative power of thought, this might have awakened or in some way intellectually moved him. Its only effect seems to have been to restrain him from in any way opposing the claims of Rome;—all its essential and necessary doctrines, as at that time authoritatively set forth, all that was "of faith," he already held as fully as Newman. Incredible as it may appear, four months later, in

In the year 1844, a date which comes within the scope of this biography, Pusey wrote a letter to Mr. Hope—not as yet Hope-Scott—which Dr. Liddon has not thought it necessary to quote or to refer to in this biography, exhaustive as it is supposed to be, but which we quote here because we think it important as an illustration of the real character of Pusey's influence—of the frightful lengths to which he went himself, and encouraged others to go, in the Romeward direction. Mr. Hope was travelling on the Continent, and Dr. Pusey in his letter gives him a number of commissions. One of these commissions is reserved for the postscript, and is given as follows :

“There is yet a subject on which I should like to know more, if you fall in with persons who have the guidance of consciences—what penances they employ for persons whose temptations are almost entirely spiritual, of delicate frames often, and who wish to be led on to perfection? I see in a spiritual writer that even for such, corporal severities are not to be neglected, but so many of them are unsafe. I suspect the ‘discipline’ to be one of the safest, and with internal humiliation the best Could you procure and send me one by B.* What was described to me was of a very sacred character; five cords, each with five knots, in memory of the five wounds of our Lord. . . . I should be glad to know also whether there were any cases in which it is unsafe—e.g., in a nervous person.”†

It was almost immediately after the death of his wife, and in order to carry out his plans of penitent self-sacrifice, that Pusey conceived the thought of building a church in Leeds. The melancholy and instructive history of that plan and of its accomplishment is given—and yet only partially given—in the last chapter of this first instalment of Pusey's biography. But overpassed space warns us that we must cancel what we

July, he actually “wrote to Newman for advice with regard to some people under his own charge who were tempted to join the Church of Rome.” Within a few days after Newman's secession Pusey wrote a long letter to the *English Churchman* in which he suggested that Newman had, in answer to the long-continued and earnest prayers of a multitude of persons in the Church of Rome for his conversion, been given to that Church, and taken from the Church of England where there was no scope for his great faculties; he had, by Providence, to quote Pusey's words, been “transplanted into another part of the vineyard, where the full energies of his powerful mind can be employed, which here they were not.” Such were the views, such the spirit, of the man whose memory is worshipped by the “Church of Lord Halifax” as the leader who has moulded the character and opinions of modern High Anglicans. (Vol. ii. pp. 449-463.)

* Badeley.

† See Vol. lxiii. of this Journal, p. 215 (January, 1885: *The late Mr. Hope Scott and Mr. Gladstone*). Also Ormsby's *Memoirs of Hope Scott*, i., 46.

had written on the subject, and pass by much more that we had intended at least to glance at. We have felt it our duty plainly to expose Pusey's fatal errors, fraught, as they were, with incalculable mischief to the cause of Evangelical truth and life in England, but at the same time we have acknowledged, and we desire once more to acknowledge fully and frankly, the earnest goodness and the real saintliness which characterised Dr. Pusey. No saint of the Romish Church has ever, we think, been more devoted, or lived a more consecrated life. The best people in all Churches may learn not a little that is good from his life and example. He was a good man, however lamentably in error; and, though his life and influence have wrought terrible mischief, they have also been, in some respects, an inspiration for good. Some of his own words may fitly be quoted here: "We should not think," he says in one of his sermons, "the comparative holiness of these men any test as to the truth of any one characteristic doctrine. Holiness (whether produced in the teacher or the taught) proves the presence of some truth, not of the whole truth, nor of the purity of that truth." Like many others his working faith was better than his teaching. He held doubtless much truth implicitly or unconsciously which he could not, or even would not, have explicitly defined or confessed.

But his praises will be sounded by many writers. The biography we have been reviewing sets forth, we do not say unfairly, rather we should say, inevitably, a biased and too favourable view of his whole character and influence. The writer was his disciple and intimate friend from his youth up. He belonged to the same school, and felt for his master the deepest veneration; as was to be expected, accordingly, and, as we have shown, the biography fails to exhibit features of Pusey's character and influence which, in the interests of our national Protestantism, of Evangelical truth, of free and manly Christianity, it was necessary to bring fully to the light. It would have been more pleasant to have dwelt chiefly upon the bright and exemplary side of Pusey's character and course. It has been our unwelcome duty, on behalf of the truth, to show his errors and faults. We do this because, to our thinking, the prevalence of Puseyism, rightly so-called, the growing influence of that ritualistic and superstitious form of

religion, which, though he was never himself a puerile ritualist in matters of ecclesiastical taste and service, has all naturally grown out of principles which Pusey inculcated, is alienating more and more the manly strength of the nation from traditional Christianity, and is increasing the difference and distance, in respect of religious feeling and sympathy, between the majority of the clergy of the nation and the vast majority of its laity. It is now commonly acknowledged by clerical correspondents in Anglican ecclesiastical newspapers that the middle classes refuse to accept the sacramental teaching and the ritualistic opinions and practices of the dominant section of the clergy. This fact, though satisfactory from one point of view, is, on the whole, disquieting. That the congregations should reject the systematic teaching of their clergy is of evil omen for the future of religion in England. Nor can it but be injurious to Christian nobleness of character in the rising generation among the English upper classes, if the principles of priestly rule over the conscience and of sacramental confession are inculcated by those who have a chief hand in the moulding of the character of cultivated Englishmen. These things, it must further be said, exasperate religious schisms and differences; they go to erect the Church of England into a great social as well as ecclesiastical barrier, which casts its baleful shadow widely over the Christianity of the country, and is itself the schismatic cause of rancorous and uncharitable feelings in the Nonconformist Churches of the land. Already the influence of the causes we have indicated has gone very far towards alienating the mass of English Methodists from the Established Church, and making not a few of them, in effect, throughout a large part of the country, leaders in the movement for its downfall. In truth, as we showed in the opening pages of this article, the effects of Puseyism go to divide the Church of England itself into two, if not three, distinct Churches, as well as to spread religious rancour and controversy through all classes of the community.

In the second portion of Dr. Pusey's Biography, which all will await with keen interest, the development of his distinctive principles, as we have now set them forth, cannot but be more fully disclosed, and it will then be seen, at least in part, how he became a sort of anti-bishop in his own diocese, and a trouble and distress to the bishops and to the Church of

England in other dioceses. It may then, perhaps, be our duty again to do our part in showing what have been the mature fruits of the doctrines and practices which he, with conscientious stealthiness and subtlety, spent nearly half a century in teaching to the priests of his Church, and to the women, as far as he could influence them, and even the children of the English people.

ART. II.—LOWELL'S LETTERS.

Letters of James Russell Lowell. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. 2 vols. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1894.

“**H**E didn’t leave no card, ma’am, but he had the coaxingest eyes ever you see,” was the description given by a parlour-maid of the poet Lowell: a description felt by his friends characteristically to set forth the winning attractiveness of the man. His eyes “made you feel at home at once, and in love with their owner,” says Judge Hughes, who knew and loved him well. This winsomeness of personal appearance was but the expression of a peculiarly lovable and attractive nature. The charm of Lowell’s conversation was felt by all who knew him. Those who did not know him, however, can almost understand its fascination by reading the two volumes of intimate letters now collected and published by his lifelong friend Mr. Eliot Norton. These letters have been anticipated with eagerness, and few will read them with disappointment. A few sentences are inserted here and there, chiefly in the earlier part of the book, to connect the letters together and give the bare outline of the poet’s life; but, for the most part, they are left to tell their own story, and they tell it with a graphic vivacity no biographer could rival. Mr. Norton’s name is enough to indicate that the work of selection has been done with taste and skill. Perhaps somewhat too many letters are published; perhaps some names should have been omitted, or certain passages cut out altogether; but instances of this sort are few, and the reader’s enjoyment of the volumes leaves little disposition for criticism. The book

brings us face to face with a spirit finely-touched and to fine issues, a noble mind, a keen but kindly critic, a generous friend, a genial humorist, a man with a great heart, displaying the courage of a hero and the tender affectionateness of a woman. Such a personality is rare enough, and it is rarer still to find a revelation of such a nature at the same time so unreserved and yet so dainty-delicate as these letters furnish.

Letter-writing is usually reckoned a fine art the secret of which has been lost. Cicero might write to Atticus epistles which charm us after the lapse of two thousand years; the letters of Jerome and Augustine, of Athanasius and Gregory, may be valuable for their theological or ecclesiastical information; the Paston and the Howell letters are important to the historian and interesting to the student of the social life of the past; Madame de Sevigné and Lady Mary Wortley Montague may charm us with the feminine grace which is now best represented by the French word *esprit* and now by the very different English "sprightliness"; the letters of Gray and Gibbon, of Cowper and Byron, may rank among English classics, and Charles Lamb's inimitable style immortalise his whimsicalities like flies preserved in amber. But in days when postcards take the place of notepaper, as notepaper took the place of the quarto sheets of our grandfathers, when telegrams still further abbreviate our names and our written messages, and telephones obviate the necessity of writing altogether, in these days it may be said that we have almost forgotten what a good letter really means. It will be found, however, we think, that letter-writing is more a matter of temperament than of chronology. It is a form of art in which some men never could excel, and in which others will express themselves with grace and charm, whatever the habits of the generation on which their lot is cast. True, the "environment"—to use the detestable scientific slang of the time—is not at present favourable to the growth of this choice and delicate plant. But it will grow where least expected, and its bloom does not depend upon the care with which its growth is watched and cherished. The letters of James Smetham, formerly a contributor to this REVIEW, a man almost of this generation, have been pronounced by good judges among the very best of their kind, and it was but by a

kind of chance that these became known, and were not left to spend their sweetness in the narrow circle of a few intimate friends.

Lowell can hardly rank among the few perfect masters of the craft. It was given to him to do many difficult things exceedingly well, but perhaps none of them with that supreme distinction which is final and decisive. He was a true poet, but not of the first rank; he was an admirable and discriminating critic, with an analytic eye rare in one who is a genuine singer; he was a satirist and humorist who could bear comparison with some of the foremost; he was a brilliant conversationalist—if a word may be permitted which would have made him shudder—and the prince of after-dinner speakers; and if to all these gifts he added that of being a charming correspondent, his admirers may be satisfied, without claiming for him the highest rank of distinction in this particular field.

It is not easy to enumerate in a sentence the qualities which make a good letter-writer. Whatever they be, Lowell had most of them. Leigh Hunt enumerates sincerity, modesty, manliness, pensiveness, learning, good-nature, and so many other qualities that it seems as if he were multiplying the four cardinal virtues into the graces of all the nine Muses, in order to adorn his paragon. Much more homely qualities than these, however, are requisite. The lively Lady Mary—there is but one in such a connection—in describing the excellences of her predecessor, Madame de Sevigné, characterises the subject-matter of her letters as “tittle-tattle, always tittle-tattle.” That is praise, not feminine satire. Small-talk is the material in which the art of the letter-writer, like that of the writer of society-verses, is shown. Grave matters may be touched upon, though not often. And when introduced, they must be touched with a lightness of pen which is as far removed as possible from levity of spirit, but which charms and attracts, instead of repelling, a reader who is not supposed to be in the mood for an essay or a sermon. Cowper, with the dark cloud of religious melancholy hanging over him, has not won his place as a classic letter-writer by theologising, but by telling stories of his dog Beau. Even Gibbon comes down from his

high horse and wins us at once by describing to Lord Sheffield, not the campaigns of the Visigoths or the Pandects of Justinian, but the terrace in the garden at Lausanne on which the *Decline and Fall* was finished. A measure of playfulness, again, is essential. This is a grace denied to many highly gifted men. Their pleasantry is like the gambolling of an elephant. But even pleasantry must be restrained within limits—limits which no art can teach and no rules prescribe—or it palls and clogs. It is the silver lining, the golden rim, to the grey cloud, the rippling accompaniment of the hidden brook :

“ That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.”

At its best it is the overflow of a pure, sweet nature, the kindly humour of a heart at peace with itself and with mankind, the utterance of a mind that has learned the gracious wisdom of playing with the fringes of the web of human life, as well as examining the body of its texture. James Smetham is no less truly religious when he lets the lambent flame of his occasional humour play round the “experiences” of the class-meeting, than when he is discoursing of Providence or describing his ideas for the “Hymn of the Last Supper.”

Egotism is essential to a good letter-writer. Not the egotism of Sir Willoughby Patterne, or such obtrusive forms of that inconveniently common quality as either make a reader shrink into his shell or long to use the boot upon his right foot, but the gentle, assured self-satisfaction of the man who knows he cannot please his correspondent better than by chattering on about himself. There is the egotism of Charles Lamb as well as the egotism of De Quincey. The “I” of Montaigne can never come too often, nor that of the born letter-writer. But that is because he is the last person in the world to thrust himself upon the attention of an unwilling listener. His “I” includes “you” and “them” and everybody. It is impersonal, universal. The writer is drawing his own portrait, but you study it as you would Rembrandt’s picture of himself, the face in the looking-glass being lost in the work of the successful artist.

Lowell—from whom we are delaying too long in this mere

generalising—certainly understood this prime quality of an interesting letter. “I hold that a letter which is not mainly about the writer of it lacks the prime flavour. The wine must smack a little of the cask. You will recognise the taste of my old wood in this!” (ii. 86). And in this connection he makes the truly subtle psychological remark that there is nothing so fatal to good letter-writing as “that lack of interest in one's self that comes of drudgery.” Leisure is necessary, leisure of mind as well as of time, for the play of thought and feeling which makes a good letter. For, as Lowell says elsewhere :

“A letter ought always to be the genuine and natural flower of one's disposition—proper both to the writer and to the season—and none of your turnip japonicas cut laboriously out of a cheap and flabby material. Then, when you have sealed it up, it comes out fresh and fragrant. I do not like shuttlecock correspondences. What is the use of our loving people if they can't let us owe them a letter? if they can't be sure we keep on loving them if we don't keep sending an acknowledgment under our hands and seals once a month? As if there were a statute of limitations for affection! The moment Love begins to think of Duty he may as well go hang himself with his own bow-string” (i. 218).

A brief outline of the life which is told and illustrated in these letters better than in any biography will prepare the way for the letters themselves. James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts on February 22, 1819. His father was a Congregational minister of ability; his mother brought from the Orkney Islands something of the romantic temperament which re-appeared in her son, who was from the first “his mother's darling.” The family home, Elmwood, about four miles from Boston, was a spacious house of considerable dignity, standing in grounds of several acres, and surrounded by fields and woods stretching for miles into the country. Here the poet spent his earliest years; to it he returned in middle life, and here he died. He was educated at Harvard, but so determinately preferred his own studies to the college curriculum that he was suspended, or “rusticated,” for some months, and throughout his course he appears to have stood better with his fellows than with the authorities. He made some attempts to settle to the legal profession, but from the

time of leaving college was more occupied with literature than with law. When he was one-and-twenty he published a volume of poems entitled *A Year's Life*, and another volume followed two or three years afterwards. He married in 1844, deriving a slender income from journalism and from the publication of poems and essays. In 1848 the *Biglow Papers* were published, and the *Fable for Critics* and *Sir Launfal* date from the same period. His domestic life was happy and delightful, till sickness and death brought sorrow. He lost three children successively in 1850-1852, and in 1853 Mrs. Lowell's health, which had long been steadily sinking, gave way, and at five-and-thirty Lowell was left alone. In January 1855 he was appointed to the professorship of French and Spanish languages and literature in Harvard College, in succession to Longfellow. After spending a year in Europe to prepare for his new duties, he entered upon them in 1856, and held the post with success and distinction for eighteen years, though he never seems to have felt thoroughly at home in the professor's gown. In 1876 he began to take part in political life, was elected Delegate to the National Republican Convention, and afterwards Presidential Elector of Massachusetts. He declined to stand for Congress, but his influence was felt amongst the better elements of the Republican party at the time of the close contest between Hayes and Tilden for the Presidency. In 1877 he was appointed United States Minister to Spain, and from Madrid in 1880 was transferred to London. This part of Lowell's life is tolerably familiar to English readers. The popularity he speedily achieved in this country surprised no one more than himself. After several years of brilliant social and public life in England, he returned to America, where the last seven years of his life were spent. He suffered from severe attacks of gout, but his later years were for the most part calm and sunny. Surrounded by "that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," he died at his beloved Elmwood in 1891.

Perhaps we cannot do better than begin with a description of the family home, given in a letter written in 1848 :

"Here I am in my garret. I slept here when I was a little curly-

headed boy, and used to see visions between me and the ceiling, and dream the so-often-recurring dream of having the earth put into my hand like an orange. In it I used to be shut up without a lamp—my mother saying that none of her children should be afraid of the dark—to hide my head under the pillows, and then not be able to shut out the shapeless monsters that thronged around me, minted in my brain. It is a pleasant room, facing, from the position of the house, almost equally towards the morning and the afternoon. In winter I can see the sunset; in summer I can see it only as it lights up the tall trunks of the English elms in front of the house, making them sometimes, when the sky behind them is lead-coloured, seem of the most brilliant yellow. When the sun, towards setting, breaks out suddenly after a thunder-shower, and I see them against an almost black sky, they have seemed of a most peculiar and dazzling green tint, like the rust on copper. In winter my view is a wide one, taking in part of Boston. I can see one long curve of the Charles, and the wide fields between me and Cambridge, and the flat marshes beyond the river, smooth and silent with glittering snow" (i. 144).

The poet's observant eye is noticeable in this description of the effect of light behind the outline of the trees, and we are reminded of Wordsworth's—

"And fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
Its darkening boughs and leaves in stronger lines."

Lowell was a close student of Wordsworth, and not improbably remembered the fact that the moment when this was first observed was recalled by the poet after the lapse of sixty years as important in his poetical history, "for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them." If so, Lowell's eyes are by no means the only ones that have been couched by the poet of Rydal, as he tells us his own were by his sister Dora.

The scenery of Freshpond in the immediate neighbourhood of Elmwood was always charming to Lowell, and from it he must have drawn some of his poetical inspiration. He thus describes it on a later visit:

"It is one of the few spots left *something* like what it was when I was a boy, and I can pick hazel-nuts from the same bushes which brought me and the chip-munks together thirty years ago. I really think it is bad for our moral nature here in America that so many of the links that bind us to our past are severed in one way or another, and am grateful for anything that renews in me that capacity for mere delight which made my childhood the richest part of my life. It seems

to me as if I had never seen Nature again since those old days, when the balancing of a yellow butterfly over a thistle-broom was spiritual food and lodging for a whole forenoon. This morning I have had it all over again. There were the same high-heaped shagbark trees—the same rose-bushes with their autumn corals on—the same curving golden-rods and wide-eyed asters—the same heavy-headed goat's-beard—the same frank blue sky—the same cloud-shadows I used to race with—the same purple on the western hills—and as I walked along, the great-grandchildren of the same metallic devil's-darning-needles slid sideways from the path, and were back again as soon as I had passed. Nature has not budged an inch in all these years, and meanwhile over how many thistles have I hovered, and thought I was—no matter what; it is splendid, as girls say, to dream backward so. One feels as if he were a poet, and one's own *Odyssey* sings itself in one's blood as he walks. "I do not know why I write this to you so far away, except that as this world goes, it is something to be able to say, I have been happy for two hours" (i. 304).

We are tempted to quote further, but the extract is already long. The sentences that follow: "How I do love the earth! I feel it thrill under my feet. I feel somehow as if it were conscious of my love, as if something passed into my dancing blood from it," are but the prose expression of the feeling which glows so rapturously in the opening of his poem of *Sir Launfal*:

"Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,
'Tis the natural way of living!"

The poet's joy in Nature was not confined to the buoyant feelings of youth and early manhood, nor was it aroused merely by the scenery of his native land. He was very fond of Whitby in Yorkshire, and stayed there no fewer than nine summers. He thus writes of it in 1887, when he was nearly seventy years of age:

" 'Tis a wonderfully picturesque place, with the bleaching bones of its Abbey standing aloof on the bluff, and dominating the country for leagues—sea and moor, hill and dale ; sea dotted with purple sails and white (fancy mixes a little in the purple, perhaps), moors flushed with heather in blossom, and fields yellow with corn, and the dark heaps of trees in every valley babbling the secret of the stream that fain would hide to escape being the drudge of man. I know not why, mind has replaced water for grinding, and the huge water-wheels, green with moss and motionless, give one a sense of repose after toil that, to a lazy man like me, is full of comfort. Not that I am so lazy neither, for I think a good deal—only my thoughts never seem worth writing down till I meet with them afterwards, written down by somebody more judiciously frugal than I. Do you know I was thinking this morning that Montaigne was the only original man of modern times, or at any rate the only man with wit enough to see things over again in his own way, and to think it as good a way as any other, no matter how old ?" (ii. 384).

His love of birds reminds us of Chaucer. It is from Whitby that he writes, " I think few people are made as happy by the singing of birds as I, and this autumnal music (unknown at home), every bush a song, is one of the things that especially endear England to me. Even without a song, birds are a perpetual delight, and the rooks alone are enough to make this country worth living in." He missed the singing of the robins in New England. He writes from Elmwood to Miss Norton, " Are the robins and finches cheery in the garden ? Our ancestors brought hither with them laws, language and other engines of oppression ; why did they leave these behind ? Yet we are not wholly comfortless. A robin forgot himself yesterday, and sang once, but stopped short with a twinge of conscience, like a child that catches itself feeling happy in church." But he loved most animals, as poets and all men should. He tells with glee the story of a woman in a newspaper kiosk in Paris, who inquired particularly after a companion of his, Mr. John Holmes, who used to bring cake to her tame sparrow. " Ah," she exclaimed, " qu'il était bon ! Tout bon ! Ce n'est que les bons qui aiment les animaux ! Et ce monsieur, comment il les aimait !" Of a favourite dog he writes, " Gobble is getting to be as interesting a little soul —for I am sure he has one—as I ever saw, and the patience of his father with him, letting him bite his ears, tail, legs, or what not, just as he has composed himself for a nap, is worth

many a sermon to me." And again, to Mrs. Leslie Stephen, "I wish you could see my dogs lying before my fire, each making a pillow of the other, and looking round to me from time to time lest I should forget they loved me. Human eyes have generally precious little soul in them, but with theirs there comes sometimes the longing for a soul and almost overtaking it that is desperately touching."

The Frenchwoman's remark was truer than many would imagine. Those who love animals possess an affectionate nature, a fountain of inner sweetness which overflows from its own abundance. Loving and being kind to animals must by no means be confused with keeping pets, which may be only a form of selfishness. It is certain that Lowell was one of the most truly affectionate of men, and herein lay, no doubt, his power of charming and winning in society. Love, if you would be loved. But such affection does not come to order, and amongst the riches with which some natures are gifted, the rarest and choicest gift, and often the least regarded, is a wealth of sympathy. "It is always my happiest thought," writes Lowell in 1871, "that with all the drawbacks of temperament (of which no one is more keenly conscious than myself) I have never lost a friend. For I would rather be loved than anything else in the world. I always thirst after affection, and depend more on the expression of it than is altogether wise." In another case, in speaking of a letter from an old friend to whom he had not written, and from whom he had not heard for seven years: "My love for him was as fresh as when we parted nine years ago, when our lives were all in spring-blossom, not a petal fallen." His friendship with Mr. Thomas Hughes and Mr. Leslie Stephen was long and intimate. Some of the most interesting letters in the collection, especially to an English reader, are addressed to them, and what impression was made upon them by Lowell's friendship is recorded by Judge Hughes in his Introduction to the single volume edition of Lowell's poems, and by Mr. Stephen in a letter of reminiscences appended to the second of these two volumes.

Of his family affection there is no need to adduce proofs. He was well-nigh heartbroken by the death first of his infant

Rose, then of a little daughter Blanche, then of a promising boy, Walter, and then of his tenderly beloved wife. It was of the second of these losses that he wrote the verses which every one knows who knows Lowell at all, entitled *The Changeling*.

“I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father’s knee,
That I by the force of Nature
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

“To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me.”

There is a prose version of one or two of the stanzas in a letter written a year earlier, as he describes the child with a father’s pride : “Why, she laughs all over ! You can see it through her clothes. The very tips of her toes twinkle with joy. And then there is not a chanticleer in my numerous flock who can compare with her for crowing. She has another grace which I might in modesty omit, but I love truth. She is exceedingly fond of her father.” But few letters, as is most fitting, refer to the loss of his wife, but there is a wail of sadness in the one letter to his friend Stillman, more eloquent than many words. In thanking him for some drawings he says :

“Mabel likes them as much as I do, and declares a preference for the larger one, ‘On the ——.’ I can’t make out the name, but I shall call it the Lethe, that drowsy water with tree-dreams in it, so smooth, and sleek, and soaked with sun, it seems a drink of it would quench the thirst of all sad memories. Only no Lethe *can*, for we are our own saddest memories—a hundred a day. . . .

“You came into my loneliness like an incarnate aspiration. And it is dreary enough sometimes, for a mountain-peak on whose snow your

foot makes the first mortal print is not so lonely as a room full of happy faces from which *one* is missing for ever. . . .

"Forgive me, but you spoke of it first" (i. 242, 243).

One naturally looks in a poet's letters for sidelights upon the composition of his poems. There are many such references in these volumes, but not many of them of permanent value. Of the *Biglow Papers* he writes thus to Mr. Hughes in 1859:

"It has been a particular satisfaction to me to hear now and then some friendly voice from the old mother-island say 'Well-done' of the *Biglow Papers*, for, to say the truth, I like them myself, and when I was reading them over for a new edition, a year or two ago, could not help laughing. But then as I laughed I found myself asking: 'Are these yours? How did you make them?' Friendly people say to me sometimes, 'Write us more *Biglow Papers*,' and I have even been simple enough to try, only to find that I could not. This has helped to persuade me that the book was a genuine growth, and not a manufacture, and that therefore I had an honest right to be pleased without blushing if people liked it. But then this very fact makes it rather hard to write an Introduction to it. All I can say is that the book was *thar*—how it came is more than I can tell" (i. 330).

Later on, he says of the Second Series:

"As for new *Biglow Papers*, God knows how I should like to write them, if they would only *make* me as they did before. But I am so occupied and bothered that I have no time to *brood*, which with me is as needful a preliminary to hatching anything as with a clucking hen. However I am going to try my hand and see what will come of it" (i. 345).

There can be little question, we think, that the poet was right. The First Series of the *Biglow Papers* were an inspiration, the second are a clever manufacture. Mr. Hughes pleads hard that the touch of genius distinguishes both alike. He says that in 1860, when the War of Secession broke out, Lowell "found himself at a bound in his old temper," and no careful reader of the Second Series can deny that in it are some excellent hits after the old style. But the proverbial saying concerning "cauld kail het up" will keep recurring. If there be comparative failure in the second part, Lowell does but take his place with Bunyan, Goethe, and many another.

The paternal fondness of the poet for his offspring, as they successively make their appearance, peeps out on occasion with great simplicity. Every author knows the hot-and-cold fit

which accompanies the periodical ague of composition. Nothing can equal the enthusiasm of the one except the reaction and disgust of the other. Again and again we find the poet fearing and despairing as his Idea dawns upon him, glowing with exultation as it is transferred to paper, and shuddering at what seems the failure of his work when viewed in the cooler moods of criticism that follow. Of one of his poems of the war, entitled "The Washers of the Shroud," written in October 1861, he writes to Mr. Norton :

"I have written something, whether poetry or no I cannot tell yet. But I want you to like it if you can The writing took hold of me enough to leave me tired out, and to satisfy me entirely as to what was the original of my head and back pains. But do like it if you can. Fields says it is 'splendid,' with tears in his eyes—but then I read it to him, which is half the battle. . . . I think I have done well, in some stanzas at least, and not wasted words. It is about present matters, but abstract enough to be above the newspapers" (i. 326).

Read in the tones of the patriot-poet at a time of high national feeling, the verses might well thrill the heart of a friend, but they hardly breathe to-day the strong feeling which prompted them. These are two of the best stanzas—lofty rhetoric rather than poetry :

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines;
Peace, too, brings tears; and 'mid the battle-din
The wiser ear some text of God divines,
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin.

"God give us peace! not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbour sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"

His *Commemoration Ode*, he tells us, was written as follows : "The ode itself was an improvisation. Two days before the Commemoration I had told my friend Child that it was impossible—that I was dull as a door-mat. And the next day something gave me a jog, and the whole thing came out of me with a rush. I sat up all night writing it out clear, and took it on the morning of the day to Child. 'I have something, but don't yet know what it is, or whether it will do.

Look at it and tell me.' He went a little way apart with it, under an elm-tree in the college-yard. He read a passage here and there, brought it back to me, and said, 'Do? I should think so! Don't you be scared.' And I wasn't, but virtue enough had gone out of me to make me weak for a fortnight after" (ii. 342).

Many of these letters reflect very faithfully the strained feeling which existed during the war between this country and the Northern States. Lowell's regard for England was both high and deep, but for some years he could hardly restrain his indignation at what he thought England's injustice. It was his very regard for the nation which made him angry at the manifestation of sympathy with the South which pervaded so large a portion of the English press, and which sometimes appeared to animate the Government. He says to Mr. Hughes in 1863: "Pray don't believe a word he says about our longing to go to war with England. We are all as cross as terriers with your kind of neutrality, but the last thing we want is another war." And in 1865 to Mr. Norton: "I think a war with England would be the greatest calamity but one—the being afraid of it. I would do everything to avoid it, except not telling her what I think of her in return for the charming confidences with which she so constantly favours us. . . . The root of our bitterness is not that she *used* to do so and so, but that we know she would do it again. The wolf was wrong in eating the lamb because its grandmother had muddied the stream, but it would be a silly lamb that expected to be friends with any animal whose grandmother was a wolf." And in 1866 he writes even more explicitly to Mr. Leslie Stephen:

"I confess I have had an almost invincible repugnance to writing again to England. I share, with the great body of my countrymen, in a bitterness (half resentment and half regret) which I cannot yet get over. I do not mean that, if my heart could be taken out after death, *Delenda est Anglia* would be found written on it—for I know what the land we sprung from, and which we have not disgraced, is worth to freedom and civilisation; but I cannot forget so readily as I might the injury of the last five years. But I love my English friends none the less—nay, perhaps the more, because they have been *her* friends, too, who is dearer to me for her trials and for the victory which I am sure she will be great enough to use gently. There! like

a true New-Englander, I have cleared my conscience, and I can allow a little play to my nature" (i. 401).

There spoke the very spirit of a true Englishman. The love of country and honest pride in it; the hot resentment, not easily quenched, against what seemed unjust treatment from those who should have been, not only just, but kind; the unwillingness to be silent about a genuine grievance; the generosity which will not allow righteous wrath to descend to the level of any meaner feeling—these are qualities we are quick to recognise and respect in New as in Old England. Even in the Second Series of *Biglow Papers*, where the soreness is painfully apparent, Lowell writes of England :

"She and Columby's gut to be fas' friends;
For the world prospers by their privit ends;
'Twould put the clock back all o' fifty years
Ef they should fall together by the ears."

Happily the sense of estrangement ere long passed away. In 1873 he says: "I am as pleased as Punch at the thought of having a kind of denizenship, if nothing more, at Oxford; for though the two countries insist on misunderstanding each other, I can't conceive why the sensible men on both sides shouldn't in time bring 'em to see the madness of their ways." And in 1884 he is feted and caressed and honoured in London till he writes: "Nothing in my life has ever puzzled me as much as my popularity in England—which I have done nothing and been nothing to deserve. I was telling my wife a day or two ago that I couldn't understand it. It must be my luck, and ought to terrify me like the ring of Polycrates." But it was not luck, and the alternations of feeling in Lowell's lifetime do but represent the alternations of feeling which are still possible, and which must still be expected, according as the more or the less favourable side of two different but nearly related nations be displayed. England and the United States are too near akin to quarrel, and too near akin not to quarrel. But the first kind of quarrelling is serious, and the second represents the national tiffs which proud and sensitive peoples speedily indulge in and as speedily are ashamed of.

Lowell could see the faults of his own country, though he does not often write of them. He has sense enough to perceive

the American sensitiveness, especially to English opinion, which has helped to multiply misunderstandings. "I think (1879) we were less conscious when I was a youngster. Nowadays Europe, and especially England, seems a glass of which everybody is uncomfortably aware, an horizon which, instead of suggesting something beyond itself, cuts us all off with reflections of (perhaps I should say on) our unhappy selves. We are all the time wondering what is thought about us over there, instead of quietly going on about our business." Again: "One thing seems clear to me, and that is that the Americans I remember fifty years ago had a consciousness of standing firmer on their own feet and in their own shoes than those of the newer generation. We are vulgar now precisely because we are afraid of being so." This very sensitiveness is undoubtedly embodied in his own essay—*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*—where an uneasy jealousy of what appeared to be England's "airs of patronage" is unmistakably manifest. But the country Lowell so ardently loved and longed in every way to serve has grown in strength and lost much of its self-consciousness since that essay was written, and few individual men during the last half-century have done more to promote a healthy development of national feeling in the United States of America than James Russell Lowell.

These letters do not furnish quite as many glimpses into the life of Lowell when ambassador in this country as might perhaps have been expected. Some of those that are given it might have been better to omit. It was hardly well to print the following passage concerning English society: "The —— has debased a considerable circle, the circumference of which is spreading, as in stagnant pools a circle once started will. There is a partial truth in what you say about society here losing its fastidiousness, but this is mainly true of the ——'s set, and those who are infected by it, or wish to be of it." Mr. Gladstone will probably only smile at the epigram which Lowell tells his daughter he "made extempore one day on the G.O.M., and repeated to Lord Acton :

" His greatness not so much in genius lies
As in adroitness, when occasions rise,
Lifelong convictions to extempore."

Mr. John Morley will certainly laugh at a passing notice of himself. "At dinner, by the way, I was glad to meet John Morley for the first time since my return. He welcomed me most cordially, but looks older and a little worn with the constant friction of politics. But the cheerful fanaticism of his face is always exhilarating to me, though I feel that it would have the same placidly convinced expression if my head were rolling at his feet at the exigence of some principle." Of Newman he wrote, in 1884 :

"The most interesting part of my visit to Birmingham was a call I made by appointment on Cardinal Newman. He was benignly courteous, and we excellenced and eminced each other by turns. A more gracious senescence I never saw. There was no 'monumental pomp,' but a serene decay, like that of some ruined abbey in a woodland dell, consolingly forlorn. I was surprised to find his head and features smaller than I expected—modelled on lines of great vigour, but reduced and softened by a certain weakness, as if a powerfully masculine face had been painted in miniature by Malbone. He was very kindly and sympathetic—his benignity as well as his lineaments reminding one of the old age of Emerson" (ii. 315).

It is not easy to illustrate by extracts the humour which pervades and brightens Lowell's correspondence. Much of the pleasantry of a letter will not bear repeating, still less printing, still less reading in cold blood years afterwards. But it is much more possible to perceive and enjoy the flavour of this humour when reading a number of letters than when it is displayed in mere extracts. Lowell does not often indulge in puns, like Hood and Lamb. Occasionally he condescends. When joking over his gout, he says, "The worst danger is that the eyes are liable to be painfully affected with *iritis*—a comprehensive Greek term implying that the eye-wrong-is. But this is more than set off by the certainty that I shall never be subject to that *in-great-toe otio* to which Nereus, according to Horace, doomed the winds." He writes excellent nonsense on occasion, as when criticising the two sonnets on which Mr. Norton asked his judgment, but which he had forgotten to enclose. "I don't know which I like best. There is something very tender in the one 'To ——,' but, on the whole, I prefer the other, 'To O.,' which I suppose means annihilation. The thought is so admirably carried out by the expression that

one has a feeling of nothingness all through. Perhaps this is not wholly original, for I think it has been attempted in many other sonnets, even in some of Petrarca's, and with good success, but I never knew vacancy so well expressed before." His playfulness never left him. It was during his last sickness that he thus toyed in a fashion which was not wholly play:

"I forgot one thing. There are plenty of mice in the walls, and now that I can't go to the play with you, I assist at their little tragedies and comedies behind the wainscot, in the night-hours, and build up plots in my fancy. 'Tis a French company, for I hear them distinctly say *Wee, Wee*, sometimes. My life, you see, is not without its excitements, and what are your London mice doing that is more important? I see you are to have a Parnell scandal at last, but I overheard an elopement the other night behind the wainscot, and the solicitors talking it over with the desolated husband afterwards. It was very exciting. Ten thousand grains of corn damages!" (ii. 441).

Of Lowell's religious life and opinions it is difficult to write in a few sentences. Little is said directly upon the subject in the letters, but it is made tolerably certain from them that Lowell was not a church-goer, nor an orthodox Christian believer, while he had a very sincere and deep religious feeling of a kind, and illustrated in his life the principles of Christianity in a more practical and thorough way than many who make a much more decided profession of religion. He writes in 1875, "You ask me if I am an Episcopalian. No, though I prefer the service of the Church of England, and attend it from time to time. But I am not much of a church-goer, because I so seldom find any preaching that does not make me impatient, and do me more harm than good. I confess to a strong lurch towards Calvinism (in some of its doctrines) that strengthens as I grow older. Perhaps it may be some consolation to you that my mother was born and bred an Episcopalian." Other allusions, in other letters, show that when staying at a house in which church-going was customary he did not as a rule attend public worship.

In early life he speaks with some definiteness on religious subjects. In 1844 he writes to comfort a friend in bereavement: "The older I grow the less am I affected by the outward observances and forms of religion, and the more confidingness

and affection do I feel towards God. 'He leadeth me in green pastures.' Trust in Providence is no longer a meaningless phrase to me. The thought of it has oftener brought happy tears into my eyes than any other thought, except that of my beloved Maria. It is, therefore, no idle form when I tell you to lean on God." In later years, however, such a tone as this is hardly anywhere discernible, and whilst there are many signs that the poet did not give up his hold upon the essentials of religious faith, he probably held them with a much looser—some would say freer—hand. He expresses a measure of sympathy with the scepticism of his friend Leslie Stephen, but evidently is not prepared to go full lengths with him. In 1876 he tells him, "I would not drop some chapters of the Old Testament, even, for all the science that ever undertook to tell me what it does not know." And in 1879, when speaking of the way in which scientific men were disposed to "make a fetich" of their protoplasm, he says, "Such a mush seems to me a poor substitute for the Rock of Ages," but he adds, "by which I understand a certain set of higher instincts which mankind have found solid under their feet in all weathers." Here, we imagine, Lowell substantially takes his stand beside Tennyson, both poets being very shy of acknowledging a belief in a supernatural revelation, such as that of Christianity, but holding tenaciously by the faith and hopes which to them were bound up with their view of human nature and the constitution of the universe. Probably this is the meaning of a letter addressed in 1878 to Miss Grace Norton :

"I don't care where the notion of immortality came from. If it sprang out of a controlling necessity of our nature, some instinct of self-protection and preservation, like the colour of some of Darwin's butterflies, at any rate it is there and as real as that, and I mean to hold it fast. Suppose we don't *know*, how much *do* we know after all? There are times when one doubts his own identity, even the solidity of the very earth on which he walks" (ii. 233).

But the influence of nineteenth-century questioning and denial had left its mark. Very different from the tone of early manhood concerning death and immortality is the following passage from a letter dated 1882, written to Mr. John W. Field just after the death of his friend R. H. Dana:

"What you tell me Mrs. Dana said after the burial is very touching. Take care of yourself, my dear John. The lesson for us is to *close up*, and I think we are drawn nearer by these things—though death seems less solemn than he used, now that we have seen him so often look at the number on our own door, as he was on his way to knock at a neighbour's. 'Who knows?' and 'Do I *really* wish it may be?' are all that the nineteenth century has left us of the simple faith we began life with" (ii. 299).

The last sentence does not fairly represent Lowell's higher moods. But there is something about it unspeakably pathetic, especially when we remember that the change it describes has passed over so many of the most thoughtful and spiritual men and women of our time. "Who knows?" Men look out into the dark of the future life with this question audibly upon their lips, while secretly in the heart is whispered the further question, "Do I really wish a future life may be? Would it not be simpler and easier if death were really to end all, and if after life's fret and fever we might 'sleep well' and never wake again?" Even the spiritual-minded poet is apt to come to this, if the light of Revelation be struck out of our darkling life; and if this be so in the green tree what shall be done in the dry?

But there was far more both of the spirit and practice of religion in Lowell than might be assumed from an examination of his dogmatic beliefs. We had marked a passage for extract, illustrating the purity of his soul, words which contain a scathing condemnation of the current laxity of moral tone in literature and life, but space forbids. Lowell's earnestness as an enemy of slavery is well known, but it is not always remembered that he was an Abolitionist when it required no little moral courage to take up that position, and that he largely helped to produce the tone of public opinion which afterwards made it easy to speak out. As we read one passage after another in his letters and poems illustrating the exquisite tenderness and affectionateness of his nature, we must not forget that the fire in his heart which could warm and cherish could also burn and consume. Some of his verses are amongst the most earnest in their proclamation of moral and spiritual truth that have ever been written. He laughs at himself in his *Fable for Critics* for being a preacher instead of a poet,

and vows he will never be able to climb Parnassus if he can't learn the distinction between singing and preaching. The impeachment is true: he does preach. But the sentence pronounced on the offence will not be carried out, for it is the very energy of his moral and spiritual feeling which will help many of his verses to live. It is Lowell who sounds in the ears of all base time-servers and followers of the biggest battalions:

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

Such different men as Mr. Thomas Hughes and Mr. W. T. Stead have both confessed how much they owe to Lowell's moral and spiritual influence. The verses entitled *The Present Crisis* ring out like a trumpet to rouse the moral laggard and animate those who are in danger of becoming spiritual poltroons:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or
blight
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that
light.

* * * * *

Careless seems the great Avenger, history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the
Word;
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne—
—Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim
unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His
own."

No reader of Lowell's poems can miss the tone of Christian ethics which pervades them throughout. If there be here and there marks of contempt for priesthood, and even for dogma, the note of Christian self-sacrifice and kindly helpfulness is struck again and again. *Sir Launfal* does not need a moral, but the scope of its teaching is expressed in lines which will surely live as they well deserve to do:

“The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need ;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare :
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbour, and Me.”

So speaks the Saviour in whom Lowell believed, and so does the poet expound what appears to him to be the Gospel for the day concerning the finding of the Holy Grail. It is well to bear in mind that the lofty standard of Christian practice which Lowell preached cannot long be maintained without a belief in those fundamental truths of the Christian Revelation concerning which he has little or nothing to say. In the lofty poem, “The Cathedral,” which some of the poet's admirers rank amongst his best work, Lowell says, “'Tis irrecoverable, that ancient faith,” in an age that “blots out life with question-marks,” and he adds :

“ Science was Faith once : Faith were Science now,
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
And arm her with the weapons of the time.”

Certainly it is of no avail to fight against the Maxim gun with the cross-bow, but the poet's practice is hardly equal to his precept. The bulwark of his faith appears to be an intuitive belief in God, but intuitive beliefs are not weapons of precision, and the position taken up by the poet is not long defensible against the attacks of modern agnosticism. It is in this poem, dated 1869, that he tells us—

“ Though not recreant to my fathers' faith
Its forms to me are weariness, and most
That drony vacuum of compulsory prayer,
Still pumping phrases for the Ineffable,
Though all the valves of memory gasp and wheeze.”

But he who would destroy existing forms, yet retains belief in that which the forms of faith are intended to conserve and cherish, must show the way to better. That may perhaps be said not to be a poet's work, nor are we complaining that “The Cathedral” does not contain a system of metaphysics. But the beautiful, yet vague creed of the poem, which ends with the finely conceived apostrophe, “O Power, more near my

life than life itself," is apt to leave a man perilously bare to the flying missiles of nineteenth-century scepticism. History proves that pure Theism cannot long stand alone, and we miss the link which unites the lofty, but structureless, Theism of Lowell's later life with the strenuous practical Christianity he so forcibly preached in earlier days. If this link had been forthcoming in the Letters we should have rejoiced in them even more than we do.

Growing up to maturity in the atmosphere of Boston, during the period when Emerson's influence was in the ascendant, when Parker was a power, when Channing's belief was the strongest form of positive Christian teaching known in the circles of culture—an alumnus and professor of Harvard University when, Calvinism having been discarded in disgust, Unitarianism reigned there supreme—Lowell was not trained or equipped to resist successfully in after life the sceptical influences with which he continually came in contact, and against which a habit of positive faith and a religious training and experience vitally associated with a true Christian fellowship, are the only effectual defence. No reader of the poems, however, can doubt the essentially Christian spirit of the man, and if the Letters add little or nothing to what the poems teach, it cannot be said they detract aught from it. In the poems there speaks out the inspired *vates*—bard, prophet, and poet in one. In the Letters we hear the voice of the courteous and genial friend, who does not readily speak of the deepest matters, but who resolutely lives out such faith as is in him. The two, taken together, paint and preserve the picture of a chivalrous and fine-spirited man who strove to be a true servant of God under the conditions of service which belong to the latter part of the nineteenth century.

ART. III.—JOHN RUSKIN: A STUDY IN
DEVELOPMENT.

1. *Life and Work of John Ruskin.* By W. G. COLLINGWOOD,
M.A. Methuen & Co. 1893.
2. *Selections from Ruskin.* George Allen. 1893.

THERE appeared in *Punch* some time ago a number of sketches, purporting to represent certain distinguished political figures as they appeared to their parliamentary opponents. The caricatures are instructive enough, if only as suggesting the extreme difficulty of obtaining a fairly true reflection of any fellow-creature in the mirror of an ordinary human consciousness, subject to the almost inevitable warping of prejudice or prepossession. In the case of a man who has contrived in the course of his life to run a tilt against almost every social fetish and vested interest that exists, a collection of fancy portraits of the kind above referred to is attainable in considerable variety. Thus we have had portraits of Ruskin at different times, by the *laissez-faire* economist and by the "impressionist" art-critic, not to mention the numerous and popular pen-and-ink sketches which represent him as a master of language indeed, but with no message worth attending to, "the singer of a very lovely song," in which the words are of no consequence whatever. Lastly, and most injurious of all, as foolish praise is always more hurtful to the object of it than unjust blame, there are the portraits of him by his ardent disciples, limned without shade in the style that Queen Elizabeth preferred, and gilt, like a mediæval altar-piece, with excessive and ill-applied adulation.

But of a truth, even that scanty and imperfect understanding, which is all that is possible to us with any of our fellows, is particularly difficult in the case of a complex character, and of a temperament naturally wayward and uncertain, and rendered more so by long-continued and severe tension of

nerve and brain. By telling the story of Ruskin's life, as fully as is consistent with the demands of delicacy and good taste in dealing with a subject still living, Mr. Collingwood has done more than merely satisfy the right and natural curiosity of the reading world, with regard to the character and history of a man whose works have charmed and taught them for so many years. He has traced the development of that character and the course of that history in such a way as to explain many seeming inconsistencies, to account for many startling peculiarities, and to present the fullest and fairest picture of the man John Ruskin, in his strength and in his weakness, that has yet been attainable.

It is a life of peculiar and melancholy interest—the story of one who, though blessed with many of the fairest gifts of fortune, could not be called fortunate; crowned with many blessings, yet denied the things which were nearest to his heart; followed and admired for his genius, yet doomed to the woe of the prophet who, when he felt the message from on High burn within him as he uttered it, saw that to the multitude who listened he was only as “one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument.” To his cradle, as to that of the princess in the legend, good fairies brought their gifts of genius and virtue, of wealth and length of days. But the witch was there as well, with her malignant influence, and as his talents unfold and his prospects brighten, the operation of some dark fate is to be traced more and more distinctly.

His misfortunes began, one cannot but think, with his being an only child. Not that he was ever spoiled, as spoiling is generally understood. But even “the enjoyment of the undivided neglect” of parents is sometimes more to be desired than the “endurance of their undivided attention” in the case of delicate sensitive children with abnormally active brains. Mrs. Ruskin, in the full spirit of the godly and conscientious race from which she sprang, brought up her boy “not as a toy but as a trust, . . . with a show of serene severity, which to gossips appeared almost too Spartan.”

“There is a story told as against her, that when her baby cried to handle the bright tea-kettle, she forced his nurse to let him touch it, and dismissed him screaming. . . . When

he tumbled downstairs she whipped him that he might learn to be careful. . . . When he came into dessert or played among the fruit-trees, she drew the line at one currant."

To this stringent discipline, however, he may have owed the high moral principle, the temperance and self-control unusual but doubly necessary, in the case of one of his keen artistic sensibilities and passionate emotional nature.

Another part of his training, which bore fruit in after times both as regards the manner and matter of his literary work, consisted in the daily Bible readings, which she began with him at four years old. All students of Ruskin know to what an extent his style has been moulded by the magnificent imagery of the Hebrew prophets, and the place that their teaching held in his heart became manifest too, when his time came to test the precepts of modern Mammon-worship by those of Isaiah or Ezekiel.

Little John Ruskin must have been a very docile and intelligent child. The head of him in a fancy picture by Northcote taken at the age of three, shows a sweet and sensitive face "not unlike," as Mr. Collingwood points out, "the model from which Sir Joshua had painted his famous cherubs." But its delicate intelligence indicates a peril, which his parents, watchful and tender as they were, seem not to have quite sufficiently considered—the peril of excessive mental stimulation, with all its dire results to nerve and brain, to temper and judgment. At five little John was a bookworm, at six he had begun to write books himself in printing characters, with title-pages, illustrations, and other due embellishments. From this time forth he made a practice of celebrating his father's birthday by some original composition, drama, poem, or story. At the age of nine he began a didactic effusion in several books : *Eudosia, a Poem on the Universe.*

His parents considered that they guarded sufficiently against the danger of over-pressure by keeping him from school.

"They seem to have thought that there was no harm in this desultory and apparently quiet reading and writing. They were extremely energetic themselves and hated idleness. They seem to have held a theory that their little boy was all right as long as he was not obviously excited : and to have thought that the proper way of giving children pocket-money was to let them earn it. So they used to pay

him for his literary labours. ‘Homer was 1s. a page; composition 1d. for twenty lines; mineralogy, 1d. an article.’”

It is useless to inquire what would have been the result on Ruskin’s development if his health had permitted of the rough fellowship, the hearty give-and-take of a public school. As a man he might have been happier, if only through the diminution of that exaggerated self-consciousness, which a solitary and exceptional training is certain to foster. But

“Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,”

and in the concentrated mental activities of those childish days we can trace the germ of *Modern Painters*. The perfectly healthy oyster secretes no pearl, we are told: too true a parable of genius.

Apart from this it would be difficult to conceive a situation more favourable or fortunate than his. The home of his childhood was situated in what was “sixty years since” the prettiest of country suburbs, though few can now remember it as it was before it was given over as a prey to the speculative builder. His father had all the pluck and energy which fits a man to be the architect of his own fortunes, and withal the sensitive honour which is not always characteristic of “self-made men.” He was, moreover, a man of culture and artistic sympathies, an intelligent admirer of natural beauty, a hearty appreciator of our standard literature. The crown of every day to him was the evening hour when, after his hard work in the City, he used to read aloud to his wife in the drawing-room at Herne Hill, from Scott, or Cervantes, or Shakespeare, while little John, packed into his corner “out of the way of the draught,” with his own little table of toys in front of him, imbibed while yet almost a baby that instinctive perception of what is true in thought and fine in expression, which must be acquired early, if at all. The business tours of Mr. Ruskin, on which his wife and child always accompanied him, were an educative influence of even greater value to the future author of *Modern Painters*. The most interesting regions in Scotland, Wales and the Lake Country were visited year by year, the party travelling in an open carriage and stopping for a careful

study of every point of interest. Mr. Ruskin was accustomed to keep a journal during these excursions, and his little son soon learnt to do the like and to illustrate his memoranda with sketches. So from the very beginning he was trained in a loving knowledge of every aspect of Nature, and the note-books laboriously filled by his childish hand after supper every evening in the hotel where they rested for the night contain the embryo of that finished power which has painted for us in undying words the sweetness of the Jura pastures and the fading glories of St. Mark.

It is always instructive to dwell on the childhood of a great man, but more particularly so, when, as in this case, the germs of every power and every failing that maturity displays are to be observed in the boy. One gift of the evil fairy manifested itself very early—the febrile impatience which has made his life's work a mass of incomPLETED undertakings and intentions unfulfilled. For instance, the nine-year-old poet is writing a poem for his father's birthday, "in irregular measure," on the Rebellion of the Young Pretender—or "Chevalier" as he preferred to call him—for even at that early age his sympathies were all with the party of Divine Right. It is to be elaborately written out in a kind of ornamental lettering invented by himself, and he has only four days in which to finish it, when the bright idea strikes him that if he could make a paper puppet show and exhibit it at the same time, it would please his father more. How the two plans got into each other's way and both came to grief (in this only too typical of many other plans to be) he relates with much vigour and exuberance of detail in a kind of journal which he kept at the time, an imitation of Miss Edgeworth's *Harry and Lucy*, in which he plays the part of the inventive hero. The naïveté with which Ruskin has always taken the world into his confidence as regards his plans and purposes, his aims and views, is apparent enough already, and Master "Harry's" sketch of his unrealised programme reminds one forcibly of the introduction to *Deucalion*.

The influence of his mother was, on the intellectual side, less powerful than that of his father; on the moral side, as usually happens, it counted for more. Hers was

"A full rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just."

Her standard of duty was high: she never compromised with her ideals, and was as severe with others as with herself; so that she was, on the whole, more feared than loved. But her son knew to the full what tenderness lay latent in that strong stern nature, and to the end of her life paid her a child's full due of reverent obedience and entire affection.

One trait in her character, small but significant, was likewise very marked in her son, the care that was religiously taken of aged domestics.

"It was from his parents that Mr. Ruskin learned never to turn off a servant, and the Denmark Hill household was as easygoing as the legendary 'baronial' retinue of the good old times. A young friend asked Mrs. Ruskin, in a moment of indiscretion, what such a one of the ancient maids did, for there were several without apparent occupation about the house. Mrs. Ruskin drew herself up, and answered: 'She, my dear, puts out the dessert.'"

Under such influences as these John Ruskin grew up to manhood. His education in art had been, like the other teaching he had received, somewhat desultory and miscellaneous, but perhaps not the less effective for that. When a boy of eleven, his pen-and-ink copies of Cruikshank's etchings taught him the value of the pure line. Soon after he received some instruction in landscape drawing, and from that time drew and painted constantly from Nature. The year 1833 stands out as the one in which he first fell under the spell of Turner. He received as a present Roger's *Italy*, illustrated by Turner's vignettes, and as the family visited Switzerland soon after, he formed and executed the plan of illustrating the journal he kept with fine pen-and-ink sketches, in the manner of the Turner vignettes. This careful study of the master's method was to bear good fruit at no very distant period. At this time too he took up a life-long hobby of his, the study of Alpine geology and mineralogy, his text-book being Saussure's *Voyages dans les Alpes*, given him by his father.

In 1834, he "appeared in print" for the first time, in London's *Magazine of Natural History*, with an Essay on Alpine Mountain Structure. Stories and poems from his pen

appeared in Smith & Elder's *Friendship's Offering* about the same time. In 1836 he went up to Oxford, and during his first long vacation began his earliest work of any importance, *The Poetry of Architecture*, in which is indicated the line of thought which he afterwards followed up in *The Seven Lamps*. These essays, signed "Kata Phusin," were well received, and his literary *début* might be considered brilliant for a boy of eighteen.

Few young men have entered life under happier auspices.

"With prospects bright upon the world he came,
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame."

But here again appears the dark thread interwoven into the tapestry of his life. His health broke down, in great part owing, Mr. Collingwood thinks, to the unsuccessful issue of his suit to Miss Domecq, a beautiful French girl with all the wit and charm of her nation. A boy's first fancy is not usually a serious matter ; but Ruskin's dream had been cherished for four long years with all the intensity of his fervid nature. Owing to a weakness of the lungs which now declared itself, he had to give up the idea, which he had hitherto entertained, of entering the Church. His scheme of life was shattered ; he went abroad for the winter, broken in health and hope, and much at a loss to conceive, we may imagine, what further work and aim in life might yet be open to him.

But as his health returned by slow degrees his energy and ambition came back with it. In April 1843 appeared the first volume of *Modern Painters*, and the reception with which it met must have satisfied the young man that he had found his vocation. Undertaken, in the first place, as a defence of Turner against his critics—for the militant style is characteristic of Ruskin, and he never writes his best without an adversary in view, though that adversary be but a man of straw—it developed into a treatise on the aims and methods of art, containing much, no doubt, that is ill-considered and immature, yet valuable in its bold appeal from convention to nature. He proved, with the accurate knowledge that his early studies of wood and water, of cloud and rock, had given him, how much closer Turner's pictures were to that nature which it is the

mission of landscape art to interpret, than were those of the critics who thus stated the problem of pictorial composition : "Where do you put your brown tree?" Then coming to the general principles on which true art is based, he showed the broad foundations of eternal truth and beauty, on which alone can be built up a great and enduring achievement. And all this with so rich a harmony of ordered words, so vivid a pictorial power, such lyric enthusiasm for the noble and the beautiful, as to charm and almost to silence those least disposed to accept his conclusions.

Between the appearance of the first and of the second volume of *Modern Painters*, he had spent some time in North Italy in the study of Pre-Raphaelite Christian art. He had not yet fallen under the spell of the Venetians. Their time was soon to come. Meanwhile he laid aside for a season the unfinished scheme of *Modern Painters*. One cause of interruption is suggested by his marriage in the spring of 1848 to a young Scotch beauty whose family were connected by ties of long friendship with that of the Ruskins. Another is to be found in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, which he wrote in the following winter to enforce his conviction that true architecture is only possible as the exponent of a worthy national life. This thesis he expanded and illustrated by historical example in the *Stones of Venice* (finished in 1853). The three following volumes of *Modern Painters* complete the cycle of his activity as a mere art-critic.

The technical value of this activity is a matter for specialists. But every one may judge of the effect of it in quickening an artistic sense in the people at large. It may be that on matters relating to the technique of painting the young artist might have a surer guide; but no one has rivalled him in promoting that interest in art among the general public which is to the artist as the breath of his nostrils. His books have opened the eyes of thousands to the wonder of the world about them, and many who used to care as little for the changing beauties of the firmament as Peter Bell for a primrose, have felt as though a new sense were added to them when they came to look on cloud and sunset as Ruskin had taught them. Similarly with his criticism on art. It may be true, as the

new lights are asserting with great vehemence, that Whistler and Degas represent the acme of human achievement in this line, while the *Madonna di San Sisto* is a "piece of shoddy commercialism." It still remains that the sight of the Virgin Mother and the Divine Babe is more helpful and consoling to the ordinary human soul than the spectacle of two sodden wretches drinking absinthe in a *café* (as in the French master's *chef-d'œuvre*). And whatever is consoling and helpful, whatever is ethically right and suggestive, whatever is satisfying to the sense of truth and beauty implanted in every healthy human soul, Ruskin understands how to enforce and to explain, so that, thanks to his books, the most ignorant tyro in art may stand before the old *Téméraire* in our Gallery, or Titian's *Portrait of a Gentleman* in the Louvre, with an insight into the artist's purpose, an appreciation of it and joy in it, which he could never have attained unaided.

Ruskin's oft-repeated statements about the dependence of all good artistic work on a right moral state in the artist have given much occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. "You praise the work of Titian," asks one, "and yet what can you say of the moral state of the man who was the friend of Pietro Aretino?" But stripped of all unguarded and hasty expression, his theory seems merely to amount to this—surely a very admissible view—that whatever virtue (or strength) there may be in a man's moral nature, will pass into his work to strengthen and aid it, just as any weakness will hinder and deform it. "That art," says Ruskin, "is the greatest which contains the greatest number of the greatest ideas." And how are great ideas possible but to great souls?

But hear himself as he takes an early Turner drawing of the Lake of Geneva to illustrate once more his favourite thesis that all great art is didactic in its essence, though not, as a rule, in its purpose :

"The old city is seen lying beyond the waveless waters veiled with a sweet misty veil of Athena's weaving: a faint light of morning, peaceful exceedingly and almost colourless, shed from behind the Voirons, increases into soft amber along the slope of the Saône, and is just seen and no more, on the fair warm fields of its summit. There is not as much colour in that low amber light upon the hill-side as there is in the brown of a dead leaf. The lake is not blue, but

gray in mist, passing into deep shadow beneath the Voirons pines ; a few dark clusters of leaves, a single white flower, scarcely seen, are all the gladness given to the rocks of the shore. . . . What made him take pleasure in the low colour that is only like the brown of a dead leaf ? in the gold gray of dawn, in the one white flower among the rocks, in these, and no more than these ?

"He took pleasure in them, because he had been bred among English fields and hills ; because the gentleness of a great race was in his heart and its power of thought in his brain ; because he knew the stories of the Alps and of the cities at their feet ; because he had read the Homeric legends of the clouds and beheld the gods of dawn, and the givers of dew to the fields ; because he knew the faces of the crags and the imagery of the passionate mountains as a man knows the face of his friend ; because he had in him the wonder and sorrow, concerning life and death, which are the inheritance of the Gothic soul from the days of its sea-kings ; and also the compassion and the joy that are woven into the innermost fabric of every great imaginative spirit, born now in countries that have lived by the Christian faith with any courage or truth. And the picture contains also, for us, just what its maker had it in him to give ; and can convey it to us, just so far as we are of the temper in which it must be received. It is didactic, if we are worthy to be taught, no otherwise. The pure heart it will make more pure ; the thoughtful, more thoughtful. It has in it no words for the reckless and the base."

There is nothing here that will not meet the willing assent of those who hold that since, as Wordsworth says,

"We live by admiration, hope, and love,"

the highest function of art must needs be to interpret the nature and life around us in such wise as to call forth love for its loveliness and admiration for its worth. It will have no significance to that class—noisy, let us hope, out of all proportion to their numbers—whose worship of "Art" (with a capital A) resolves itself into a profound interest in and admiration of their own skill in handiwork, quite apart from any beauty or value in the subject of it. And so, as an artist of truly noble temper will prefer those subjects whose intrinsic interest will throw all thought of execution into the background, thus using his own skill to efface himself ; so a trifling or even a base subject will attract those whose chief object is the exhibition of their own dexterity. Those who are in danger of being led away by the false teaching on this subject so prevalent to-day would do well to ponder Ruskin's brief

characterisation of "that vice of folly which concludes the subtle description of her, given by Prodicus, 'that she might be seen continually to look with love and exclusive affection at her own shadow.'"

Unselfishness and reverence, as he is never tired of saying, are the moral conditions necessary for the production of great art. And in the *Eagle's Nest* he lets fall a warning, not unneeded, against that greed of novelty, that craze for "so-called" originality, which, by putting a premium on every kind of affectation, defeats the very object it professes to aim at, by producing a state of things that makes it increasingly difficult for any one who lives by art to develop his own individual gift in patience and peace.

"In all base schools of Art, the craftsman is dependent for his bread on originality; that is to say, on finding in himself some fragment of isolated faculty, by which his work may be recognised as different from that of other men. . . . What must be the effect of the popular applause which continually suggests that the little thing we can separately do is as excellent as it is singular! and what the effect of the bribe, held out to us through the whole of life to produce—it being also at our peril *not* to produce—something different from the work of our neighbours."

Of course, if a man resolutely follows his star, and paints what is about him honestly, as he sees it, his work will have the distinction of his own individuality, unlike all other in this world. But such distinction is carefully to be distinguished from that to be obtained by strained and wilful eccentricities of style, or by the choice of subjects which appeal to base sensationalism or low curiosity.

We have now reached the transition period of Ruskin's life. In his thirty-fifth year he held a position that most men would be tempted to envy. He was still young, he was wealthy, gifted, famous, with a beautiful wife, and a large circle of friends attracted by his genius, such as Millais and Rossetti in the art world, and among men of letters Helps and Carlyle. The Brownings he came to know afterwards. His authority in the world of art was immense, and it is grotesquely expressed in the lines in *Punch*, supposed to be penned by a disappointed artist:

“I paints and paints, Hears no complaints,
And sells before I’m dry,
Till savage Ruskin Sticks his tusk in,
And nobody will buy.”

Yet through these prosperous years black care must have companioned him closely. His marriage was not happy. It had been arranged by the parents of himself and his bride, and accepted on his side at least, as the biographer gives us to understand, rather as a matter of filial duty than with any strong feeling of personal inclination.

“On the other hand,” he bids us imagine, “the disappointment and disillusionment of a young girl, who found herself married, by parental arrangement, to a man with whom she had nothing in common, in habits of thought and life, though not so much in years, her senior; taking ‘small notice or austerely,’ of the gayer world she preferred—his mind half-buried in some weightier argument or fancy—borne perhaps upon the rise and long roll ‘of his periods.’ His readers and the public were intensely puzzled when she left him. To his acquaintances, however, it was no great surprise, though, with one exception, they took his part and fully exonerated him from blame. He, with his consciousness of having fulfilled all the obligations he had undertaken, and with an old-fashioned delicacy and chivalry which revolted alike from explanation and recrimination, set up no defence, brought no counter-charges, and preferred to let gossip do its worst.”

It is the story of Milton and Mary Powell over again. And as we cannot help lamenting that he who gave to the world so lovely a type of womanly excellence in the *Lady of Comus*, should have known in such scanty measure the perfect bliss of wedded souls, we may surely grieve for the harder lot assigned to him who has written the noblest things that have been uttered in our day concerning woman’s place and power. In spite of the proud silence in which Ruskin bore his sorrow, we can trace in him from this time forth that loss of buoyancy, that lack of hope and trust which follows naturally on a deep wound to the affections in a nature like his.

He had arrived, too, at the age most trying to the moral nature of man. It was not without reason that Dante painted

himself as the representative of humanity, benighted in a pathless wood, "Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita." That middle point of life, when the fresh and buoyant spirit of youth has gone and the wisdom of age is not yet attained, when we have gained just enough experience to find out our own limitations and smile at our early illusions—that is the time when the lion of pride, the wolf of avarice, the panther of selfish pleasure, and—in souls too noble for these seductions—the phantoms of doubt and discouragement find and seize their advantage.

Ruskin's art-study had led him to consider the relation of art to national life, and this naturally brought him face to face with the social problems of the day. Carlyle's fierce exposure of the dark side of our industrial and commercial system had taken deep hold of him, but he had not the stoicism of Carlyle's granite nature. A morbid and exaggerated sense of the evil in the existing state of things grew upon him, till, as he wrote from his retreat in the Savoy Alps in 1863, "the cry of the earth about me is in my ears continually if I do not lay my head to the ground."

A few months later he adds: "I am still very unwell, and tormented between the longing for rest and lovely life, and the sense of this terrible call of human crime for resistance, and human misery for help, though it seems to me as the voice of a river of blood which can but sweep me down in the midst of its black clots, helpless."

But he was far from having reached that Nadir of hopeless anguish when, in 1854, he associated himself with the promoters of the Working Men's College—F. D. Maurice, Kingsley, Ludlow, and Tom Hughes—in their effort to establish a social economy which should not be based upon the principles of *laissez-faire* and unchecked competition (or, in Carlyle's rough version, "Devil take the hindmost"). He undertook the charge of a drawing class at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, and it was there that he first met with James Smetham, whose description of his visit to Ruskin at his father's home (to which he had returned since his separation from his wife) is one of the most delightful passages in his inimitable letters.

"I will tell you," writes Mr. Smetham, "that he has a large house with a lodge, and a valet and footman and coachman, and grand rooms glittering with pictures, chiefly Turner's; and his father and mother live with him, or he with them.

. . . . His father is a fine old gentleman, who has a lot of bushy grey hair and eyebrows sticking up all rough and knowing, with a comfortable way of coming up to you with his hands in his pockets, and making you comfortable, and saying in answer to your remark that 'John's' prose works are pretty good. His mother is a ruddy, dignified richly dressed old gentlewoman of seventy-five, who knows Chamonix better than Camberwell, evidently a *good* old lady with the *Christian Treasury* tossing about on the table. She puts 'John' down, and holds her own opinions, and flatly contradicts him, and he receives all her opinions with a soft reverence and gentleness that is pleasant to witness. I wish I could reproduce a good impression of John for you to give you a notion of his 'perfect gentleness and lowlihood.' He certainly bursts out with a remark, and in a contradictory way, but only because he believes it, with no air of dogmatism or conceit. He is different at home from what he is in a lecture before a mixed audience, and there is a spiritual sweetness in the half-timid expression of his eyes."

Mr. Collingwood dwells on the truth and insight of this little bit of characterisation, especially as regards Ruskin's manner to his mother. That "spiritual sweetness" in expression, of which Mr. Smetham speaks, is very marked in the earlier portraits, especially the one taken by Richmond in 1842.

He soon grew weary of what his biographer calls "tinkering at social breakages." He felt that a radical reform was needed in men's conceptions of wealth and value, of national prosperity and power. The progress of the Churches was too slow for his impatience. "For these two thousand years," he said, "you have been preaching Christ's kingdom on earth, and yet where is the promise of His coming?" Scorning to busy himself at details of amelioration while the root of the evil was untouched, he retired more and more into himself, working out in self-sought solitude the plan of an Economy based, not on self-

interest, but on the righteousness that exalteth a nation. In the summer of 1862, during a solitary tour in Switzerland, he wrote, as a sort of general introduction to his projected work, the four papers entitled, "Unto This Last," which appeared in the *Cornhill*. We have been so accustomed of late to the free promulgation and discussion of various programmes of social reconstruction, that it is difficult for us to realise what a storm of disapprobation and contempt was excited by these articles. Remonstrances rained on the unlucky editor who had admitted them into his magazine, and the author was felt to have wilfully murdered his own reputation. Yet we question whether any of his works is more remarkable than this for eloquence and lofty moral wisdom. The following passage is as true with regard to our "present discontents" as when it was first written, thirty years ago :

"I do not deny the truth of modern political economy. I simply deny its applicability to the present phase of the world. This inapplicability has been curiously manifested during the embarrassment caused by the late strikes of our workmen.

"Here occurs one of the simplest cases, in a pertinent and positive form, of the first vital problem which political economy has to deal with (the relation between employer and employed), and at a severe crisis, when lives in multitudes and wealth in masses are at stake, the political economists are helpless. Obstinate the masters take one view of the matter; obstinately the operatives take another, and no political science can set them at one. The varieties of circumstance which influence these reciprocal interests are so endless, that all endeavour to deduce rules of action from balance of expediency is in vain. And it is meant to be in vain. For no human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. He has therefore rendered all endeavours to determine expediency futile for evermore. No man ever knew or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself or others of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what *is* best nor how it is likely to come to pass."

Mr. Collingwood tells us an anecdote which illustrates the change in public estimation which has befallen this little treatise since the time when it first appeared :

"When the General of the Salvation Army was working at the

scheme which lately met with such an outcry of acceptance, he told the Rev. H. V. Mills, the first promoter of the Home Colony plan, that he was entirely ignorant of political economy, and asked for a book on the subject. Mills gave him *Unto This Last.*"

But though we, face to face with the industrial deadlock at which we have arrived, may be glad to attend to any hint which seems to point in the direction of deliverance, the "respectable classes" twenty years ago were still too much "at ease in Zion" to care for being disturbed by so rude a blast of warning. His views were regarded as too preposterous to be met by argument. Take, for instance, this deliverance of one of the gentlest of his critics, Mr. Stopford Brooke:

"Since he has devoted himself to economical and political subjects, the criticism he has met with has been a criticism of laughter from his enemies and of dismay from his friends. It has been felt impossible to go seriously into battle against him, for his army of opinions are such stuff as dreams are made of, and their little life is rounded with a sleep" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, 1870).

We must, however, do his enemies the justice to admit that there never was a man who, though essentially in the right, put himself more often incidentally in the wrong. The unfavourable reception of his economical essays seems to have come upon him as a painful surprise. The distress it caused to his father and mother, who were bitterly mortified at what seemed to them a perverse flinging away of the splendid reputation he had gained in wild and mischievous theorising, caused a grief to his dutiful and reverent spirit, not to be compensated by the approval of Carlyle. "The kindest-hearted man in England," generous to excess, compassionate almost to folly, he lacked the iron nerve of the ideal reformer, the patience that can wait the slow, sure, working out of the Divine purpose, the calm faith, the immovable will, which

"Seems a promontory of rock
That compassed round with turbulent sound
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned."

He held on his way indeed, against obloquy and laughter, but soured, embittered, doubtful of all about him and of himself too, at times, seeing the future of his country wrapt in the storm-

cloud of hopeless disaster, "even God's Providence seeming estranged." Wherever he looked he could perceive nothing but the stain of Mammon-worship. On all who bought and sold he seemed to see the mark of the Beast, and in the very temple itself the tables of the money-changers and the seats of them that sold doves.

In spite of this morbid bias, his books on social questions, *Time and Tide*, and the *Crown of Wild Olive*, &c., are well worth reading, if only for their eloquence and noble passion for justice. Some of his suggestions as to public works for the unemployed, old age pensions, and so on, have already almost entered the field of practical politics. And if the scheme he advocates, in its main details—as, for instance, the organisation of labour into guilds akin to those of mediaeval times, the retailed distribution of goods by salaried officials, and the State regulation of marriage—avour too much of the Collectivist Millennium, yet he never forgets to impress upon the workers that the State can do very little for any man, compared with what he can do for himself by cultivating a teachable, honest, and reverent spirit.

While elaborating his Utopia amid the jeers of the practical world around him, he turned for rest and solace to the art of his beloved Venice. As his early studies at Florence, Pisa, and Siena had made him the interpreter to English minds of Angelico and Botticelli, so his work at Venice in 1869 resulted in the "discovery" of Carpaccio. Not that the master needed introducing to the esoteric circle of virtuosi and professional artists. But to the general public he was practically unknown, till Ruskin taught it to recognise the perfect flower of conception and achievement, "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," in his lovely *Dream of St. Ursula*.

All this time he was busy, with the feverish desultoriness that peeps out in his boyish journals, in riding half-a-dozen hobbies at once. Architecture, mineralogy, Egyptology, and sundry other "ologies" distracted him with their claims. His fanciful and graceful studies of *Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm* (published as *The Queen of the Air*) charmed many whom his politico-economical writings had scandalised; and when the Slade Professorship of Fine Art was founded at Oxford, it was

unanimously felt that he was the man for the post. His inaugural course of lectures in 1870 should be studied as the most complete and matured expression extant of his theories on art.

But here again his intense pre-occupation with the "life of men unblest" drew him from what he himself considered his true path. In 1870 he began the *Fors Clavigera*, a series of letters to working-men enforcing his own social theories, while as a practical object-lesson of those theories he founded the St. George's Guild.

"Its objects were to set the example of Socialistic capital as opposed to a national debt, and of Socialistic labour as opposed to competitive struggle for life. Each member was required to do some work for his living, and to practise certain general principles of religion and morality. He was also required to obey the authority of the guild, and to contribute a tithe of his income to a common fund for various objects. These objects were—first, to buy land for the agricultural members to cultivate, paying their rent, not to the other members, but to the company. Next to buy mills and factories to be likewise owned by the guild and worked by members, using water power in preference to steam, and making the lives of the people employed as well spent as might be, with a fair wage, healthy work, and so on. . . . Then for the people employed and their families, there would be places of recreation and instruction, supplied by the guild, and intended to give the agricultural labourer or mill-hand, trained from infancy in guild schools, some insight into literature, science and art, and tastes which his easy position would leave him free to cultivate."

Delightful as all this looks on paper, the practical working of it was attended with such difficulties as beset "the best-laid schemes of mice and men," and the enterprise has languished since his health forbade him to give it that close personal superintendence which he had at first intended. But a lasting memorial of his efforts remains in the Ruskin Museum at Meeresbrook Hall, Sheffield—a beautiful collection, worthy of being more widely known.

It will be seen that his opinions had been becoming more definitely Socialistic since the days of *Unto This Last*. And when he associated himself with Miss Octavia Hill in her work of acquiring house-property in the slums of London, and trying the effect of constant kindly oversight and firm exaction of a fair rental in raising the character of the wretched

inhabitants, the inconsistency of such a proceeding in a man who was always writing against rent and interest was too striking to be missed. He felt himself that his position as a capitalist and a landlord was logically untenable on his own principles. The idea of sacrificing the fortune which he had inherited from his father, and of going forth like St. Francis with poverty for his bride, had strong temptation for him at times. But he lacked the saint's relentless logic of purpose and his one-idea'd simplicity of vision. He saw all that was to be said against as well as for the ascetic ideal. Nevertheless it fascinated and tormented him.

"Here I am," he said one day in his rooms at Oxford, "trying to reform the world, and I suppose I ought to begin with myself. I am trying to do St. Benedict's work, and I ought to be a Saint. And yet I am living between a Turkey carpet and a Titian, and drinking as much tea as I can *swig*."

Between the idea of making the best of his worldly wealth for the general good and renouncing it altogether, he practically compromised the matter by letting it slip through his fingers. £7000 went in a lump sum to the St. George's Guild, and this by no means represents the whole that the scheme cost him. All the world knows how numerous and costly were his benefactions to Oxford. He parted with his house property in London to Miss Hill for £3500, and the money went right and left in gifts, till one day he cheerfully remarked :

"It's a' gane awa'
Like snow aff a wa'."

"Is there really nothing to show for it?" he was asked.
"Nothing," he said, "except this new silk umbrella."

It is well known that Mr. Ruskin's present income is derived only from the profits of his books.

A growing sense of the hopelessness of his own efforts, a deep dissatisfaction with the world and with himself, pierces through all the utterances of this period. Nor did he want more definite cause of sorrow. The brief notice in the preface to his "Lectures on Art," of "the death of a dear friend," as "taking away his personal joy in anything he wrote or designed," points to the greatest grief of his life. He was

free to wed again, he loved a lady worthy of him, the happiness he had missed throughout his life seemed at last within his grasp.

"She was far younger than he; but at fifty-three he was not an old man; and the friends who fully knew and understood the affair favoured his intentions and joined in auguries for the happiness which he had been so long waiting for, and so richly deserved. But now that it came to the point, the lady decided that it was impossible. He was not at one with her in religious matters. She could not be unequally yoked with an unbeliever. To her the alternative was plain: the choice was terrible: yet, having once seen her path she turned resolutely away. It cost her life. Three years after, as she lay dying, he begged to see her once more. She sent to ask whether he could yet say that he loved God better than he loved her; and when he said 'No,' her door was closed upon him for ever."

Yet as one reads the sequel of the story one gathers that she did not die in vain. The work that she might never have done in life was accomplished through the strength of her sacrifice. His lost love became to him a spiritual presence, guiding, restraining, and leading him at last into that sunshine of faith in God and the world to come, which the clouds of this lower earth had darkened for so long.

"At this time," says Mr. Collingwood, speaking of his life a few years later, "he used to take the family prayers himself at Brantwood, preparing careful notes for a Bible-reading, and writing collects for the occasion, still existing in manuscript and deeply interesting as the prayers of a man who had passed through so many wildernesses of thought and doubt, and had returned at last, not to the fold of the Church, but to the footstool of the Father."

In the strength of his recovered peace he hoped for many years of worthy service. But the long course of "fightings within and fears without," of mental and emotional strain of every kind, had done its work, and he was soon forced to admit that all such hopes were vain. "Just when I seem to be coming out of school," he wrote pathetically, "very sorry to have been such a foolish boy, yet having taken a prize or two,

and expecting now to enter on some more serious business than cricket, I am dismissed by the Master I hoped to serve with a 'That's all I want of you, sir.'

It was in 1878 that he had his first attack of brain inflammation. The disease recurred with increasing frequency, till at last all literary and public work had to be laid aside.

"Convinced that his one chance lay in absolute rest and quiet, he has since the summer of 1890 wisely refused any sort of exertion, and for the last two years has been rewarded by a steady improvement in health and strength. He comes downstairs late, walks out morning and evening by the lake shore. He reads the newspapers and books, and spends the evening in the old way in the drawing-room, rarely without music and chess. . . . He retains a vivid memory and interest in many things; and when the company is genial, and the subject rouses him, talks as brightly as of old. There are not wanting signs of reserve power which encourage the hope that many years are in store for him of rest after toil and tranquil light at evening-time."

May it be so! Long may the wearied seer, among the blue hills of his childish love, enjoy the placid twilight of his day. His name is already "fyled on fame's eternal beadroll," as one of those whose genius has given to our fast-closing era a lustre not inferior to that of the great age of Elizabeth. With regard to his social work, it is more difficult to judge. And yet the olive crown of civic duty was dearer to his heart than any laurel; and he would gladly have foregone his reputation as a writer to advance by one step his longed-for millennium. "Time that tries all" will test that work. Yet it will surely be remembered of him in days to come that he dared to speak to a materialistic, mammon-worshipping generation in the name of the justice which they had ignored, and of the God whom they had forgotten, such words as these:

"High on the desert mountain, full descried, sits throned the tempter with his old promise—the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them. He still calls you to your labour, as Christ to your rest,—labour and sorrow, base desire and cruel hope. So far as you desire to possess rather than to give; so far as you look for power to command instead of to bless; so far as your own prosperity seems to you to issue out of contest or rivalry of any kind with other men, or

other nations ; so long as the hope before you is for supremacy instead of love, and your desire is to be greatest instead of least—first instead of last—So long you are serving the Lord of all that is last and least—Death—and you shall have death's crown with the worm coiled in it, and death's wages with the worm feeding on them ; kindred of the earth shall you yourself become ; saying to the grave, 'Thou art my father,' and to the worm, 'Thou art my mother and sister.'

"I leave you to judge and to choose between this labour and the bequeathed peace ; these wages and the gift of the Morning Star ; this obedience and the doing of the will which shall enable you to claim another kindred than that of earth and to hear another voice than that of the grave, saying, 'my brother, and sister, and mother.'"

The eyes of man on this earth may never see the fair commonwealth of which he dreamed, when the noble and the lowly shall live together in simple and loving interchange of service and help—when captains of industry shall claim as their right pre-eminence in toil and trouble, but not in luxury or ease, and be repaid by the reverent and ready obedience, instead of the sullen grudging enmity of those they lead—when the pinch of hunger, the dread of starvation, the degradation of alms, shall no more be the portion of any honest man. Whether these things ever will be in this world we know not ; and if they come, it will scarcely be in the shape which he imagined. Yet even now, in this "dimness of our vexation," when "ignorant armies" clash on the darkling plain of their conflicting interests, some hopeful spirits can discern the promise of a brighter day. And every one who truly trusts in and strives for that consummation, "when Christ's gift of bread and bequest of peace shall be 'Unto This Last' as unto him," will feel his spirit stirred within him as he turns in fancy to that still retreat where the tired soldier of humanity waits for his discharge beneath the lonely crags of Coniston.

ART. IV.—MASHONALAND.

1. *Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa: being the Narrative of the last Eleven Years Spent by the Author on the Zambesi and its Tributaries; with an Account of the Colonisation of Mashunaland and the Progress of the Gold Industry in that Country.* By FREDERICK COURNEY SELOUS, C.M.Z.S., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society, Author of *A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa*. With numerous Illustrations and Map. London: Rowland Ward & Co., Limited. 1893.
2. *The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland: being a Record of Excavation and Exploration in 1891.* By J. THEODORE BENT, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1892.
3. *Golden Mashonaland.* By FRANK MANDY. *Scribner's Magazine* for April 1892.
4. *The Story of Mashonaland and the Missionary Pioneers.* With Map and Illustrations. Edited by the Rev. F. W. MACDONALD, Wesleyan Mission House. London: C. H. Kelly. 1894.

IN these latter days, as in the olden, the spirit of enterprise, the longing to discover, explore, dig out and cultivate new lands, has been a marked and a healthy feature in our national character. Some distant country, rich in promise of gold or grain, has always been mistily looming in people's eyes; and though the gorgeous dream has often faded away into thin air, at other times it has solidified into sober fact and substantial advantage. Raleigh's magnificent visions of a trans-Atlantic El Dorado, based though they were on tangible reality, were brought to the ground by that mean monarch, James I.; but the same brave spirit which inspired Raleigh has lived on in his countrymen, and, passing through the rough buccaneering days of Dampier and his comrades, and the milder career of Cook and other worthies, has animated

the pioneer explorers of Australia and Central Africa, and many another region.

Of late the current of enterprise has set in for Southern Africa, and diamond fields and reefs of gold have been temptingly dangled before the eyes of the young and vigorous. But there is also another class of explorers, sober, sedate men, whose modest ambition it is rather to cultivate the rich soil and utilise the fructifying climate than to scrape up the rough diamond or crush the gold-besprinkled quartz of the latest El Dorado. For both of these classes, the enthusiastic treasure-seeker, and the steady-going, patient yet energetic agriculturist, South-East Africa possesses many attractions. Mashonaland, which is just now an object of special interest to the home public, presents, without doubt, considerable allurements to the hardy and adventurous Briton. The territories in the occupation and under the administration of the British South Africa Company extend over many thousand square miles, and embrace a great variety of country, much of which is likely to afford employment for gold-seeker, farmer, mechanic, and trader for many years to come. The difficulty has been to get comfortably into this land of promise. Long and weary waggon rides, beset with perils from savage men and wild beasts, through river and swamp and bush, may look very picturesque in the distance, and can be presented with thrilling effect on the printed page, but, all the same, such a prospect tends to keep the would-be settler "shivering on the brink," with a nervous hesitation to make the requisite plunge into the regions of barbaric solitude, where the few whites that do exist are like Virgil's *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. But this fearful obstacle has been considerably lessened by the completion for some distance of a line of railway from Beira on the east coast, and the rapid progress of a good road from its western terminus direct to Salisbury.

It is with this vast region, and the bordering countries, that Mr. Selous's new book largely deals. Taking in a wide range, its fascinating pages fully justify the promise of its title. The author is, as all know, an ardent and successful lion-hunter; and he gives us, with no niggardly hand, clear and life-like stories "of moving accidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth

'scapes," told without either brag or bashfulness, in a plain, moderate, matter-of-fact yet far from inartistic way. His twenty years and upwards of life in the interior of South Africa lend authority to his statements of fact and opinion on all subjects connected with that scantily known region. This volume, like his former one, will furnish permanent record of his exceptional qualifications, and his mighty achievements, as hunter, naturalist, and explorer. In the actual occupation of Mashonaland his knowledge of the topographical features of the country, acquired in long years of purposeful wandering, was brought into full play. He was the invaluable guide and leader, the unfailing adviser and guard, of the pioneer expedition of 1890. But lately he has, with honourable haste, revisited the scenes of his former exploits, in order to share the dangers, and aid the fortunes, of our adventurous and imperilled kith and kin and their dusky allies.

Mashonaland lies between the country of the Matabele on the west and the Portuguese Sofala district on the east. It is a portion of the large territory secured by charter to the British South Africa Company. With regard to the origin of the name Mr. Selous observes :

"The name Mashunaland is a coined word, and how it became current I have never been able to discover. . . . I have never met with any clan whose members called themselves Mashunas; and the name is altogether unknown amongst the natives of this part of Africa; except to a few who have learnt the word from Europeans. As a generic term, however, the word is useful, and may be taken to designate all the tribes of South-Eastern Africa that are not of Zulu blood. These tribes, it may be remarked, all speak dialects differing very slightly one from another, and all of them quite comprehensible to the Makalakas living to the west and south-west of Matabililand."

The climate is said to be "one of the pleasantest in the world; cold and exhilarating in winter, and not too hot during summer." Almost the whole of Mashonaland, and of the adjoining country of Manica, also within the sphere of British influence, lies at an elevation of over 3000 feet above the level of the sea, while much of the plateau reaches a height of from 5000 to 6000 feet. It is not, then, to be wondered at that the higher lands possess a temperate climate, due not merely to the fact that they lie at such an altitude above the sea level,

but also to the circumstance that, being the loftiest ground in South East Africa, they catch, unintercepted, the cool winds from the Indian Ocean. "At any rate," says Mr. Selous—

"During the hottest months of the year the heat of the sun is almost always tempered by the breeze which flows from the south-east—a breeze which, during the winter months, is apt to become so keen and cold that an Englishman, suddenly transplanted from home, and deposited, without knowing where he was, on some portion of the Mashuna uplands, would never dream that he was in tropical Africa, but would rather be inclined to believe that he stood on some wild moorland in Northern Europe; and the sight of a bed of bracken, looking identical with what one sees at home, would only lend colour to this belief. The nights are cool the whole year round, and during the winter months bitterly cold, while the excessive heat of the sun during the spring and autumn is always tempered, as I have said above, with the south-east breeze."

Mr. Frank Mandy, who was one of the pioneer band of Englishmen and Africanders that opened the way into Mashonaland in 1890, describes the country between Fort Victoria and Salisbury as "lovely, splendidly watered, and well wooded, with a very rich soil in most parts." The beauty of the landscapes was heightened by the brilliant tints of the spring foliage. The two species of trees that grow on these ridges, the Goussi and the Machobel, have this peculiarity, that from the first bud to the full mature leaf they display every tint from deep crimson to pale rose, and from light orange to deep green. So, for three months in the year, the woods are "masses and combinations of the loveliest hues imaginable." These grassy highlands are decked with a variety of beautiful flowers, which have the appearance rather of highly cultivated exotics than of the simple flora of the field.

Here, in the heart of South-Eastern Africa, has been found, to the general astonishment, not a dry and dreary waste of sand, but a high-pitched plateau, the watershed of rivers great and small; covered with good rich soil, and blessed with a superabundance of water, which, as yet, runs to waste and creates the swamps that breed malaria and are a prime source of danger to the settler. Curiously enough, these swamps are found only on the slopes of the granite formation. Why are they there? That was a puzzling question for the first

explorers. But they soon discovered the reason. The porous soil drinks in the rain as it falls, and becomes saturated right down to the granite rock, usually touched, in swampy ground, about three feet from the surface. The thick matted grass chokes the passage of the water, and prevents it from running off in rills, which would ultimately cut channels for themselves. And so a swamp is formed, imbedded on an incline, where one would least expect it.

Mr. Mandy, whose paper in *Scribner* contains in small compass a clear account of Mashonaland, and its advantages and drawbacks, places the swamps at the head of the latter:

"The settler in Mashonaland will have to face certain natural disadvantages; and these are, first, swamps; second, fever; third, flies, midges, and mosquitoes. The second and third are consequent on the first. Cure the first, and the two latter disappear of themselves. . . . The swamps ask only for furrows as beginnings: the running water will itself deepen and broaden the channels. I could not help but notice how eagerly the swamp water made use of any chance waggon track, and rushed off in the wheel ruts, to find its way to the streams and rivers. Some labour and patience would be required, but with them swamps would soon cease to exist; and then no more fever, midges, or mosquitoes."

To the same effect, Mr. Theodore Bent, in his valuable book on *The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland*:

"All around Zimbabwe is far too well watered to be pleasant; long stretches of unhealthy swamps fill up the valleys; rivers and streams are plentiful, and the vegetation consequently rich. Owing to the surrounding swamps, we had much fever in our camp during our two months' stay; as we had our waggons with us, we could not camp on very high ground, and suffered accordingly. This fever of the high *veldt*, with plenty of food, and plenty of quinine, is by no means dangerous, only oft-recurring and very weakening. The real cause of so much mortality amongst the pioneer force during their first wet season in the country was the want of nourishing food to give the fever patients, and the want of proper medicine."

As the traveller from the south advances out of Bechuanaland into Mashonaland, he is struck by a new feature in the scenery. The landscape abounds in oddly fantastic hills (*kopjes*) of granite—grotesque masses, which rear their polished heads hundreds of feet above the plains, with almost perpendicular sides. On the top of these seemingly inaccessible blocks may

often be seen the huts of the Banyai, a timid race who have till now been under the heel of the terrible Matabele. Climbing out of this country, the explorer enters the region of the Great Zimbabwe, and fifteen miles to the south-east of Victoria comes to the mountain on which are found the famous remains of temple and fortress which have been so completely unearthed and examined by Mr. Bent and his co-worker, Mr. R. M. W. Swan, and have given rise to so much speculation. It is the principal one of the many ruins scattered about Mashonaland, "ancient, massive, mysterious, standing out in startling contrast to the primitive huts of the barbarians who dwell around them and the wilderness of nature."

With Mr. Bent's theories as to these ruins Mr. Selous does not entirely agree. He says :

"Mr. Bent speaks of the ruined cities of Mashonaland. What trace of them is there, I would ask. I have seen the temple of Zimbabwe and some smaller ones, the fortress on the hill near the large temple, and further, many hundreds or thousands of stone walls in various parts of South-Eastern Africa, but never a trace of a city built of stone. There is strong presumptive evidence that the structures in which the people lived, near the great temple, were huts plastered with mud. For this reason, at the foot of the hill on which stands the fortress, are two immense holes dug in the ground. I have heard the theory advanced that these holes were used as reservoirs for water; but I take them to be merely the holes excavated by the people living on the hill to obtain clay for their pottery, and with which to daub their huts. The native population was large and endured for a long period of time; therefore the excavations are larger than those found at the side of any Bantu village at the present day, but wherever there is a village, or the site of a deserted village, a similar hole, larger or smaller in proportion to the size of the town and the length of its duration, will always be found."

With regard to the relations of the ancient builders of the temple of Zimbabwe to the present inhabitants of the country, Mr. Selous remarks :

"On my theory the blood of the ancient worshippers of Baal still runs in their veins; very much diluted, no doubt, but still in sufficient strength to occasionally produce amongst them men with light-brown skins and high features, and sometimes of great intellectual power. After a certain lapse of time, when the higher race had become entirely fused and practically lost amongst the lower and more numerous aboriginal people, the worship of Baal died out, and was superseded by the old religion of ancestor-worship which still

prevails; but it appears to me that the wall-building and gold-mining, originally learnt from the ancient Arabians, were carried on continuously from their first inception up to the middle of the present century. It is the Zulu migrations northwards through Mashunaland which have taken place during the present century—invasions which have actually depopulated large areas of country—that finally obliged the Mashunas to cease working in the shafts which their ancestors had, centuries before, commenced to sink on the quartz reefs which abound in the country. As the mining had been carried on for a long period of time, naturally an enormous amount of work has been done in the aggregate, some of the shafts recently discovered in Mashunaland being as much as 120 ft. in depth."

This naturally leads us to the question of the gold and silver still to be got in this highly metalliferous land. Central Mashonaland, as Mr. Swan tells us in his *Notes on the Geography and Meteorology of Mashonaland*,* consists of lofty granite plateaux, on which one meets with patches of stratified rock, quartzites and schists, and sometimes crystalline limestone. These semi-continuous belts of stratified rock usually run east and west, and are generally two or three miles in width. In them are found the gold-bearing quartz reefs, besides much iron ore and some manganese. Who were the ingenious people that in bygone ages prospected and worked the remarkable mines which abound in these parts—whether Phoenicians or Sabaeans or North Africans—we cannot tell. But it is certain they knew well what they were about; for, Mr. Mandy says, "almost all the gold-bearing outcrop is worked away. Where the ancients worked, it is invariably rich." Whether they used a divining rod, or had merely a geological eye, we know not; their "prospecting" was indubitably based on sound principles, though their appliances for extracting the precious metal, when found, were very simple. They ground the quartz on flat stones, making use of round pebbles as pestles or grinders.

Possibly there is much metal yet to be delved out of these lands of the old gold region. They may contain, down below the surface, millions of embryo shillings and "mute inglorious" sovereigns. Or they may prove to be too much worked out to pay for the export and erection of the necessary machinery.

* Bent's *Ruined Cities*, Appendix A.

In all probability it is agriculture that will have to be the mainstay of the bulk of settlers in the new Mashonaland. As access to the gold region becomes more practicable and easy, a throng of miners and speculators will arrive, and provide a market for the settlers who adapt themselves to the new country and raise from its fertile soil the necessities of life.

"That the country," says Mr. Bent, "is a magnificent one, apart from gold, I have no hesitation in saying. Any country in such a latitude, and at such an elevation, well watered, with prolific soil, healthy and bracing, if ordinary comforts are attainable, could not fail to be. The scenery is, in many parts, as I have previously described, very fine; there is abundance of timber, excellent prospects for cereals, and many kinds of ore exist which will come in for future development; and gold is there too. On that point I am perfectly satisfied; whether in large or small quantities, whether payable or unpayable, is a matter which can only be decided by years of careful prospecting and sinking of shafts, not by hasty scratching on the surface or the verdict of so-called 'experts' after a hurried visit. That gold was there in very large quantities is also certain, from the vast acres of alluvial soil turned over, and the countless shafts sunk in remote antiquity."

Ninety years ago the extensive tract of country now designated Mashonaland was in the occupation of large and well-to-do tribes, who lived in good-sized huts at least three times the size of those with which their degenerate descendants content themselves. Their towns, many of which remain to the present day in perfect preservation, were often surrounded by substantial, loop-holed stone walls. Traces of rice and maize fields, Mr. Selous assures us, may still be discerned in almost every valley; and the conclusion may be drawn that hundreds of thousands of acres which now lie fallow must then have been under cultivation. The inhabitants enjoyed peace and prosperity, lords and owners of large flocks of sheep and goats, and numerous herds of a beautiful breed of cattle. But in 1806 this Arcadian happiness was cruelly broken up by the advent of certain Zulu tribes that had fled from the barbarous rule of the black tyrant Chaka. They swept down on the peaceful dwellers in Mashonaland, slaying men, women, and children, and driving the flocks and herds before them. Two of these tribes, the Abagaza and the Angoni, proceeding northward and settling near the head waters of the Sabi, came into

collision with each other, and the latter were defeated and driven from their settlements. Retreating farther northward, they gained the high plateau which lies to the west of Lake Nyassa, where they still abide, a scourge and terror to all the surrounding tribes. At the same time the Abagaza went southwards, and, settling on high ground to the east of the Central Sabi, never ceased to devastate the southern and eastern portions of Matabeleland. But large districts of the country remained free from these ruinous raids till 1840, when the Amandibele, under the warlike Umzilikatze, driven out of the Transvaal by the Dutch Boers, crossed the Limpopo, came northward, built permanent kraals in what is now known as Matabeleland, and, sallying out from thence, despoiled and devastated the fair lands that had hitherto escaped the assegais of the Zulu marauders.

The consequences of these raids were soon apparent in the depopulation of great tracts of country, and in the stoppage of the gold-mining industry, which probably had been carried on down to that date. The walls with which the peaceful Mashonas had enclosed their little towns, and which had served to protect them effectually from the assaults of neighbouring tribes of their own milder race, were found to be of no avail against the impetuous, soldier-trained Zulus. The lofty plateau of Mashonaland, which hitherto had been pretty thickly inhabited, now returned to its primitive condition of wilderness, whilst such of its pastoral aborigines as had escaped slaughter retreated into the broken country on the south and west of the central highlands.

This formerly rich and fertile land has become of recent years the happy hunting-ground of the Matabele branch of the Zulu family, under the chieftainship of Lobengula, whose habit it has been to increase his stores of cattle by the simple plan of organising raids upon the little kraals that from time to time spring up; butchering the old people, carrying captive the young men and women, sweeping away the cattle, and wiping out all traces of these ill-starred settlements. If Mr. Cecil Rhodes achieves full and permanent success in finally stopping the career of this cruel chief and his barbarous impis, he will have earned the thanks of all true friends of humanity.

It was in this finely endowed country, and the adjoining lands, that Mr. Selous, a renowned hunter and crack shot, who had already spent several years in the less frequented regions of South Africa, roamed for six years, from the beginning of 1882 to the end of 1887 ; principally engaged in collecting for the British and South African Museums specimens of the magnificent fauna which once abounded there, but many forms of which are daily dropping out of view. In 1890, as we have mentioned, he led the pioneering expedition which took possession of Mashonaland, upon its being declared to be within the sphere of British influence, and his later chapters deal specially with that land of enterprise. No more interesting book of travel and adventure has been issued from the press for many years. While he narrates his exploits amongst elephants, lions, hyænas, elands, wild hogs, and the behemothic hippopotami, with incidental mention of the ostrich and the crocodile, he imparts, in his closely packed pages, much information as to the climate, the landscape, the inhabitants, the past, and the future, of that land to which public attention has lately been directed in so striking a manner. A born hunter and sportsman, he faces danger with a cool courage very different from that required in shooting over English preserves or Scotch moors. In fact, a good part of his narrative is calculated to damp the ardour of the intending colonist, whose eye may not be so keen for sighting a lion, nor his aim so steady, as that of the practised marksman, who knows the precise spot between the nostrils and the eyes, where it is necessary for him to hit the advancing beast, if his own life is to be saved. But courage and presence of mind were required quite as much in dealing with crafty savages as in facing wild beasts. One of Mr. Selous's most stirring episodes is that in which he tells of his narrow escape from assassination by the Mashukulumbwi, who attacked his camp at night, and his subsequent lonely wanderings to rejoin his surviving men.

"In my belt," he says, "I had a knife, a box of matches, and a watch. I looked at it, and by the light of the stars saw that it was now eleven o'clock. First of all I had to cross the Magoi-ee River, and I now made a half circle round the village, always keeping in the long grass, until I reached its bank, and then made my way cautiously

up to the ford. I found, however, that a party of men were watching here, as one of them spoke in a low voice to his companion, just as I was approaching, and so luckily gave me notice of his whereabouts. After standing still listening for a few seconds, I cautiously retreated, but when I had got about three hundred yards off, I thought I was far enough, and resolved to take it as it came, and cross the river at all hazards. The bank, I found, was guarded by a dense bed of reeds, and when I got through this, I found there was a high perpendicular bank between me and the black sluggish-looking stream, which I knew to be full of crocodiles. As the water looked deep, I stripped so as not to get my clothes wet. These, together with my shoes, I tied into a bundle, and left on the bank, and then, holding my rifle and the two belts in my left hand, I slipped down into the river. The water, I found, was out of my depth, but, being an expert swimmer, I had no difficulty in getting across, holding my rifle well out of water. I had some trouble in getting up the steep muddy bank on the farther side, but at length succeeded, and, depositing my rifle amongst the reeds, once more slipped into the water, recrossed the river, and returned again with my clothes in safety. The water was bitterly cold, and I was shivering as I climbed up the bank. I now re-dressed in the long grass, and, climbing an ant-hill, took a last look towards my scherm. The Mashukulumumbwi, I saw, had now made up the fires, upon which they were throwing bundles of grass, by the light of which I suppose they were dividing my property. I turned my back upon this most melancholy spectacle, and, taking the Southern Cross for my guide, which was now almost down, commenced my lonely journey.

"The night was very cold, and my whole clothing consisted of a thin coat, a light shirt, and a pair of trousers, cut short off above the knee, my legs being bare. I now walked steadily to the south until 4 A.M. by my watch, always in long tangled grass, through which it was most fatiguing to force my way. I then felt so cold that, coming to a small patch of forest, I lit a fire, and sat by it till sunrise. I heard no lions during the night, though there are plenty of them in this country, but hyenas howled dismally the whole night through. Soon after sunrise, I continued my flight, reaching the hill Karunduga-gongoma about mid-day."

For nearly three weeks he was "alone in Africa," sleeping on the bare ground without a blanket, and suffering much from cold, hunger, and fatigue; but "did not appear to be any the worse for it, and felt very well." The whole chapter is of great interest, which is heightened by two admirable illustrations by Mr. C. Whymper. No doubt Mr. Selous, with his exceptional qualities of eye, hand, and heart, enjoyed, as a whole, his wanderings in these wild countries. But that there were times when the absence of congenial companionship and of

the not-to-be-despised "fetters" of civilised life became a little irksome, we gather from this remarkable tribute to the genius of Thackeray :

"A few hundred yards from Kandaya's village stood a high and conspicuous cone-shaped hill, called by the natives Tchakari. This name I altered to Mount Thackeray, as a tribute to the memory of the immortal novelist, whose genius has so often enabled me to escape, for the time being, from my surroundings; to forget the filthy, sordid, mean, and vermin-swarming savages amongst whom I actually was, and to live again, in spirit at least, amongst the dwellers in *Vanity Fair*."

In these pages we find marked out the distinguishing traits of the men of European origin, whom the coming settlers in Mashonaland, Manica, and Matabeleland will have as neighbours on their borders. Mr. Selous at various times saw a good deal of the Portuguese on the Zambesi and the eastern coast. The habits of these gentlemen present a strong contrast to those of the Englishmen who visit those regions :

"All the Portuguese here (Zumbo) were mere wrecks of men, frail, yellow, and fever-stricken, and offered a strong contrast to the robust and powerful figures of the natives. Yet one would not imagine that the country about was very unhealthy, as both banks of the river were very dry and barren, and there was no appearance of marsh or swamp in the neighbourhood. . . . The Portuguese whom one meets on the Zambesi are no sportsmen, and not only never hunt, but never travel by land unless carried in a palanquin, nor ever leave their houses in the middle of the day without an umbrella to protect them from the sun, exposure to the heat of which, they say, gives them fever."

And again :

"I do not think that the natives of South East Africa who have been accustomed to the Portuguese like working for Englishmen; we are too energetic for them. Many of my countrymen believe that the natives despise the Portuguese, and admire the superior strength and energy of North Europeans; but I think there is a good deal of misconception in this matter. Doubtless the descendants of the brave and warlike tribes of Zulu stock despise effeminacy and admire manliness, but it is my opinion that the more mean-spirited and cowardly tribes reverence nothing but wealth, and when they see an Englishman, Scotchman, German, or Swede—for all North Europeans, I have observed, have the same pride of a dominant race, that forbids them to show any sign of effeminacy before an inferior people—walking in the hot sun, bare-armed and often bare-legged, carrying

his own rifle and running after game, they think he only does so because he is poor and cannot afford to pay men to hunt for him, and porters to carry him in a palanquin, sheltered from the heat of the sun by an awning or an umbrella ; and they despise him accordingly, and contrast him unfavourably with the more effeminate and luxurious Portuguese, whom they respect more than the Englishman, because they think he is rich enough to afford comforts which the latter cannot command."

Of the Mashonaman's neighbours on the south, the Dutch Boers, Mr. Rider Haggard's judgment, in his valuable monograph, *Cetewayo and His White Neighbours*,* differs considerably from that of Mr. Selous. The latter takes a very lenient view of those remarkable men, speaking of them simply as he has found them, and owing them no grudge for past untoward events, when our raw soldiers, hemmed up in an exposed corner through the mistake of their general, shot away their ammunition clear over the heads of the skilled Dutch marksmen creeping up the steep hill-side :

" Besides hospitality, they possess in such an eminent degree so many of the qualities that Englishmen profess to admire, that, with a better knowledge of one another, the two races would, I feel sure, soon shake off their mutual prejudices, and agree to work together for the common good and advancement of the best interests of South Africa. . . . What the Boers want is education and knowledge ; they have plenty of good natural qualities. Where, I would ask, would you find more courteous or kindlier gentlemen than amongst the educated Dutch of the Cape Colony ? many of whom are nearly related by blood to the rough frontiersmen of the northern Transvaal. . . . The South African of the future will have no cause to be ashamed of his ancestry, whether they be English, Scotch, Dutch, or French Huguenot. I myself have always got on so well with the Boers, and Englishmen and Dutchmen are really so much alike in thought and feeling, that I feel sure that all that is required to make them work harmoniously together is a better knowledge of one another than at present prevails. . . . The greater part of the Boers I have known have been kind masters to their servants, though they are severe with them if they offend. They treat the natives, as do all colonists, as an inferior race, not as equals, and there can be no doubt that they are perfectly right in doing so. Granted that certain Kafirs are better than certain white men, the fact remains that as a whole the Kafirs are an inferior people, and in their present state of development are, with some few exceptions, only fit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. However, this is

* London : Trübner & Co. 1882.

a difficult question, and one which I am not competent to discuss. I will only say that, in my opinion, the average Dutch Boer treats the natives in South Africa quite as well as the average Englishman."

We heartily wish that Mr. Selous' favourable opinion of the Boers may prove to be correct, and that, under the influence of fuller knowledge and more enlightened Christianity, Dutchman, Englishman, and Kafir may dwell together in peace. But before that happy day arrives, the Boer will certainly have to be taught that the native races are *men*, and cannot always be treated as mere beasts of burden created for the convenience of the white man from the north; in short, that the patriarchal privileges in which he indulges have long been obsolete. If we want to see what the much traduced native can become under good training, let us turn to another neighbour, the Christian chief Khama, who, ever a faithful friend to the British cause, has recently rendered valuable assistance against the Matabele hordes. Mr. Selous speaks highly of his courtesy and consideration, and in the course of his narrative gives a remarkable instance of Khama's generous and enlightened statesmanship. Making his way, in 1884, from Buluwayo to the Mababi country, the traveller began to get among the Masarwas, some of whose children had recently been carried away captive by the Matabele, but had escaped from Buluwayo, and, with the peculiar faculty of path-finding so strikingly developed in the Bushman tribes, had made their way back to their far distant home, living on berries, lizards, and tortoises on their long journey through the desert. But, besides the Masarwas, Mr. Selous tells us:

"There is another tribe of wild people inhabiting the eastern portion of the Kalahari, who are called by the Bechwanas, Bakalahari (they of the desert). . . . A generation ago all the Bakalahari lived the life described by Dr. Livingstone and others. They wandered continually under a burning sun, over the heated sands of the Kalahari, without any fixed habitation, and ever and always engaged in a terrible struggle for existence; living on berries and bulbs and roots, on snakes and toads and tortoises, with an occasional glorious feast on a fat eland, giraffe, or zebra, caught in a pitfall; sucking up water through reeds, and spitting it into the ostrich egg-shells in which they were wont to carry it, and altogether leading a life of bitter, grinding hardship from the cradle to the grave. In fact they were utter savages—joyless, soulless animals—believing nothing, hoping nothing, but, unlike

Bothwell, fearing much ; for they were sore oppressed by their Bechwana masters, and often became the prey of the lions and hyenas that roamed the deserts as well as they. Now, many of these wild people have been induced by Khama to give up their nomadic life. He supplied them with seed-corn, and, as may be seen at Klabala and other places, some of the Bakalahari of the present day hoe up large expanses of ground, and grow so much corn that, except in seasons of drought, they know not the famine from which their forefathers were continually suffering. In addition to this, Khama and his head men have given them cattle, sheep, and goats to tend for them, from which they obtain a constant supply of milk. So that it may be said that Khama has successfully commenced the work of converting a tribe of miserable nomadic savages into a happy pastoral people."

Here we have a fine example of what one man, of dark skin but of pure and noble spirit, can effect in helping upward a tribe of people much lower in the scale of humanity than his own race. A proof, too, that the divine spark of intelligence and aspiration still exists in these poor pariahs of the desert, in whose breasts it has been but smouldering during long ages of oppression and of compulsory Ishmaelitism.

Mr. Bent, too, who can scarcely be suspected of a bias in favour of missionaries and their converts—for he holds that the former, by teaching the latter to wear clothes, destroy the picturesque, and are responsible for the appearance of lung diseases and other evils—bestows this encomium on the Bechuana chief :

"I must say I looked forward with great interest to seeing a man with so wide a reputation for integrity and enlightenment as Khama has in South Africa. Somehow, one's spirit of scepticism is on the alert on such occasions, especially when a negro is the case in point ; and I candidly admit that I advanced towards Palapwe fully prepared to find the chief of the Ba-mangwato a rascal and a hypocrite, and that I left his capital, after a week's stay there, one of his most fervent admirers.

"Not only has Khama himself established his reputation for honesty, but he is supposed to have inoculated all his people with the same virtue. No one is supposed to steal in Khama's country. He regulates the price of the goat you buy ; and the milk-vendor dare not ask more than the regulation price, nor can you get it for less. One evening, on our journey from Shoshong to Palapwe, we passed a loaded wagon by the roadside with no one to guard it save a dog ; and surely, we thought, such confidence as this implies a security for property rare enough in South Africa. . . .

"In manner the chief is essentially a gentleman, courteous and
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dignified. He rides a good deal and prides himself on his stud. On one occasion he did what I doubt if every English gentleman would do. He sold a horse for a high price, which died a few days afterwards; whereupon Khama returned the purchase money, considering that the illness had been acquired previous to the purchase taking place."

We pass from this representative Bechuana—of whom Mr. Bent graciously affirms, "Perhaps he may be said to be the only negro living whose biography would repay the writing"—to look at another neighbour on the Mashonaland border, the renowned chief, Lobengula, king of the Matabele. In him we have another, if less pleasing, example of great ability under a dark skin. Of his character we can take one or other of the two views which are presented by those who are best qualified to judge, and from either point he stands out as a man of mark. We can regard him as a half-civilised savage who is at heart rather friendly to the white man, but has been urged into hostilities by his young warriors. Or we can consider him as a really black-hearted Zulu, a true representative of the cruel Chaka, the terror of settler and native in the early days of Natal and the Boers, but also as having sufficient craft to "dissemble" like a stage villain till the waited for opportunity arrives. Mr. Mandy, in his interesting paper, written early in 1892, speaks hopefully of Lobengula and his people, and mentions that the king himself had had forty gold claims pegged out, and was getting machinery out to work them.

"Soon," he adds, "his people will flock into the country seeking work, and constant intercourse with the white man will wean them from their savagery. There is ground for hope that this ferocious people will ere long lose their lust for blood, and in acquiring habits of industry become dissatisfied with the bloody despotism under which they exist, and will beg to be taken under the rule of the Chartered Company."

These bright visions have, for the time, been dissipated by the sable monarch giving way to the barbarous nature hidden under his slight varnish of civilisation, and yielding, with a crafty semblance of powerless reluctance, to the urgency of his turbulent, bloodthirsty warriors, whose raids on the peaceful Mashonas and settlers had become utterly unbearable. Studied from this point of view, surely a man like that had in him the

making of another Napoleon III., innocent, forsooth, of hostile intentions against his dear friend, the Queen of England, but obliged to give way a little to the hot colonels of his brave regiments. Slightly altering Cowper's lines, may we not say ?—

“ Skins may differ, *simulation*
Dwells in black and white the same.”

The combined craft and cruelty which Lobengula displayed in his treacherous despatch of the old wizard, Chameluga and his party, and in the closely following massacre of a tribe of Mashonas, his own inoffensive tributaries, in 1883, with many another instance, lend force to the less favourable delineation of his character. But now,

“ Fallen from his high estate
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,”

he will receive a merciful consideration which he was not in the habit of showing to the poor frightened Mashonas, and, thanks to the wisdom and vigour of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and his coadjutors, Messrs. Jameson and Forbes, and their brave force of volunteers, our brethren and friends in that far-off land, white and black alike, will be able to dwell in safety, delivered from a scourge more terrible than the attacks of the wild beasts of the field.

With regard to the characteristics and capabilities of the Mashonas themselves, the remarks of Mr. Selous are limited, for the most part, to their virtues as guides and as assistants in the field; their timidity in consequence of Matabele outrages; and their great eagerness for meat. Still, his narrative gives some incidental information as to their ways and habits. Mr. Mandy portrays them with more precision. He describes them as “rather disappointing,” their physique and bodily development being poor. Excellent agriculturists, they are of little good as servants or labourers for European masters. They “will not work,” and seem incapable of any long-continued exertion. The Matabele, on the other hand, like the tribes on the Zambezi, are capital workers, and, from their muscular strength, are well adapted for the hard labour

of mining. We cannot, however, expect any race accustomed to an open-air life of roving and hunting, or of tilling and reaping, and that, too, for their own behoof, to settle down to the confinement and drudgery of mining and other hard work for foreigners. Having freed the Mashonas from the old condition of terror and abject misery, we are bound, in all fairness and good policy, to make their way easy to follow the bent of their tradition and inclination, instead of trying to mould them to the service of our own convenience, and to the exigencies of our money-getting propensities. A quiet, fairly ingenious people, bearing traces of better days of intellectual as well as material greatness, they will, we trust, be treated as comrades and fellow-subjects, rather than as an inferior, servile race, beyond hope of elevation and reform.

In eight interesting chapters Mr. Selous gives an account of what may be termed his official connection with Mashonaland. As the man who was first impressed with the fine capabilities of that land, and who suggested and urged its occupation by his fellow-countrymen in order to prevent its seizure by the rapacious Portuguese ; the man who led the first expedition into it, and cut the pioneer road from the Macloutsie River to Fort Salisbury—a distance of four hundred and sixty miles through a trackless wilderness—and who has rendered a series of priceless services to this new possession of the Crown ; he deserves well of his country, and to him, as well as to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the presiding genius of the South African colonising policy, the thanks of many generations of enterprising Englishmen will be due. Little sympathy need be felt with those who hold that savages like the Matabele should be for ever left in undisturbed freedom to scour and desolate fair lands to which they have no possible right. We cordially agree with Mr. Selous in the sentiment, that "such undertakings as the expedition to and occupation of Mashonaland cannot but foster the love of adventure and enterprise, and tend to keep our national spirit young and vigorous." There is sound sense in his judgment that, when once tales of dangers and difficulties successfully overcome no longer fire the blood of young Englishmen and induce them to give up ease and comfort at home and seek their fortunes in wild and

distant lands, then will our decadence as a nation have set in. At present, taking our augury from the events of the last three years in South-Eastern Africa, and from the incidents of the recent campaign against the encroaching Matabele, we need have no dread of the immediate approach of such a dire catastrophe. If we may judge from its rapid progress under English administration, Mashonaland has a great and bright future before it. And if, to such considerations, we add those of which any candid man will acknowledge the force, derived from the remarkable success, the bright promise, of the missionary work done in this new field by the zealous and gifted Missionaries of various Societies, whose plans and methods have been tested throughout all the colonial regions of South Africa, we may well cherish the best hopes for the future of this wonderfully opened field for British enterprise. Mr. Macdonald's sixpenny pamphlet is good reading for every loyal Englishman, as well as for every friend of Christian missions.

ART. V.—PEOPLE'S BANKS.

People's Banks: A Record of Social and Economic Success.
By HENRY W. WOLFF. London: Longmans. 1893.

IN his recent apology for the aristocracy, the chameleonic editor of a well-known *Review* makes an almost pathetic appeal to the peers "to grasp the opportunity of their great position," and points out to "King Demos the immense possibilities of good that are latent in the historic peerage of Great Britain." Should Mr. Stead succeed where Carlyle failed, "the soul of the nobility" would find ample scope for its awakened energies in "imprinting itself in all manner of beneficent arrangements and improvements of things around it." Not the least beneficent of these arrangements would be the organisation of "credit for the million," and, in the initiation of the work, in the rural districts especially, the nobility,

from their exceptional position and influence, would have unrivalled advantages. But in the meantime it seems probable that by some beneficent hands, whether of higher or lower rank in life, hopeful and helpful arrangements may be made for what is so greatly needed. Already a number of members of Parliament, among whom are Mr. Mather, Mr. Caine, and Mr. Channing, are interesting themselves in our subject, and a few months ago a consultation was held in the House with the author of the admirable book on which our article is based. The members present were favourably impressed with the facts set forth by Mr. Wolff, as to the beneficial and extensive working in Italy, Germany, and Switzerland of the system of banks to make small loans to their members on the simple security of the character, training, and industrial skill of the borrowers. It was agreed that Mr. Wolff should draw up and submit a concrete business-like scheme to be placed before a committee of the members with a view to considering whether a practical experiment in the direction suggested should be made in England.

That not one but a series of experiments has not long ago been made in our own country, in a species of co-operation numbering 4500 societies in Germany alone, with a million and a half of members, and an annual turn-over of £450,000,000, will appear marvellous to those who read this reassuring and inspiring "record of social and economic success." The explanation of our backwardness in this form of co-operation is chiefly to be found in our lack of information as to the practicability and desirability of adopting it. With the exception of the imperfect and, in cases, faulty *Reports on the System of Co-operation in Foreign Countries*, published as a Blue-book in 1886, and of occasional references in the publications of the British Co-operative Union, the English reader has had no data for a judgment. To Mr. Wolff belongs the credit, and to him is due the praise, of having for the first time brought the subject home to us in anything like an adequate way. Availing himself of the copious literature in French and German and Italian, and drawing from rich stores of facts obtained by personal observation and investigation, he has produced a volume which, for thoroughness, has seldom been surpassed.

It is also clear, instructive, and suggestive in a high degree. A book so practical and opportune, and likely to be fruitful in so many ways, it has not often been our happiness to read.

The origin of People's Banks is shrouded in obscurity. As usual China claims priority. From time immemorial, according to the General Tcheng-Ki-Tong, these beneficent institutions have been in operation in the agricultural districts of the Flower Land, and much of the proverbial productiveness of its soil, as well as the proverbial industry of its people, is attributed by him to the mutual credit by which the teeming populations of rural China are enabled to obtain the means and the materials of their husbandry. So far as Europe is concerned, however, it is to Germany that we must look for the origination and the embodiment of the idea of popular credit. From whose brain the idea sprang is matter of fierce disputation in the Fatherland. When this *furor germanicus* has expended itself, the disputants will probably agree that the idea was "in the air," and that, a little more than forty years ago, it fell into the minds of two great men, where it struck root and bore much fruit, not only after its kind, but according to the nature of the soil on which it fell.

Whatever its origin, Schulze-Delitzsch and Herr Raiffeisen almost simultaneously seized upon the same idea, and they embodied it in institutions which, though one in aim, are worked on widely different lines to widely different ends. The aim of both is to diffuse credit and encourage thrift and industry; but there, with the exception of the principle of unlimited liability, underlying both systems, the likeness ends. The "Credit Associations" formed by Schulze, and now the largest and most numerous of People's Banks, are more like ordinary joint-stock business banks. The "Loan Banks" founded by Raiffeisen have no stock, no shares, and are more purely popular in constitution and in management. Mr. Wolff sums up the difference between the two types of banks by saying that the former puts the lender's interest foremost, the latter, the borrower's. "Schulze aimed at 'business'; Raiffeisen at social benefit." But this and more will stand out clearly as we trace the history, propound the principles, describe the constitution, and explain the working of these rival but not

necessarily hostile institutions. If we devote the larger portion of our space to Herr Raiffeisen it is partly because his system seems to us to be grounded in sounder principles than Herr Schulze's, but chiefly because we think we see in it a much more potent instrument of economic and social amelioration. For fuller details of both systems and of their numerous offshoots and adaptations both in Germany and in Italy, Austria, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal, and even in Russia and Japan, the reader may refer to Mr. Wolff's elaborate and exhaustive work. Our aim will be to give a short account of Schulze's scheme, and then a general outline of the kind of People's Bank most suited to the needs of England, and especially of rural England, at the present time.

The Schulze-Delitzsch associations flourish most amongst the masses of the towns. They were started in a very modest way in 1852 in Schulze's native town of Delitzsch, where he held the post of patrimonial judge. Deeply impressed by the sufferings of the people, caused by drought and dearth, he had already founded a Provident Fund as well as what has since become exceedingly popular—an association for the purchase of raw materials. The step from these two forms of co-operation to the co-operative supply of money was soon taken, and the new associations quickly spread from town to town. Schulze gave himself wholly to the work of propaganda. In spite of obloquy and persecution, he preached his economic gospel far and wide. The people flocked to hear. As if by magic, People's Banks sprang up throughout the land, and most of them continue to this day.

"The evil that men do lives after them ; the good is oft interred with their bones." It was not so with Schulze : the good he did lives after him—lives and multiplies. The gold mine opened up by him—the Credit-California, as, following Mr. Wolff's comparison, this new source of people's wealth may not unsomberly be called—so far from being exhausted, is being worked as vigorously as when in 1883 the prophets prophesied disaster on the death of Schulze ; and the longer it is worked the richer it becomes.

In nothing perhaps is the inequality in human conditions more marked than in the matter of credit. Credit rests on

confidence, and confidence, and therefore credit, is usually proportioned to the means of those who have recourse to it. In ordinary circumstances, a man with no means can obtain no credit ; a man with a little means can command some credit ; a man with large means can command much more. The French proverb says, "One only lends to the rich." A man with £100 will only be able to borrow a few pounds with difficulty and at a high interest ; a man with £1000 will readily be able to borrow £500 on easy terms ; a millionaire can easily obtain the loan of millions more. Most of Schulze's neighbours had no means or next to none. The problem was "how to obtain the use of borrowed capital without a 'capital of guarantee.'" That is the pivot on which his whole system turns. The solution of the problem was to be found, he thought, in thrift. His chief aim, therefore, was to induce the members of his associations to save sufficient capital to command the credit they required. In course of time the saving element became predominant, insomuch that these institutions are now not so much credit associations as Savings Banks. The lender's interest is first considered, then the borrower's. Each member is required to take up one share, but is not allowed to take up more. The value of the shares is usually high—originally it was £30—but they may be paid up by instalments. Deposits and loans are accepted from outsiders as well as from members. No money is lent to outsiders, but it is lent freely to members for short terms (usually for three months), though not very cheaply. The members being the main source of revenue are content to pay a high interest. At the outset this interest on loans ranged from 12 to 14 per cent. ; now it is usually eight. "The banks practically ask no questions as to the object of the loans or as to the person or character of the borrower. What they look to is security, and they allow practically any form of security—mortgages, pledges, sureties, bills. Provided the security is acceptable they are willing to grant credit to any amount that seems safe, in shape either of current accounts or of specific loans." The administrative committee, which is annually elected by the members, draw a salary, and receive a commission on the business done. "The system recognises no districts. The

bank sets up its counter in a convenient centre, and invites all who live within an accessible distance to come and join it." As a stimulus to thrift the banks aim at high dividends. "Though some have done badly, others have declared 10, 12, 14, up to 20, and even 30 per cent. On an average, even in a year not particularly favourable to business, they netted 5·34 per cent. on their working capital, after allowing 53,000 marks for charities, and 1,237,653 marks for losses." This may be magnificent, but it can hardly be called "Credit Co-operation." The borrower is evidently taxed for the benefit of the lender. Nor is this the only drawback to the system. Not only does it

"practise usury while professing to prevent it; many of its methods are open to objection. It provides no safeguards against the misemployment of the money loaned; some of the securities it accepts are proverbially unreliable; and, worst of all, the check on careless lending is considerably weakened by the payment of commission on business done—sometimes as much as 12 per cent.—and by the indiscriminate acceptance of all sorts of members living far apart."

In view of all this it can surprise no one to learn that "between 1875 and 1886 no fewer than thirty-six of these associations were declared bankrupt, and that 174 more went into liquidation. . . . The mischief is in the system, which makes a careless giving of credit, a loose control, and indifference, and unparalleled confidence possible," and under which a premium is set on risky management. Large dividends mean dear money and poor security.

Defective as it is, however, Schulze's system has rendered incalculable service. It has promoted thrift, it has created capital, it has

"familiarised the European public with the principles and with the advantages of credit co-operation, and it has proved a prolific parent of useful offshoots, some of them much more perfect than the mother stock. But the banks have been kept stationary where they should have been improved. As at present constituted, though still highly useful, they fail in that most essential requisite of banks requiring confidence—security. Schulze, when founding them, evidently was not aware to what extent he might count upon capital, and upon the services of competent men for managers, without the temptation of baits offered in the shape of high dividends, and of salaries and commissions—one-sided benefits which have really in the long run under-

mined these institutions. Experience has shown they were not needed. . . . The Schulze-Delitzsch banks have received more than one warning which their officers do not appear to have heeded. In the present year they show a small decline, while their rivals have increased greatly in strength."

Chief among these rivals are the Loan Banks started by Raiffeisen. In them the borrower is all in all. Their founder placed the borrower's interest, moral and material, in the forefront, and persistently maintained them there. And this was well; for the borrowers from these banks are all producers; the loans are made on the express condition that they shall be used exclusively in productive operations; and you cannot improve the *morale* and increase the means of the producers of commodities without benefiting the whole community. Credit for purposes of consumption is in most cases an unmitigated evil; credit for productive purposes is usually an unmixed good.

In constitution and in working also the Raiffeisen banks are superior at some essential points to those of Schulze-Delitzsch. In constitution they are a little more popular, and in working they are simpler, safer, more effective. Everything in them is subordinated to their founder's aim.

Raiffeisen was a deeply religious man, and his system is a happy combination of business and philanthropy. As Burgo-master of Flammersfeld in the German Westerwald, with an Union of five-and-twenty parishes to administer, the troubles of the peasant cultivators were brought vividly before his eyes by the drought and famine of 1846-7.

"It was a poor country to begin with, with barren soil, scanty means of communication, bleak surroundings, indifferent markets. The half-starved population—ill clad, ill housed, ill fed, ill brought up—by hard labour eked out barely enough to keep body and soul together with the support of the scanty produce of their little patches of rye, buckwheat, or potatoes, and the milk and flesh of some half-famished cattle, for the most part ruinously pledged to the 'Jews.'"

In these terrible years the usurer found his opportunity. He made hay while the sun shone. The peasants were completely crushed. But Herr Raiffeisen also found his opportunity. His tender heart was deeply moved by so much misery, and when in 1848 he was removed to the neighbouring district of

Meyersbusch, he took up the cause of the oppressed and set himself to fight the plague of usury. First he scraped together funds with which to start a co-operative bakery and a co-operative association for the purchase of cattle. The latter move attacked the "Jews" at a vital point, for these astute and greedy usurers had contrived to establish a monopoly in the local cattle-trade. "But they still held their bonds and mortgages for money debts. Herr Raiffeisen now put his scaling-ladder to the very citadel. In 1849, with a balance of the £300 which was all he had succeeded in raising, he set up his first 'Loan Bank,' and offered the peasantry who would subscribe to his rules to supply them with money for their needs." The system spread but slowly at the first. "Not till 1880 did his banks begin to multiply perceptibly; but since then they have spread with astonishing rapidity. Governments now encourage them, provincial Diets ask for them, priests and ministers pronounce their blessings on them, the peasantry love them." "Father Raiffeisen," as the Germans love to call their friend and benefactor, died in 1888. Since his departure the banks which bear his name have increased in number year by year, until now there are at least 2000 in Germany alone. After forty-three years' experience they make it their boast that by them *neither member nor creditor has ever lost a penny.*

The system in broad outline is as follows: Each bank is a voluntary loan association based upon the principles of joint responsibility and mutual credit. The district in which it operates is limited to one or two small parishes, where everybody knows at least everything about everybody else. Members are elected with great caution and discrimination by those who have already joined.

In Germany a nominal entrance fee is required by law, but this is quite unnecessary, and does not exist elsewhere. The banks have no shares and no capital properly so-called. Their only working capital is the character of the members, and their mutual responsibility. This responsibility is said to be "unlimited." Practically, however, the liability is limited: it is limited by the members themselves who manage all the affairs of the society. It is not the unlimited liability of one

set of persons for the actions of another. The Committee of Management (consisting of five members) and the Council of Supervision (consisting of from six to nine), as well as the President of the Association, are elected by the members in their general assembly, which must meet twice a year and may meet as often as desired. The Committee is charged with all executive duties; the Council supervises the Committee and acts as a minor Court of Appeal; the Supreme Court for every purpose being the assembly of the members. No official, save the treasurer or cashier, receives any remuneration for his services. All banking in the ordinary sense is prohibited. The banks are simply intermediaries between lender and borrower.

Capital and labour are brought into direct connection. The middle-man is eliminated. Each member is his own middle-man through his association with his fellow-members. The money needed is borrowed, either from the members who have any to lend, or from the savings banks and friendly societies in the neighbourhood, or in the general money-market, and the current (or a little higher) rate of interest is paid for it. The money is usually lent out at what in usury-laden lands is considered a moderate rate—from 5½ to 6 per cent.—and the profits arising go to a reserve-fund, out of which any losses that may arise are made up. This reserve, which is the backbone of the society, does not belong to the members, and cannot be divided amongst them, even in the event of the society being dissolved: in that case, most of the rules provide that the reserve shall be handed over to some local public institution.

The utmost care is exercised in making loans. Application is made to the Committee on printed forms, and the applicant must state precisely the purpose to which the loan is to be applied—the purchase of cattle, seed, manure, implements, drainage, building, &c. Every three months the Council inquires into the employment of these loans, and the borrower is bound to furnish all the necessary proofs. In the same way all the guarantees are periodically examined. “The lending being on character, all that is asked for at the outset is a note-of-hand unbacked, or else backed by one or most

generally two sureties, according to circumstances." Should the debtor be found to have misapplied the money, or should his *bona fides* prove unsatisfactory, the loan is at once called in at four weeks' notice.

The whole machinery of the banks is admirably adapted to eliminate the faulty and to help the worthy. Every member, no matter how poor he is, can obtain a loan at any time; only he must thoroughly make out his case, proving—(1) that he is trustworthy, and (2) that his enterprise is justified economically. He must afterwards pay back punctually both interest and principal and prove, if needs be, that the money is being properly employed. On these conditions money can be readily obtained for any period not exceeding a decade.

So rigid are the rules, so careful and so vigilant has been the management, and so continuous and uniform has been the success of these ingenious and beneficent associations that, wherever they have been established, they have won the praise of all impartial witnesses, and secured the confidence of public bodies in a most remarkable degree. Where they are best known they are most admired and trusted. The Rhineland Law Courts actually allow trust moneys to be deposited in them. In 1874 the late Emperor William appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into their principles and operations, and was so gratified with the Report that he contributed £1500 to the general funds—a gift to which the present Emperor has recently added another £1000.

What has greatly contributed to the stability and progress of Raiffeisen's work is the admirable system of co-operation amongst the associations themselves, culminating in the Central Bank at Neuwied, and the not less admirable system of supply for agricultural purposes that has grown up around it. Into the structure and function of these collateral and auxiliary organisations, however, we cannot now enter; nor can we further enter into the details connected with the rules and working of the separate loan associations.* Space must be reserved for a

* A complete copy of the rules of a typical Raiffeisen Bank will be found on pp. 63-68 of the Blue-book named above.

summary of results, which must also serve the purpose of a final commendation.

Balance-sheets are published periodically, and the fullest publicity is given to the proceedings of all these associations ; but it is not easy to obtain complete statistics of the amount of business done. Mr. Wolff speaks of millions, and, in one place, of milliards, of money circulated ; and it is evident that the economic effects of the working of both systems have been enormous and incalculable. Untold resources have been opened up and made available to small producers, and untold wealth has been created in the countries where they flourish. Everywhere the story is the same. Wherever People's Banks are started, especially in the form associated with the name of Herr Raiffeisen, cultivation is improved, commerce is extended, houses take the place of hovels, gardens spring up round them, the peasant becomes a proprietor, and the usurer finds his occupation gone.

The moral and social are even more marked than the material results. The reports of those who have observed them often read like rhapsodies. "I have seen a new world," exclaims an Austrian Professor (von Dobranksy)—"a world of brotherly love and mutual help, where everyone is the protector and assister of his neighbour." Economists like M. Rostand and M. Léon Say, and the late M. de Laveleye, bear similar testimony. "The golden sunshine of thrift and co-operation"—to use the words of Signor Woolemberg—"has brought to view unlooked for virtues which had lain long hidden like flowers shrouded by the night. The idle man becomes industrious, the spendthrift thrifty, the drunkard sober, the illiterate learns to read and write." Personal interest worthily enlisted on the side of virtue has proved more potent than the argument of temperance reformers and the eloquence and influence of priests. "A Rhenish parson confessed that the bank in his parish had done far more to raise the moral tone of his parishioners than all his ministrations" ; and the *cure* of Loreggia, in Lombardy (Dom Rover), writes :

"The people go less to taverns now, and work more and better. . . . Poor people, excluded as being in receipt of parish relief, have vigorously exerted themselves to have their names erased from the paupers'

list, and, instead of living on alms, we now see them living on their labour—thanks to the small capital lent to them by the Association. Poor fellows who could previously scarcely support themselves, have been enabled to purchase a cow, out of the milk and cheese of which they repay the debt contracted, keeping the value of the calf as net gain."

Dr. de Portis, the surgeon of the village, adds some interesting touches to the picture of this scene of transformation and amelioration :

"The peasant who previously, helpless and forsaken, proved a ready prey to the most shameless usurer, and had no choice between extreme misery and dishonesty, has now risen to a sense of human dignity. He is proud of being a member of the Association, and of taking part in its management. In it he acquires a sense of self-respect, of independence, a love of work, honesty, and punctuality. Usury finds its occupation gone. Our peasants declare : 'We mean to bring up our sons with a love of work, in order that they may take their place among the *galantuomini*!'"

ART. VI.—CAPTAIN LUGARD IN EAST AFRICA.

The Rise of our East African Empire. Early Efforts in Nyasaland and Uganda. By Captain F. D. LUGARD, D.S.O., Hon. F.R.G.S., Diplom. F.R.S.G.S. With 130 Illustrations from Drawings and Photographs under the Personal Superintendence of the Author. Two volumes. Edinburgh and London : William Blackwood & Sons. 1893. 42s.

THIS is the age of infant empires in Africa. Germany, France, Portugal, Italy, Belgium, as well as England, are busy carving out new worlds for conquest and civilisation in the Dark Continent. Great Britain has played a memorable part in the opening up of that vast territory, and many a precious life has been sacrificed in the course of the last fifty years of exploration and discovery. Events have compelled us to take many parts of Africa under our wing. We have

already declared a protectorate over Nyasaland and Zanzibar. The Chartered Company in Mashonaland is manifestly treading in the steps of the East India Company in its earlier history. Sir Gerald Portal, our Commissioner to Uganda, has returned to England, and it is not improbable that a British protectorate may prove to be the only solution of the anxious problems forced on our consideration by that faction-ridden region. Captain Lugard's volumes, therefore, appear at a critical moment. He has approached his subject under a sense of grave responsibility, and has endeavoured, not so much to present a narrative of personal adventure, sport, and travel, as to place before thinking men the data on which they may form their judgment as to the best means for the development of East Africa and the repression of the slave trade. No book of such importance for students of these great problems has yet appeared. It is provided with valuable maps and crowded with illustrations. Naturalists, sportsmen, and travellers will study certain sections of it with keen interest, but the work appeals yet more strongly to statesmen and philanthropists, with whom the future of these new territories must largely rest. Captain Lugard has laid England and Africa under lasting obligation by his wise administration of a country which Lord Rosebery has described as "probably the key to Africa." He was well supported by his colleagues, with whom he was on the most cordial terms, and his administration and the conduct of his expeditions were marked by a rare combination of firmness and thoughtful kindness.

Even among the heroic adventurers of England, few indeed have had so wonderful a history in half a dozen years as that of Captain Lugard. He returned to this country from the Burma campaign in August, 1887, with health shattered by hard work in a bad climate. He was unwilling to go on sick leave, as this would have thrown extra duty on his fellow-officers, who had already been considerably taxed in this way whilst he was serving in the Sudan and Burma. He, therefore, effected an exchange to the battalion in England. He had spent many continuous years in the East, including two campaigns of nearly a year each in perhaps the worst climates in the world; yet, after only a few weeks' leave, he was again ordered on

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foreign service. He embarked with his regiment for Gibraltar on December 22. Finding himself unable to discharge purely routine duties satisfactorily, he applied to be placed on temporary half-pay. He had long before been described as "made of cast iron, inside and out," and his conduct certainly bears out that judgment. He felt that he needed active hard work, rather than rest, in order to recover from the long strain. Putting fifty sovereigns in his belt, he, therefore, took a second-class passage for Naples on board the first passing vessel. He carried a favourite little .450 rifle, which, in the absence of funds, he had paid for by shooting a man-eating tiger with a reward on his head. Before he left England he had applied for permission to join the Italians in their Abyssinian campaign, but had been told that the thing was impossible. Even his five medals and decorations produced no effect when he pleaded his own cause at Rome. The only foreigner with the Italian army was the *Times*' correspondent, who had gained permission to join it after eight days of negotiation, backed by a letter from Her Majesty's Government and all the weight of his own newspaper. Captain Lugard, baffled but not beaten, crossed over to Suez, where his sovereigns were melting away, and he was driven to many strange shifts and expedients. He now took a deck-passage for Massowah, on a steamer laden with timber. "The necessities of the case drove me for my morning bath to the forecastle and a bucket of water among the sailors, and for my meal, of broken victuals with the Italian cook, to the cook's galley alongside the engines—in the Red Sea, where the heat was such as would try a black stoker." Captain Lugard has the happy knack of making friends. The genuine true-heartedness which he has found in many an extremity, hidden often under the roughest exterior, has, he says, made him feel at times "almost foolishly grateful." The stalwart Italian boatswain of the *Pandora* had seen through the disguise of the English officer who was herding with Arab coolies and Italian roughs. One night he surprised Lugard by saying in his broken English, "I do *anything* for YOU. You want shirt, I give you my own shirt off my back," seizing it in his hand, "because you have a good heart." Lugard certainly needed such a friend. Now, for the first time in his

life, he attempted to wash his own clothes, and had to sleep on an iron ledge with some uncomfortable nuts in it. A pipe near his head and another at his knees reduced the available space, so that he had only a strip four feet long and one foot wide on which to lie. This was cleaner than the deck, and, troubled as he was with insomnia, he made the best of his trying position.

Landing at Massowah, Lugard began to carry out his scheme for joining the Italian expedition. He secured a Somal who had some knowledge of Hindustani, and mounted the train for Dogali. When the Italian official demanded their passports Lugard gesticulated, and responded, in English and Hindustani, that it was all right. He gives an amusing picture of this queer episode :

"I was as courteous as possible—in Hindustani—but as stupid as a mule; and failed to perceive that I must get out or produce the desired document. The train began to move. The exasperated official, finding himself in a dilemma, gave me up as hopeless, but there was no mistaking his meaning that he would oust the Somal at any rate. I told the latter (in Hindustani) to 'hang on'; the official tried to pull him out; I expostulated, as though my feelings were much hurt. The train moved faster and faster, till the official was compelled to drop off; and I expect it was just as well that I did not understand his language, and so could not gather the tenour of his observations, but I guessed them!"

After this auspicious start Lugard reached Dogali safely, and set out for his night-walk to the Italian camp at Saati. It was nearly full moon, but they managed to slip past the sentries. The Somal told Lugard of a small boy at one of the refreshment booths along the road who knew some Italian and who spoke Arabic, as the Somal did. The youngster was duly annexed, and the strange trio pushed on towards the camp. The road was lonely, save for an occasional soldier, who was seldom sober. The boy was in a desperate fright, and the Somal showed "signs of wishing he wasn't there." Lugard amused himself by telling stories of his own prowess, which helped his two companions to muster a little courage. At last the English officer presented himself at the tent of the *Times*' correspondent in a strange plight. He was at once introduced to General Baldisera and his staff, who offered him

refreshments. As he had eaten nothing since his slight morning meal, he felt ravenous, but had to content himself with a thin slice of Italian sausage and a poached egg. Lugard now found that his journey had been useless. Fighting had been suspended till the result of Mr. Portal's embassy to the Court of Abyssinia should be known. The troops were being invalidated by shiploads; a thousand men were in hospital. The force was to retire in three weeks, after completing a permanent fort, which the Corps d'Afrique would be left to garrison. It was useless to stay under such circumstances. Lugard, therefore, returned to Massowah, provided with a passport from the General and a riding-mule lent by Mr. Vizetelly, the *Times*' correspondent.

He was struck with the extraordinary capacity of the Italian soldiers for field-work. They had constructed the whole of the railway from Massowah, with its heavy embankments, and every height of importance had also been crowned with a strong masonry fort. Captain Lugard remembered the months in Afghanistan when he superintended working-parties with mortifying results, though the cold made work a pleasure and there was the stimulus of extra working-pay. In the Sudan they dare not attempt to get the soldiers to construct field-works :

“ Special corps of engineers undertook even the smallest redoubts, and gangs of the idlest of navvies, paid at extraordinary rates, and fed and pampered, and generally drunk, were imported by Messrs. Lucas and Aird to begin the construction of the Suakim-Berber Railway, through a country offering far fewer natural difficulties than this.”

Captain Lugard now took up his old quarters on the *Pandora*, which reached Aden on March 1. He was looking about for some useful enterprise in Africa, if possible in connection with the suppression of the slave-trade. At one time he thought of joining Emin Pasha in his province. At last he took his passage in the British-India boat for Zanzibar. Some German emigrants were on board who had rushed out to try their fortunes as planters. They had no capital, were out of health, and had neither intelligence nor experience. An officer of the ship told Lugard that the Germans died like flies. Very

frequently they collapsed at once, and relied on their Consul to find them a passage home. From Zanzibar Lugard took ship for Mozambique, and then proceeded by another vessel to Quilimane. Till some more satisfactory employment could be found, he resolved to join the African Lakes Company on Lake Nyasa. He had to make a modest outfit. He had damaged his right hand in boxing the ears of an insolent Mohammedan trader at Mozambique; he had no servant, and not a man in the small open boat by which he sailed up the Kwakwa river could speak a word of English. Two adventurous months had now passed since he left Gibraltar; his restlessness found relief in his very difficulties. The mosquitoes were in clouds, and very fierce. Fortunately, a friend had lent him a small net, under cover of which he was fain to eat his evening meal. Even with the utmost precaution, thirty or forty blood-swollen mosquitoes were generally found inside the net every morning. By day the *barula*, or hippo-fly, reigned supreme, making an incision like the stab of a small penknife, from which the blood flowed freely. The scenery, however, along the Kwakwa was lovely. The banks were fringed with fine trees, which drooped down into the water and were festooned with masses of mauve convolvulus and other creepers. Beautiful kingfishers and gay-coloured reed-sparrows, with innumerable cormorants, bitterns, and storks, gave life to the scene.

At Blantyre, in the Shiré highlands, Captain Lugard received a warm welcome from the missionaries of the Established Church of Scotland. Thence he pushed on to Karonga's, at the north-west end of Lake Nyasa, where the African Lakes Company had formed a small settlement six years before. About the same time a small party of Arab slavers found a home seven miles away, by permission of the Wankondé, a peaceful tribe in possession of that region. The slavers soon made excuses for fortifying their village. They then conspired with a neighbouring tribe to enslave the Wankondé. Fire and sword were carried from village to village. The men were shot down, the women and children sold as slaves. At length a terrible massacre was organised. The Wankondé were decoyed to a place near a shallow bay of Lake Nyasa, where volley after volley was poured into the dense

crowds of men, women, and children who had fled to conceal themselves in the reeds. The slavers set fire to the dry reeds, and "gave the wretched people the option of rushing into the bay to be devoured by the crocodiles, or of being roasted alive, or of coming out to be shot down wholesale or captured and enslaved, while their assailants climbed the trees to watch the butchery and fire with more advantage on the terrified masses among the reeds." The slave-leader, Mlozi, having overrun the country, now threatened Karonga's, and demanded tribute from Mr. Monteith, who was in charge. He refused to pay it, and sent with all speed for reinforcements. The station had to stand a desperate siege, but the slavers were finally repulsed. Mr. F. Muir had taken charge of the force, which consisted of eight Europeans and 500 natives; but he failed to force the slavers' stockade, and was brought home to Mandala badly wounded in May.

This was the state of affairs when Captain Lugard arrived at Blantyre. He pushed on quickly to Karonga's, to relieve the brave garrison. The 28th of May found his relief party steaming into Karonga's on the company's boat—the *Ilala*. It was a very small stockade made of upright poles, two or three deep, and about twelve feet long. The irregular enclosure was open to the lake in its rear. Filthy native huts were scattered here and there, with the white men's huts huddled among them. Each had its fire, so that flames and sparks were blown by the wind in every direction. How the dry grass and thatch had escaped was a marvel. Hundreds of pounds of powder lay about in wooden kegs, from which it sometimes escaped to the ground. The carelessness was incredible. Captain Lugard had been amazed to find that when the *Ilala*'s hold was nearly filled with kegs of powder the hatch, which had fallen overboard, was replaced by a mere tarpaulin. Even this frail protection was often neglected. The fuel was wood, and showers of sparks and small pieces of glowing charcoal rained down from the funnel incessantly. One man was found calmly smoking his pipe among the powder-kegs. The stovekeeper did this regularly. Once when the kegs had to be moved to find something below them they were stacked alongside the little stove, where they were actually heated by the fire.

On his arrival at Karonga's, Captain Lugard at once began to construct a little fireproof magazine. He turned out all the natives, save a small guard, and put the place into a sanitary condition. Before many days a complete revolution had been effected. On June 1 the commander was ready to make a midnight survey of the slavers' stockade. A fortnight later he led out his force for the attack. He had seventeen white men, with three hundred natives, one-third of whom were unarmed. The assailants found themselves confronted by a solid mud wall six feet high, perforated with minute loop-holes. Above this rose the poles of the stockade, fourteen feet high, intertwined with thorns. A heavy fire was kept up by the slavers. Lugard tried to scale the stockade. He began to climb when a shot struck him. He fell in a heap in a sitting position, feeling the stinging, burning sensation of a wound at the base of his chest—both arms being completely paralysed, or rather having fallen useless at his side. He had to turn back at once to the hospital tree, leaving his friend Sharpe in command. The shot had entered at his right elbow, struck his chest, and then hit the left wrist, pulverising the main bone of the arm, so that it is even now open and pieces of bone come away. The Company's force made a brave assault, but the stockade proved impregnable. Nothing could be done until a cannon was procured from England. This did not arrive till the following January. The slavers' stockade was then shelled, but with little effect. The shots merely carried away an isolated pole. Hardly one of them missed the mark, but they made no available breach in the defences. Captain Lugard stuck resolutely to his task. It soon became manifest, however, that other measures must be used. He left for Mandala to procure ammunition and supplies, and then pushed on to Zanzibar. He laid the case before Mr. Portal, who telegraphed to England for instructions. Captain Lugard was directed to return to London to consult with the Directors of the Lakes Company.

He now wrote his story for the *Contemporary*, and appealed for sympathy and help. Mr. Rhodes, who was then in England, offered to find £20,000 and £9000 a year if Lugard would carry out his scheme for controlling the waters

of Nyasa and Tanganyika, and establish a land-force for the suppression of the slave-trade there. Unfortunately the Lakes Company, to whom Mr. Rhodes had offered a large sum for goodwill and effects, did not come to a prompt decision, and this promising scheme fell through. Meanwhile, Mr. Johnston, who had recently been appointed Consul at Mozambique, concluded a treaty with the Slavers which Captain Lugard severely condemns as an ignominious surrender.

The wound in his left arm was now becoming troublesome. His regiment was not expected from India till the spring, so that he gladly accepted Sir W. Mackinnon's offer of a passage to Mombasa and back for his health. He intended to stay only a few weeks in Africa, but news reached him of the troubles in Uganda, where Mwanga had been deposed and the Christians ousted by the Mahomedans. He consented to lead an expedition to that country, with the proviso that, if required in Nyasaland, he should be free to go there. Whilst the plans for the Uganda Mission were maturing he went to Fuladoyo, a large stockaded village not far from Mombasa, where some fugitive slaves had settled. Their Arab masters reclaimed them, and as the law stood their claim was incontestable. Captain Lugard, therefore, proposed that the slaves should redeem themselves. They were to earn their freedom-price by working as coolies or as porters in the caravans. "They should be paid wages as free men; and, when they had accumulated sufficient money to buy their freedom, they should *themselves* pay their own master, and would receive freedom papers signed by the Liwali (the Sultan's deputy) and a representative of the British Company." The Company in no way recognised the man as a slave, but undertook to find him work and take care of his earnings, whilst the Arab owners agreed that he was not to be seized or molested while working out his freedom. The fugitive slaves eagerly adopted this plan both at Fuladoya and at Makongeni, another slave-settlement. Captain Lugard carefully explored the region along the Sabakhi river in order to open up a new route into the interior. He formed five small fortified stations as centres of trade and civilisation, so that a wedge might be pushed in from the coast.

The work was not finished when he was recalled to the coast to undertake the expedition to Uganda.

He now visited Zanzibar to enlist men, but the Company hesitated as to the proposed mission. Captain Lugard, therefore, made another journey to the slave-settlements in the interior. He was away on this journey when he received definite orders to push on without delay to Uganda. On November 1, 1890, the expedition set out. It consisted of three Europeans, sixty-six Soudanese and Somals, and about two hundred and eighty-five Swahilis, headmen, porters and servants. Each man carried his own load together with an eight days' supply of food. The line of march led over undulating plains of waving spear-grass about two feet high. There were hills and mountains on every side and the country swarmed with game. Sometimes the sea of grass gave place to long stretches covered with the melalesha, an aromatic shrub whose soft downy leaves gave a bluish-grey tint to the landscape. If they knew from the native guides or other travellers that the next water-supply was too far away to be reached in a day's march every man would take a store in his hollow gourd calabash, or they would halt and cook at the last watering-place, then march hard till sundown, camp and press on very early next day, and cook again when they reached the distant water. It was marvellous how long the heavily loaded Swahilis could march without food or water under a tropical sun. The long caravan wound on in single file. Lugard marched in front, followed by his Soudanese advance-guard. Then came the line of porters, each bearing his load upon his head, whilst, far behind, the rear-guard closed the procession. Grant took charge of the food-supplies; De Winton played the part of doctor, assisted by Lugard. After the day's march the commander had to plot in and write up the details of his map, so that he seldom got to rest before twelve or one o'clock, though the next march began at daybreak.

Near Lake Naivasha they met the dreaded Masai, who, in an extremely arrogant way, demanded tribute. Lugard refused to pay, and marched on unmolested. The lake was covered with myriads of ducks, geese, and teal, whilst on the great

level plain around antelopes and zebras abounded, with a few ostrich. The wild animals mingled fearlessly with the cattle and flocks of the Masai, who made no attempt to entrap them. They content themselves with the meat provided by their own cattle. The rivers flow through chasms so deep that the tops of the lofty trees which fringe their banks are quite invisible on the plain above. These shady water-courses are aviaries. The steel-blue and green minah with his scarlet breast, yellow-wagtails, pigeons, doves, reed-sparrows, and weaving-birds abound. At one place the hyænas were very troublesome. They actually got through the zereba and among the camp-fires till they bit a hunk out of the hind-quarters of an unfortunate white donkey.

When the expedition reached Nakuru Lake, where flights of scarlet flamingoes standing in the water made a wonderful picture, Captain Lugard struck due west, hoping to find his way across to Victoria Nyanza. He sorely needed guides, but did not meet "a living soul." The Captain's gun-bearers utterly failed to keep up with their master, whose swiftness of foot made him known as "The steam-engine," so that he lost many a chance at game. The exertion caused by tramping through the dense grass tired the muscles so much that the men could scarcely lift their legs. Many a stirring adventure befell the caravan. Once when the leader had gone forward with his headman, Dualla, a buffalo jumped up from the scrub and charged at them. Lugard had no gun, and felt that his heavy and slippery boots made his chance of escape a faint one. He doubled out of the way pretty rapidly, but Dualla was not so fortunate. The buffalo rushed at him with head down. After tossing him once it made off, probably frightened by Lugard shouting at it. Dualla had no bones broken, but the horn penetrated his back. Next day whilst he was being carried in a hammock, Lugard put up two bulls in the grass. They charged down the slope straight for the long line of the caravan, which was hidden by the undulating ground. In their panic Dualla's bearers dropped the hammock on the sharp rocks, so that the poor fellow fell on his bad side. The buffaloes bounded right over him. Dualla was full of writhes and groans, but in due time recovered completely after

his two extraordinary escapes. Lugard wrote in his diary: "It really is very distracting, when one's head is full of computations of distance marched, time from last halt, direction, and road notes on country, to know that, at any moment, unless you are very wide awake, you may be charged and killed by a buffalo."

At Kavirondo, on the east shore of the Lake Victoria, they found villages surrounded by a mud wall, six feet in height, with a ditch on the outside, and a well-made arched gateway. The men were naked, save for a bit of skin thrown over their shoulders as a protection from the cold. "All the young women are naked also; they have good figures, and, apparently with no idea of any impropriety, they stand on the walls of the village *in puris naturalibus*, with charming *insouciance*, to see the caravan go by. The old women wear a tiny fringe of tassel." It was pleasant to see the natives free from fear, going about entirely unarmed, and greeting the porters "with a ludicrous 'How-d'-ye-do' wag of the hand, and a smirk which was very funny, just as though it was the regular thing, daily, to see white men and Sudanese and a large caravan coming in." A curious feature of every village was the long pole hung with tiny cages, in which quails were placed as decoys. The snares were below. Sometimes there were several of these poles side by side. A mysterious cattle-plague had raged so severely through the region that not a single ox was seen. Their skulls and bones strewed the ground. Vast herds, numbering thousands on thousands, had perished. Nearly all the buffalo and eland were lost, the giraffes and antelopes suffered, and the wart-hogs were swept off. Such a plague had never been known. As the caravan crossed into Usoga, the rough coarse grass without trees gave place to endless banana groves. These were well kept. Old trees were promptly cleared away and the leaves neatly spread over the soil. The natives were clad in voluminous bark-cloth, and seemed far more intellectual than the Wa-Kavirondo. Their villages were unprotected either by stockade or fence. The people are much addicted to banana wine, which they carry about with them and suck through a tube. When not sucking this they are smoking. The liquor cannot be very intoxicating, for no one was seen

the worse for drinking it, save the principal chief, Wakoli, whom Lugard found "somewhat fuddled." Next day, when the captain explained his mission, Wakoli promised to help him if war broke out. He and the English leader then made blood-brotherhood. In such ceremonies the two contracting parties sit down cross-legged on mats and skins; each cuts his forearm till the blood flows; the arms are then rubbed together to mix the blood. Two small pieces of meat—salt or a coffee-berry are used in some parts—are touched with this blood. The chief ate the piece with Lugard's blood on it from the palm of the captain's right hand; then Lugard went through a similar ceremony. Dualla, holding the meat in his hand, would sometimes manage to substitute his finger, so as to prevent the meat touching the blood. Lugard became familiar enough with such ceremonies as he passed from tribe to tribe.

An envoy of Mwanga's had come from Uganda to collect tribute in Wakoli's country. He did his best to delay Captain Lugard on all manner of pretexts:

"First, he said it was absolutely imperative that I should sleep at the village of Wakoli's mother, or she would be offended. I declined. Then, that it was going to pour with rain, and our goats would not keep up; then, that Wakoli had made a special request I would not pass his boundary to-night. But these plans were unavailing, and I pushed steadily on. Then they tried to lead us a dance in all directions, and kept branching off to the right; but I steered a little south of west by my compass, and would agree to no other direction."

The envoy really wanted to detain the expedition until he could ascertain the king's mind upon it. Lugard was far too wide awake to fall into such a trap. In the critical condition of affairs in Uganda delay might mean an immediate outbreak between the Christian factions, or an invasion of the Mahomedans. He, therefore, resolved not to lose a moment. The caravan travelled along the "great Uganda road," whose regular hedges formed quite a novelty in Africa. Many handsome trees which none of the party had hitherto met were growing here. The soil grew richer and deeper as they advanced, the hollows or valleys were swampy with a black and fetid ooze. The bananas and crops were more luxuriant. They saw the grey parrot, hooded raven, and a great variety of hawks. The

date-palm was the commonest product of the valleys. The Swahilis now began to desert, tempted by the rich land and the large number of Swahili loafers settled there. Desertion is, indeed, part of the Swahili character. He is quite indifferent as to whether he has arrears of pay due to him or not. But though there were some desertions, an excellent spirit prevailed among the men, who sang cheerily as they marched along. After a particularly trying day, when the caravan had missed the road and made a long detour in pouring rain, they arrived at their camp, to find the ground sodden with rain and the fuel too wet to light a fire. But their spirits were not damped. The porters "got to yelling and laughing and rushing at each man as he came up to seize his load, and a general chaff and fun was the result." After another dismal march through driving rain, the men, who had been toiling for two and a half hours along slippery paths, had a rare frolic when they reached the halting-place. One of them mimicked a tired man with a load on his head and laden with rifles, whilst the others hung round him on all sides. He danced really well amid shrieks of laughter. Lugard never saw the men in better spirits.

Lugard pushed forward with a handful of men to the ferry across the Nile. His arrival there was quite unexpected. He found a tiny canoe, over which he at once set a guard. Messengers were sent to the local chief, asking him to lend canoes for the transit of the expedition; but this he dare not do without orders from the king. In the jungle near the lake another canoe had been discovered, without paddles. The natives thought the new comers would be baffled; but Lugard went over in the cockle-shell and chose ground for a camp. When a handful of men had thus passed over, the local chief made a virtue of necessity and sent them two or three big canoes. Before nightfall all were across, except a guard of Sudanese, left to protect the sheep, goats, and cow belonging to the expedition. These got over at daybreak.

They had now passed what seemed an insurmountable barrier, and were safe in Uganda. The ground over which they travelled was mostly marl and gravel—an endless series of hills and valleys, with pleasant views from the gently-sloping

green heights of endless banana groves or dense jungle. On December 16 a messenger brought letters of welcome from the king, with courteous missives from Mgr. Hirth, the French bishop, and the English missionaries. The royal envoy escorted them towards the capital with minstrels playing flutes made of elephant-reeds, drums, and

"many stringed instruments, like harps and banjos, ornamented with beads and skins of snakes, with tufts and tassels of long white or black goat's hair. At the balls they danced the extraordinary dance of the Waganda; the little bells, or hollow balls filled with iron shot, tied round their calves and ankles, keeping time with their tinkling sound to the motion of their bodies. A dancer in Uganda moves his feet but little, and does not change ground; the dance consisting mainly of throwing the body into the most extraordinary contortions, and stamping the feet in unison."

When they got close to Mengo, great crowds assembled to watch the caravan march into the capital. They maintained an almost ominous silence. Captain Lugard declined to accept the wet and dirty hollow which had been allotted for his camp. He selected a low gravelly knoll of waste land called Kampala. Message after message came from the king urging him not to take this spot, but he stuck to it firmly. It was the only clean and healthy situation around, and Lugard saw that Mwanga was trying how far he could order about the new comer. He did not cease to badger the captain, and pit himself against him in trivial matters, until he found that this policy was a mistake. "The way we had crossed the Nile was his first lesson—that what we judged right and best we should do without cringing to him for permission; our rapid march here and this matter of the camping-ground were no less part of the rôle I had now set myself to play."

Lugard's difficulties now really began. He had to restore peace to Uganda. It was in 1862 that Speke and Grant first visited that country. Here they met "a singular, barbaric civilisation." Mingled with savage customs and gross superstitions they found well-made roads and bridges, an army and a fleet of canoes, a people skilled in building, smith's work, and planting of trees, and a wonderful respect for law. All this was quite unique in the experience of African exploration. The next European who visited Uganda was Colonel

Chaillé Long, whom Gordon sent there in 1874. Two years later Emin Pasha came as his envoy to Mtesa's capital. In 1877 Protestant missionaries arrived on the scene, followed in 1879 by a party of "White Fathers" from the French Roman Catholic Mission in Algeria. King Mtesa at first extended equal toleration to all creeds, but afterwards ordered a massacre of the Mahomedans, because they would not eat the king's meat which was not prepared in accordance with the Koran. Mtesa was a cruel tyrant who deluged the land with blood. His son, Mwanga, who succeeded him in 1884 at the age of eighteen, found the "three religions" firmly established. He "revelled in the exercise of the grossest cruelties, and in the open practice of obscene orgies." In the year after his accession he determined to stamp out Mahomedanism and Christianity. Mackay and Ashe were seized; the Christians were persecuted. But their religion spread rapidly. At this critical moment Bishop Hannington approached the country by a road that had long been vetoed by the traditions of Uganda. His arrival was regarded as the precursor of war. He and his men were, therefore, murdered in October, 1885. Mwanga treated his Christian subjects with horrible cruelty. "On one occasion as many as thirty-two were burnt on one pyre; but in spite of martyrdom by torture and burning the religion grew, and converts came to be baptised, though they knew that the profession of the Christian faith might cost them their lives on the morrow. Those who fell victims to the king's bloodthirstiness died with the praises of God on their lips, and met their deaths fearlessly." For a year Mackay, who was refused permission to leave the country, was alone in Uganda amid such horrors as these. In July, 1887, he went to the south of the lake. Next year Mwanga formed a plot to assassinate all the Christians and Mahomedans. This leaked out and he was compelled to fly to an island at the south of Victoria Nyanza. His brother, Kiewa, was then proclaimed king. The Christians came into power, but the Mahomedans rose against them and forced them to fly to Ankoli. Kiewa, who refused to become a Mahomedan, had to escape with all speed, whilst another brother, Karema, took the throne.

In October, 1889, the Christians drove out the Mahomedans and reinstated Mwanga, with whom they had come to terms. The Wa-Ingleza, or English Protestant, and Wa-Fransa, or French Romanist, factions now had leisure to quarrel among themselves. Every day they became more bitter and jealous of each other. Mwanga himself was mainly guided by Père Lourdel, but he was anxious to secure European residents in his capital, who might help him if attacked and give prestige to his rule. On April 14, 1890, Mr. Jackson, who was in charge of the Company's Expedition, arrived in Mengo. The treaty which he proposed on behalf of the Company was not acceptable to the French party. It was arranged that he should take a representative of the French and English factions down to the coast in order to ascertain whether Uganda was to belong to France or England, and to state their case to the higher authorities. Lugard's expedition, which had already started, missed this returning party. The Captain was instructed to offer Mwanga "guarantees of peace in his kingdom," and to "impress him with a sense of the power of the Company." He was to observe strict neutrality between the religious parties, but if the others proved intractable, he was to consolidate the Protestant party. He had, in a word, to save the country from itself and restore peace and prosperity. He determined to stand his ground and let Mwanga understand he would not dream of cringing before him. When the time came for their first interview, Lugard took a dozen Sudanese, whose "present arms" and bugle-flourish made almost as brave a show as the king's. His clothes were worn to tatters, but, fortunately, he had a pair of comparatively sound Melton cords and a jacket of a sleeping suit, fitted with brass buttons. He found the king in the durbar-hut, with his people packed into every available corner. Mwanga was a young man, with negroid features that betokened irresolution and sensuality. Lugard told the king that he had come in the hope of bringing peace to the country and settling all disputes. His visit evidently made a capital impression, especially as he did not mention a flag, about which the people are very nervous, as they think it means giving away their country. After this interview all the big chiefs came to visit the Captain, who told them that he was the

bearer of peace and would mete out equal justice to all factions. On December 24 the treaty was ready for signature. Lugard read it clause by clause to the chiefs. Difficulties now arose. Mwanga fancied that if he signed it he would become a mere slave. Contrary to the strict custom of Uganda every chief had brought his loaded rifle to the conference, and the king was in a state of great anxiety and terror. Under these circumstances, Captain Lugard saw that it would be unwise to press the matter that day. He told the king that he must have his reply on the 26th. There was much noise and shouting that Christmas Eve, and men were heard in the streets threatening that they would kill all Europeans. Next day, however, the treaty was safely signed—a notable triumph of calm and resolute handling on the part of the English leader. The chiefs of both factions became very friendly with Lugard; the roads were cleaned, arms were put away, it seemed as though tranquillity was being restored to the distracted country. The suspicions and hostility of Mwanga also abated. On January 31, 1891, Captain Williams, R.A., joined them with seventy-five Sudanese, one hundred Swahilis, and a Maxim gun, more reliable than the worn-out one which Lugard had brought.

Soon after this valuable addition to the expedition the Wa-Ingleza faction became restless. They declared that Mwanga had ousted a certain number of their adherents from their estates and replaced them by men of his own faction. Lugard had a very difficult part to play. The Wa-Fransa had more arms, more people, and more white men than the rival faction. They were bitterly hostile to Lugard, while the Wa-Ingleza were loyal to him. He had to treat all impartially, though he saw that the Protestants had by far the greatest cause of complaint. The chronic trouble was due to the *shambas* or estates. After expelling the Mahomedans the two factions had divided these between their adherents. Endless disputes arose. A petty chief would oust some of the adherents of the rival faction and the quarrel would spread to the big chiefs of the capital, who appealed to Lugard for redress. Many heated discussions arose, but Lugard's tact and firmness saved the country from war. Mwanga was very grateful, and

affairs began to look distinctly hopeful. Lugard thought this a good moment for helping the Wagonda to subdue the Mahomedans who continued to make raids on the frontier. The army marched out on April 8. A month later the Mahomedans were defeated, and the victorious Wagonda forces broke up, each chief returning direct to his own place with his men. Part of Captain Lugard's men returned to the capital. He himself led the main body south to Buddu. They found it a thickly inhabited country, richer in products and better cultivated than any part of Uganda they had yet visited. The next six months were spent in bringing all the country, up to the borders of the Congo State and along Ruwenzori to the Albert Lake in the north, under the Company's jurisdiction. Seven forts were built, the Salt Lake annexed, a promising trade opened at Fort George. The Sudanese remnant of troops that formed part of Emin's garrison in Equatoria were rescued from the misery and danger to which they had been exposed after their leader's departure with Stanley, and settled in suitable stations. Lugard marched 732 miles, and fed his entire expedition almost without expenditure. The salt he brought back to Uganda more than covered the trifling cost for cloth and goods during these months of wandering. The record of his adventures on this tour is one of the most interesting parts of his book. They crossed the Mpanga—a foaming and seething torrent—by an extemporised bridge of logs covered with loads of grass which was a veritable triumph of engineering.

Williams had to deal with some serious troubles while his chief was absent from Uganda, but he had managed to prevent a general conflagration by his undaunted personal courage. On one occasion he patrolled Mengo with three men for about four days. One whole night he was on duty keeping the peace among excited crowds of armed men. The trouble was only delayed, however. Three weeks after Captain Lugard's return to Kampala the Wa-Ingleza chiefs came in a state of great excitement. They reported that one of their men had been wantonly murdered by a member of the rival faction, and that they were not allowed to move the body. They had another ground of complaint. Some of their *shambas* had

been seized by the Wa-Fransa. Lugard at once went to see the king. He was kept waiting outside a long time in the broiling sun. After hearing the charge, Mwanga sent two of his men to bury the body, and promised to investigate the matter. When he heard the murderer's story he actually pronounced that he was justified in shooting the man, and refused to inflict any punishment on him. Lugard warned the missionaries of the gravity of this crisis, that they might seek timely protection at Kampala. He also endeavoured to persuade the head of the Romanist mission to exert his influence so that justice might be done and the catastrophe that was threatening the country averted. Mgr. Hirth declined, under pretence that he would be engrossed with his Sunday duties on the morrow. The next day war broke out. Captain Lugard's Maxim gun broke up the Wa-Fransa charge from the top of King's Hill. The enemy were fourteen hundred yards off when he fired, so that they were the more dismayed by the result of his cannonade. A charge at the critical moment quickly made the Wa-Fransa fly. As soon as they turned, the victorious Wa-Ingleza began to loot and fire the houses of their rivals. Captain Lugard was able to check them somewhat; but it was a pitiful sight, after all his exertions to maintain peace during the past year, to see houses burning in every direction.

Mwanga had fled. Mgr. Hirth and the members of the Romanist mission were protected at Kampala's with undeserved kindness. The priest now expressed his desire to go to the place whither the king had fled. He promised he would do his utmost to get Mwanga to return. But the king did not come back. Lugard offered to reinstate him and the Fransa chiefs in all their old places and honours, but his overtures failed. He was now in a very anxious position. At any moment Mengo might be attacked by the Wa-Fransa, whilst it was feared that the Mahomedans would seize such an inviting opportunity to overrun the distracted country. It was not till March 30 that Mwanga returned to his capital. Lugard rode out to meet him. The king was borne on a man's shoulders. Lugard and he shook hands over the heads of the crowd amid huzzas and vast excitement. From the main road on to the

Kampala-gate soldiers were drawn up on each side, whilst buglers and drummers gave a prolonged flourish. Mwanga was dressed in worn and dirty clothes—the shadow of his former self. Lugard led him into the house, and he limped along in a state of collapse between fear, excitement, anxiety and fatigue. When he found himself received as a kind of returned prodigal he seemed really grateful. People flocked in to pay their respects. The French and English missionaries were there. The Roman Catholic chiefs embraced the Protestants; all were in an ecstasy of delight.

The difficult problem of the division of the country now had to be faced. Mwanga, with all his failings, was a very shrewd man. Captain Lugard knew that his views on such a question, enforced by his thorough knowledge of the divisions of Uganda, would be well worth considering. The day after the king's return he had a private interview with him, even the interpreter being excluded. Mwanga thanked the captain with intense fervour for bringing him back, and said that the Wa-Fransa had detained him by force. He professed that he was now utterly and entirely under the Queen, and ready to be guided absolutely by Lugard's advice. When they had discussed the division of territory, Lugard had to arrange matters with the Roman Catholic chiefs. This also was satisfactorily accomplished. The treaty, however, met with the most determined opposition from the Ingleza chiefs, whom Lugard, remembering that they would have been hopelessly defeated without his aid, described in his diary as "a disgusting, ungrateful, cantankerous lot, who occasionally drive me beyond all patience." He thought that their opposition was due to some countenance and advice from the English missionaries. At last all obstacles were surmounted. The treaty was read over at a large gathering, and signed by the kings and chiefs. Mwanga demanded an English flag; the leader of the Fransa also asked for one, which he said his party were now most willing and eager to fly. On April 11, 1892, the British flag thus floated over Uganda. Captain Lugard's course was still far from smooth. Difficulties arose with Mr. Ashe, of the Church Missionary Society, who thought undue influence had been given to the Catholics; the Mahomedans

had to be dealt with, and many other matters taxed sagacity and patience to the uttermost. But a great change had come over the country. Mwanga visited the English settlement of his own accord, and was so pleased that he expressed his intention of coming every two or three days. His mother came in state several times, with her bevies of damsels and her drum and fife band ; draped in a leopard's skin, and borne on the shoulders of a stalwart native, the little wizened old lady considered herself every inch a queen. The *Baraza*, or Council of State, was held at Kampala. All matters affecting appointments of chiefs and negotiations with the rival parties were conducted by Lugard, receiving the formal consent of the king. A sense of security began to spread. The manifest improvement made in the houses and estates at Mengo bore pleasing testimony to the improved condition of affairs. The Mahomedans were allowed to return to Uganda, on condition that their Sultan, Mbogo, should live, not among his own people, where he might become a focus for discontent and insurrection, but in the fort at Kampala. When Lugard returned with this prince to the capital after his successful negotiations, messengers met him, bringing the congratulations of Mwanga and the chiefs on the fact that he had "taken war out of the country." Thousands of people, all wild with excitement and joy, streamed out to meet them. The Mahomedan chiefs were evidently nervous. They doubted whether Lugard would be able to control the excited people. Happily all went well. That afternoon the rival Sultans met at the palace :

"Mwanga stood at his gate surrounded by his chiefs. He received Mbogo as though overpowered with delight. They held each other's hands, and gave vent to a long-drawn guttural, 'Oh!—oh!' then 'Ah!—ah!' in a higher note, then long low whistles, as they gazed into each other's faces. This went on for a long time, and became extremely ludicrous to a European conception ; for at times, while thus indicating intense delight and surprise, their eyes would be roaming round in a very inconsequent manner. Then they fell on each other's necks and embraced, and then again began the former ceremony."

The same process was going on meanwhile between chiefs, chieftains, and common people on every side, so that it was hard

for the captain to preserve his balance among the gesticulating crowd.

Lugard's work was now done. On June 16 he marched for the coast, leaving Captain Williams in charge. He reached London on October 3, where he found that the Government had decided not to interfere with the evacuation of Uganda on December 31, though they offered to pay the expenses of continued occupation for three months longer, in the hope that the danger to the missions and other interests might be minimised. Captain Lugard laboured hard with voice and pen to avert the proposed abandonment. At last the Government resolved to send Sir Gerald Portal, the Consul-General at Zanzibar, as Commissioner to inquire into the best means of dealing with Uganda. He started up country on January 1, 1893, where he was able to carry forward and perfect Lugard's work. He returned to London on November 27.

The closing chapters of this book discuss in detail the question of the future of the East African Protectorate. Captain Lugard thinks that a Governor ought to be appointed, who should fix his headquarters in the healthy and bracing uplands of Kikuyu, or on the Mau Plateau, about half-way between Uganda and the coast. The authorities both at Mombasa and Uganda should have considerable powers, but be subordinate to the Governor. The half-way locality, where the chief administrator would live, furnishes the main food-supply. Farmers, planters, traders would naturally settle there. We may leave this part of the work to the experts who have to deal with the future of East Africa. But it does not require an expert to appreciate the thorough mastery of the whole subject which Captain Lugard has gained, or to pay tribute to the enthusiasm for the suppression of slavery and the development of the country which does such honour to the writer of this book. We close his thrilling record of travel and fighting and treaty-making with regret that we have reached the end of a wonderful story. Uganda has made a long march towards civilisation under his administration. Only twenty years ago human life was of less account there than the life of cattle. Men were hacked to pieces for a breach of etiquette, or to gratify some mere whim of the tyrant who sat on the

throne. Missionary work has wrought wonders, and the chiefs are vastly raised and improved. Captain Lugard claims for East Africa "that the prospective advantages afforded by its addition to the British Empire are founded on a solid and legitimate basis—a basis of commercial expansion and industrial enterprise in a fertile country with an excellent climate."

ART. VII.—MODERN APOLOGETICS.

Apologetics; or, Christianity Defensively Stated. By ALEX. BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1892.

DR. BRUCE thus states the difference between Apology and Apologetics: "An apology is a particular defence of the Christian faith with reference to a definite attack; apologetic, on the other hand, is the science of apology, or the defence of Christianity reduced to system." In view of this distinction we may say that, while Great Britain is the home of apologies, the present work is the first complete treatment of apologetics in English. The apologies of Butler, Lardner, Paley, and many of the Bampton and Boyle lectures, have never been surpassed in their line. Butler's *Analogy*, despite all the Matthew Arnolds of our day, stands at the head of all Christian apologies, and can never be superseded. To have produced it is one of the glories of English philosophic theology. The apologetic succession is not likely to die out. Within recent years the Cunningham, Baird, Gifford, Burnett, and Kerr lectureships have been established in Scotland alone. But apologetics as a science is only now beginning its course. Dr. Bruce has the honour of being the first to work out the German definition for English students.

As the conception of the subject is new, so the author's conception of the spirit proper to the apologist is somewhat peculiar. He is supposed to have to do neither with dogmatic unbelievers, nor dogmatic believers, but with doubters or partial believers,

"whose sympathies are one with Christianity, but whose faith is stifled or weakened by anti-Christian prejudices of varied nature and origin." It is evident how essential sympathy is in such a task, and this our author possesses and expresses in overflowing measure.

"The wise apologist instinctively shuns conflict with dogmatic unbelief as futile. He desiderates and assumes in those for whom he writes a certain fairness and openness of mind, a generous spirit under hostile bias which he seeks to remove, a bias due to no ignoble cause, animated even in its hostility by worthy motives. But on the other hand, with equal decision, he avoids partisanship with dogmatic belief. He regards himself as a defender of the Catholic faith, not as a hired advocate or special pleader for a particular theological system."

Dr. Bruce's attitude resembles that of T. T. Lynch in his clever *Letters to the Scattered*, the "scattered" being "considerate persons who are wistfully resolved to know, if they can, the utmost of Christianity's matter." But even sympathy may be excessive; and this, if we mistake not, is a source of weakness in Dr. Bruce's otherwise strong book. We are not always sure whether the author is advocating his own view, or arguing on assumed ground. On many points concession is carried very far indeed, the very minimum of positive truth being contended for. The opponents' case is always stated with the greatest fulness and fairness; indeed, occasionally it is hard to say whether this or the reply is put most strongly. While we are no admirers of an uncompromising policy of defence, we are equally convinced that it is possible to compromise and apologise so much that what is left is scarcely worth defending. The irreducible minimum of Christian faith will satisfy neither friends nor foes. It would be interesting to know what impression is made by this method of apology on the honest doubters, who are chiefly contemplated. We have been accustomed to believe that conviction begets conviction, that doubt will not be overcome by a half-faith that is not very sure of itself. However this may be, there are many things in the present work which are open to question and which call for a discriminating judgment. Take, as an example of the suspense which seems to be a habit of the author's mind, what is said on the idea of the matter of the universe being eternal:

"Possibly it might guard all Christian interests to say that the world *might have had* a beginning, and that if eternal it was so by God's will. It may not be contrary to Christian theism to say that the world did always exist, but only to say that it must have existed from eternity, and that God could no more exist without a world than the world could exist without God. But it must be admitted that a creation implying a historical beginning most effectually guards the supremacy of God, and the dependence of the world upon Him."

Thus the generally held Christian view is retained, but with no great firmness of grasp. The conclusion in regard to Christ's resurrection is: "The physical resurrection remains. It remains, it need not be added, a great mystery." This indecisiveness of tone is quite a feature of the whole discussion.

The plan of the work is exceedingly broad and comprehensive. Although the two chapters of the introduction are meagre, this cannot be said of the three books which form the body of the work. The first book, after briefly stating the Christian theory of the universe, contrasts this at length with the rival theories of Pantheism, Materialism, Deism, speculative Theism, Agnosticism in as many separate chapters. The second book, headed "The Historical Preparation for Christianity," is the author's apologetic for the Old Testament religion, discussing the entire system of the Jewish faith under all its aspects. Mosaism, Prophetism, Judaism, Old Testament literature, defects of Old Testament religion and literature, here come under review. All this is properly introductory to the third book which, under the title of "Christian Origins," gives the author's conception of and apology for Christianity. The different aspects of Christ's work, Paul's position and influence, primitive Christianity, the Synoptics and the Fourth Gospel, are here discussed at length. It will be seen that the extent of ground covered is very great. The topics discussed are the burning questions of modern criticism. It is needless to say that Dr. Bruce is master of the leading theories on every subject, and that he expounds and criticises them as very few could. Merely as a statement of the views of the leading writers, Strauss, Schleiermacher, Baur, Weiss, Keim, Weizsäcker, Pfleiderer, Renan and others, the volume is of the greatest value. The exposition is all at first hand. Only real

difficulties of the present day are dealt with. Not theoretical completeness but practical usefulness is everywhere aimed at.

The first of the three books is in some respects the most satisfactory. The ground taken is stronger, the tone more confident, the reasoning on the different anti-Christian doctrines of the day is full of point and force. The author is much surer of his ground against Hegel, Huxley, Hartmann, Parker, Spencer than against Pfleiderer, Weizsäcker, Ritschl, or even Martineau and Baur. Perhaps this is only natural. The one class of opponents is much nearer the Christian position than the other. Dr. Bruce's statement of the Christian view of the universe is somewhat bare (p. 59), though sufficient for the purpose in hand. It should be compared with the much more adequate exposition of Dr. Orr in his able apologetic work, *The Christian View of God and the World* (p. 37). The chapter on "Modern Speculative Theism" is especially interesting. The author is doubtful whether Dr. Martineau and Mr. Greg should be placed in this class. If not, it is hard to say where their right place is. Pfleiderer also, from whom Dr. Martineau borrows so much, belongs to this class. By the way, Dr. Bruce brings out the fact, not generally known, of Matthew Arnold's indebtedness to Spinoza. *Literature and Dogma* is "simply the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* done into English" (p. 32). Three criticisms are passed on speculative theism. First, it is in a state of "unstable equilibrium, tending to topple over into pantheism," in fact a half-way stage between Christian theism and agnosticism. Secondly, it fails to meet the religious need of human nature. Its immanent Deity is after all as far off as the transcendent God of deism. There is no great difference between this Deity and the *natura naturans* of Spinoza. Moreover, this theory utterly fails to give religious certainty. The only difference between Mr. Greg, Miss Cobbe, Theodore Parker, Martineau and Pfleiderer is in the degree of uncertainty.

"Take the goodness of God. The moral consciousness of Mr. Parker enables him to trace throughout human history the constant action of an infinitely benignant Providence. Mr. Greg's consciousness tells him a less flattering tale, bearing witness indeed to Divine goodness, but finding it impossible to save that goodness from suspicion

except by a limitation of Divine power, which makes it impossible to prevent many evils overtaking man. Or, take the great question of a future life, and what it will bring. Mr. Parker believes in a life to come ; in a heaven for man, beast, and bird ; in an absolutely universal salvation from sin and misery. This comfortable creed Mr. Greg is not able to accept. The future for him is the great enigma, Take the utility of prayer. Miss Cobbe declares prayer to be both legitimate and useful within the spiritual sphere, and neither legitimate nor useful within the physical. Mr. Greg pronounces prayer theoretically indefensible in all spheres, therefore impossible for those who possess insight into the truth of things, but permissible and harmless for the weak and ignorant."

There is much more that is equally pertinent and forcible in this and the other chapters of this section.

The original feature of the second book is that its exposition of the course of Old-Testament revelation proceeds on the basis of the critical theory of Old-Testament history. Dr. Bruce does not, as far as we can discover, commit himself definitely to the Graf and Wellhausen theory of the structure of the Old Testament. There is the same suspense of judgment here as elsewhere. The apologist, we are told, need not decide for or against the critical theory. From some things that are said we might gather that the author is merely experimenting and is anxious to show that, even if the theory should be finally established, faith in revelation has nothing to fear. "The proper apologetic attitude towards criticism is essentially the same as that towards the evolutionary theory of the origin of the universe. Modern criticism yields what may be called an evolutionary theory of the origin of Old Testament literature and religion, and the two evolutions should be faced with the same spirit of fearless trust." The line thus recommended is a curious one. No apologist is bound to take a standpoint he does not agree with. Indeed he is bound, like every one else, to take the one he thinks the right one. And whether Dr. Bruce says so or not, he will be regarded as approving the only position he assumes. He says, "We must allow our method to be controlled by criticism"; we do not see the necessity of the "must." Dr. Bruce does not enter at length into the argument for the critical construction, and we need not. The only reasons referred to are the case of the one central sanctuary and the distinction between priests and

Levites, both matters of ritual which, it is maintained, argue a later origin.

The change made in our view of the order of the Old Testament history is rightly described as "serious."

"It amounts to an inversion of the order subsisting between law and prophecy. Instead of saying, the law and the prophets, we must say, the prophets and the law. The law, in the comprehensive sense, was not given by Moses; it came not till the great prophets Micah, Hosea, Amos, Isaiah, had delivered their message."

The order of topics in this second book will show how definitely the new theory is adopted. It runs: "The Religion of the Prophets, The Prophetic Idea of Israel's Vocation, Mosaism, Prophetism, Prophetic Optimism, Judaism, Legalism." The great gift of Mosaism was the Decalogue. The priestly code belongs to Judaism, which follows Prophetism. Thus, the development of Israel did not, on this theory, follow a natural course. Judaism represents not an advance on prophetic religion, but a fall. The higher precedes the lower. To refer to the theory of physical evolution, in the religious sphere the man precedes the ape. By universal admission the prophetic period represents a higher stage than the stage of ritual and ceremony. Even the Mosaic stage was higher than the ritual one. Dr. Bruce clearly admits this:

"From Prophetism to Judaism is a great descent. . . . Reading first Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the prophet of the exile, then taking up Ezra and Nebemiah, we feel as if we were making a sudden plunge from poetry to prose, from inspiration to legalism, from a religion of faith to a religion of self-righteousness. . . . The distinguishing feature of Mosaism was that it asserted the supremacy of the moral as compared with ritual. On the other hand, the distinctive character of Judaism was that it put ritual on a level with morality, treated Levitical rules as of equal importance with the Decalogue, making no distinction between one part of the law and another, but demanding compliance with the prescribed ceremonial of worship as not less necessary to good relations with God than a righteous life."

Thus, according to this new theory, the history of Israel at this point was evolution backward and downward, not forward and upward. The Old-Testament religion fell from the high spiritual level of the prophets to the lower level of form and rite. We venture to think that such a supposition is a greater

difficulty than any of the difficulties raised about the one sanctuary and the distinction between priests and Levites. In the New Testament, *e.g.* in the Hebrews, the priesthood and sacrificial system are treated as divinely-ordained shadows and types of a greater priesthood and sacrifice. On the critical theory they represent a degeneration, a fall from a purer, loftier faith; the height of prophetic spirituality is only reached again in the New Testament.

Dr. Bruce cannot think that the moral teaching of the Decalogue, and the rigid forms of the priestly system, both came from Moses; and as the first was his work, the other cannot be. Moses was essentially a prophet, not a priest. To say this is, of course, to beg the question:

“Just because I agree with those who (like Professor Robertson in his *Baird Lectures*) argue against the naturalistic school for the ethical character of the Mosaic idea of God, I find it difficult to believe that Moses was the author of the elaborate system of ritual in the middle books of the Pentateuch. . . . Professor Robertson’s reasoning from the ethicalism of the prophets to the ethicalism of Moses seems to me conclusive. When he applies his argument to ritual, I cannot follow him.”

The argument reminds us of the Positivist dictum that theology, metaphysics, and science cannot co-exist; with the difference, however, that Positivism does make what it regards as higher grow out of the lower, whereas the present theory takes the reverse course. We would also observe that the amount of moral teaching in the Decalogue is not so great as to constitute it a dominant element.

There is another singular feature in the critical theory as advocated in the present volume. Dr. Bruce says, “The post-exilian Church produced the Psalter,” subjoining the note, “This is not stated dogmatically, but as a critical hypothesis which an apologist has no need to fear.” Here surely is an apologist after Canon Cheyne’s own heart. That is, the Psalter is the production of the age of the Levitical code, that most unspiritual type of Old Testament religion! Rigid ritual and the most spiritual expression meet together! Moses could not be the author of such moral teaching as that of the Decalogue and the Levitical law at the same time, but the post-exilian age

can be the parent of bard legalism and the most spiritual expressions of religious feelings at the same time ! We fail to see the harmony between these positions. The reasoning by which our author seeks to establish the harmony sounds very much like special pleading :

“ Critics tell us that the priestly code is post-exilic, and we are apt to see in it, so viewed, simply a religious declension in which the God of Moses and the prophets could have no part. But the other doctrine of the critics concerning the post-exilic origin of the Psalter comes in as the needful antidote to this sceptical mind.”

We should prefer to say that the other doctrine comes in to contradict and disprove the earlier doctrine.

Dr. Bruce very pertinently asks how the new theory affects New Testament views of the Old. “ It remains to inquire how far the transposition of the law as it lies before us in the Pentateuch, from the time of Moses to that of Ezra, affects New Testament verdicts on the legal economy.” These verdicts are two—first, that the law was secondary to the promise, and came in after it to prepare men to receive it ; and secondly, that it was a failure as a way to righteousness. One part of the answer is so strange that it is best given *verbatim* :

“ Had the apostles shared modern critical views, they might have taken their stand on the late and human origin of the system, and said : Leviticalism is not of Moses or of God ; it is the work of Ezra and other unknown priests in Babylon, therefore it has no great claims on our respect. A much easier thing to say than : It is of Moses and of God, nevertheless it has been proved to be worthless, except as a means of preparing men for something better, therefore it must pass away.” (P. 275.)

Yet the apostles did virtually say the latter, and they did not say the former. At a later point (p. 305) the author returns to the question, and asks how the religious value of the Old Testament is affected by the critical theory, both for the unlearned and the educated reader ? We are assured that, while the unlearned reader is “ occasionally misled as to matters of historical fact, the thing not always happening as he is led to imagine,” he is not seriously misled ; he cannot help learning the two essential truths of Israel being an elect people, and God’s covenant being made through Moses. Still,

critical results can and will be popularised, and temporary, harmless errors will be corrected. For the educated reader, it is argued, faith in the Old Testament as divine will be strengthened by the new views. He sees that two great experiments were made—first, with the moral religion of Moses and the prophets; and secondly, with the ceremonial law of Ezra and the priests. Both experiments ended in failure, the second being the worst. Thus the necessity of a higher, purer system was demonstrated.

Dr. Bruce's is the first attempt in English, as far as we know, to make the new theories the basis of a connected and complete exposition of Old-Testament history and revelation. We have only touched on some of the salient points in the exposition, but we have said enough to indicate some of the difficulties which it creates. Difficulties are by no means the monopoly of those who follow in the main traditional views. It goes without saying, that a discussion of the Old Testament as a whole by such a master of knowledge abounds, apart from the qualifying feature just considered, in luminous, suggestive thoughts. Give Dr. Bruce a subject with which he is in full sympathy, such as the teaching of the prophets, and no theologian of the day can write more charmingly. At one point (p. 213) we find him contending against Wellhausen's argument for the post-Mosaic date of the Decalogue. "What at once arrests us is the universal character of the code of morals it contains. There is nothing in the sense of duty, local or national; all is human and valid for all mankind." Wellhausen's argument is characterised as "not very formidable."

"We are asked to doubt the lofty morality of Moses on account of the low morality of later personalities. The assumption is that the moral growth of a nation must show a steady advance; there must be no lapsing from a higher level, no tide-like movement; the earlier stage must always be the ruder. As if the moral ideal of Christ did not tower above the actual morality of Christendom, as an Alpine range rises above the plains!"

There is also a very thoughtful discussion of the bearing of the divine election of Israel on the state of the heathen (pp. 201-207). We are conscious of the growth in recent years of a more kindly and hopeful view of heathen religions. Is there anything in the Old Testament to favour this view?

There are many indications, as in the books of Esther, Ruth, and Jonah, that the heathen world was not left entirely outside divine regard. In fact, the separation of the Jewish nation was only a temporary provision in order to train the agents of a universal mission of salvation. And as the Jewish nation was prepared for this missionary work, so heathen nations were prepared to receive the Gospel at the hands of the Jews. "The elect race is not the exclusive sphere of revelation. The elect are themselves saviours. To save is their very vocation. And the God of the elect is caring for others in the very act of electing them."

The third book is, of course, the most important and most interesting, discussing as it does all the phases of the Christian origins. The different aspects of Christ's life and work, Paul, Primitive Christianity, the Synoptics, the Fourth Gospel, raise all the controversies of the day on these great questions. The discussion is marked by the same features as the former books, containing much to admire and much to question and even regret. The author's object everywhere is to get to the "real Jesus," whom he thinks he finds chiefly in the Synoptist Gospels. He scarcely knows what to make of John's picture, or how to fit it into the same frame as that of the Synoptists. He thinks it possible to lose Christ, not merely in metaphysical and theological definitions, but even "in the Bible and through the Bible"; and for him the three Synoptist Gospels are the Bible within the Bible. It is this passion for the real Christ, whom he identifies almost entirely with the historical, human Christ, which leads him to look with suspicion on appeals to the evidence of Christian experience, such as Dr. Dale's in his *Living Christ*, and similar writers. He regards it as an attempt "to make Christ independent of history." This also is the point of sympathy between him and the school of Ritschl, Herrmann, Kaftan, from which, otherwise, he is removed very far.

"All we really know of God in spirit and in very truth we know through Jesus; but only on condition that we truly know Jesus Himself as revealed to us in the pages of the evangelical history. Knowledge of the historical Jesus is the foundation at once of a sound Christian theology and of a thoroughly healthy Christian life."

Insistance on this is the strong point of the Ritschl school, and it is the only point of value.

We see in the third book also the same characteristic readiness to meet opponents half-way or even more. For example, the author quite gives up the authenticity of the great commission in Matt. xxviii. 16-20 as proceeding from Christ Himself. It is "a summary of what the Apostolic Church understood to be the will of the exalted Lord." The full-blown universalism, the Trinitarian formula, the promise of a perpetual spiritual presence, are too evidently "suggestive of a later time and apparently expressive of the developed Christian consciousness of the Catholic Church," to allow us to suppose that the words are really from the mouth of Jesus Himself. Yet this "idealised utterance of the Lord Jesus is faithful to His teaching." Dr. Bruce then proceeds to show that the three features, which form the difficulty, are all implied in Christ's actual teaching. If they "do not go much beyond," or are "a legitimate development" of that teaching, where is the difficulty of supposing the words are Christ's own?

Dr. Martineau uses a similar argument to prove that all Christ's assertions of His Messianic authority, as inconsistent with humility, cannot have proceeded from His lips and "must be regarded as an expression of the faith of the Apostolic Church." The argument seems to have troubled our author greatly, and he discusses it at length (p. 364): "Dr. Martineau deserves thanks for projecting it upon public attention with an emphasis which will ensure that it shall not hereafter be overlooked." He does not, like Dr. Martineau, think that the problem is insoluble. We doubt whether to the ordinary reader Christ's assertion of His claims ever suggests any suspicion of egotism or vanity, but as the difficulty is suggested it must be met. Dr. Bruce gives it all the attention it deserves, pointing out that to Christ's mind His work presented itself rather in connection with service and suffering than with honour, and that His assertions on the subject were usually called forth by challenge and denial, like Paul's assertions of his apostolic power. Moreover, it is well added:

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"If Jesus could not compatibly with His humility be conscious of His Messiahship, then it is impossible to combine humility with the consciousness of being a father, a chief magistrate, a judge, a minister of State, a king. . . . If an ordinary king can be humble, so can the Messianic King. If the leader of a great religious reform, like Luther or Knox, can be lowly, so can He who said, 'Take my yoke upon you.' Nay, is not God, the greatest, also the lowliest? 'I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.' Is not this the very truth involved in the Incarnation—God humbling Himself to share and bear the sins and miseries of His own children?"

The two chapters on "Paul" and the "Fourth Gospel" are singularly lucid and able, though they are not free from positions which seem to us questionable. On the whole the arguments and conclusions are sound and strong. The author's judicial impartiality is constantly in evidence. He seems to be absolutely without prepossessions, not to speak of prejudices. As to the critical questions connected with John he says:

"An apologist is not called on to pronounce dogmatically on these questions, and to say whether and to what extent free reporting of evangelic incidents and speeches, and dislocation of historic order, are actual characteristics of the Fourth Gospel. It is enough for him that a large and increasing number of experts say that they are, to an extent greatly exceeding the measure in which they are traceable in the Synoptical Gospels. . . . The view here contended for is, that they are not so vital as at first sight they may seem. The efforts of recent scholars go far to prove that they are compatible with apostolic, that is to say, with Johannean authorship."

Dr. Bruce is evidently perplexed with the Fourth Gospel, although he reaches land at last. But he would have been much more perplexed without that Gospel. The Synoptist Gospels alone would have raised innumerable more and harder problems. John comes to illuminate what else would have been an impenetrable enigma. The following remarks on the difference between the miracles of the Synoptists and John jar considerably on our feelings:

"The difference has been broadly expressed by saying that while the Synoptical miracles are in the main miracles of *humanity*, the Johanneine miracles are miracles of *state*.* They appear to be wrought

* The reference is to another work by Dr. Bruce: *The Miraculous Element in the Gospels*.

not for the benefit of others, but to glorify the worker. They are often, objectively viewed, acts of humanity, but from the narrator's point of view that seems to be an accident. It was an act of compassion to heal the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, but he was one of many selected apparently to exhibit Jesus as a fellow-worker with the Father. In the Synoptical Gospels, on the other hand, how often do we read, 'And he healed them *all*' ; the aim of the evangelists manifestly being to exhibit Jesus as intent on doing as much good to men as possible."

This seems a singularly far-fetched, we might even say, perverse objection, such as we expect from certain critics, but scarcely from Dr. Bruce. The same difficulty might be raised in regard to every miracle in the Fourth Gospel—the Cana miracle, the Feeding of the Five Thousand, the raising of Lazarus ; see John ii. 11, iv. 54. We are expressly told that the Gospel was written with a purpose. When Dr. Bruce wrote "apparently to exhibit Jesus as a fellow-worker with the Father," had he forgotten, John xx. 31, "These are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God" ? There is nothing derogatory to the dignity of the Gospel either in the existence of such a purpose or in the way in which it is carried out. Not for any ostentatious purpose, but for the same purpose for which the whole New Testament was written, for which professors teach and preachers preach, was the Gospel written. Perhaps, after all, it is a high tribute to the lofty purity of the Fourth Gospel that so much ingenuity is necessary to discover supposed flaws.

The most questionable point, however, in the whole book is the reference to the nature of Christ in the chapter entitled, "Jesus Lord" (p. 398). The chapter opens thus : "Jesus has for the Christian consciousness the religious value of God. He is the *Lord* Jesus, and as such the object of devoted attachment and reverent worship." The questionable element, of course, is not what is said, but what is suggested. The phraseology, as is well known, is distinctive of the Ritschlian school. According to it, all Christian beliefs are value-judgments, *i.e.* affirmations of what things are to us, of their value to our life and experience ; about what they are in themselves we are to say nothing. It is the introduction of the Agnostic or Positivist principle into the field of Christian doctrine.

Accordingly Ritschlians like Herrmann, Bornemann, Kaftan and others refuse to affirm or deny anything about Christ in any other respect. Their position is exactly stated by the first sentence of the words just quoted. It is only fair to add the author's comment :

" What the metaphysical presuppositions of His divinity may be, and what the most fitting theological formulation of it, are questions on which different opinions have been and may continue to be entertained. It is even conceivable that the Church of the future may decline to discuss these questions, or to give them definite dogmatic answers, and may regard with the reverse of satisfaction the answers given in past ages. There is reason to believe that even now there exists in many Christian minds a feeling of coldness, not to say aversion, to the definition of Christ's person handed down to us from ancient councils, as consisting of two natures combined in the unity of a single personality. This is not to be mistaken for a denial of Christ's divinity. It may be a morbid mood, a phase of that general aversion to precise theological determinations which is an outstanding characteristic of the present time; but it is compatible with an attitude of heart towards Jesus in full sympathy with the faith of the Catholic Church concerning him, even in the most orthodox generations."

Although the author uses the Ritschlian phraseology no one can suppose that he uses it with the Ritschlian corollaries, at least if his Cunningham Lecture of 1875 still represents his views. Is it not, then, a doubtful course to take language with a well-understood connotation in a well-known school and give it a quite different sense? The author goes on to argue, "that Jesus had the religious value of God for, and was worshipped by, the whole Apostolic Church, is certain," pointing out how the holiness, death, and resurrection of Christ contributed to form this conviction. He then shows that the title "Lord" given to Him was not "merely the exaggerated expression of admiration for His character and of gratitude for His redeeming love." Theological reflection began in the Apostolic Church. Paul is an example of it. Yet "theological reflection" is forbidden to us by the Ritschlian theory. We must not ask : What is Christ in Himself? What do the Scripture statements about Him imply as to His real nature? But is it possible to avoid asking such questions? Can we be satisfied with value-judgments on the highest subjects apart from

intrinsic truth? Dr. Bruce's language about the supernatural birth of Christ—another of the “presuppositions” of Christ's person—has the same indecisive ring about it. We are told :

“Some modern theologians, accepting the moral miracle of sinlessness, reject the physical miracle, which according to the Gospels was its actual, if not necessary, presupposition; or at least treat it as a thing of no religious importance so long as the moral miracle is believed in. The element of truth in these views is that the supernatural birth is not an end in itself, but only a means to an end. It is the symbol, the sinlessness being the substance. A sinless Christ is the proper object of faith. Under what conditions such a Christ is possible is a very important question, but it belongs to theology rather than to religion.”

Just before this we read that “the histories of the infancy in Matthew and Luke do not belong to the original synoptical tradition; they are a later addition prefixed to the evangelic story of the public ministry and the final sufferings of Jesus.” How much later, when prefixed, is not said. It will be observed that Dr. Bruce holds firmly to the moral miracle, and evidently thinks the physical one reasonable and probable. Perhaps the doubtful tone is merely that of the “apologist,” who must not be too sure of anything. Quite recently there has been a sharp controversy in Germany over the article “Conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary,” the Ritschlian school, led by Harnack, maintaining the article to be indifferent. Dr. Bruce quotes Bornemann to the effect that: “The discussion of the presuppositions of the person and work of Christ is more the affair of theology than of the Christian religion. Jesus did not appear that we men might scientifically solve the mystery of His being, but that He might offer to us the solution of the practical riddles of human life” (p. 409). Writers of the same school dismiss the “theology” of the New Testament as readily as that of Councils and Churches.

The position that the Christian doctrines are mere value-judgments, is defensible neither on philosophical, nor on moral grounds. It amounts virtually to this: that we may believe as true anything that we think useful or necessary to our well-

being, and, conversely, that we need believe nothing which we do not see to have this practical bearing ; in other words, the useful and the true are identical, or what we think the useful ! On this ground, the Ritschl school justifies its rejection of or indifference to all the old statements of Church-doctrine on all subjects. Any one can see where such a principle inevitably leads. In plain English, Ritschlianism is Unitarianism. Even in such a work as Wendt's *Teaching of Jesus*, let any one observe how the pre-existence of Jesus is explained away on mere ideal existence, as by all the Ritschl school. Dr. Bruce (p. 407) quotes Bornemann as saying, " Strange, new and peculiar as the idea seems to us, it was current then to express the higher, God-derived, universal significance and superhuman perennial worth of certain persons and things. It was applied, e.g., to Moses, Enoch, Adam, the tabernacle, the temple, the tables of the law." One is certainly amazed to see a principle with such associations adopted in such a work as the present. " Jesus has the value of God for us !" But is He God or not ? This is the question to which reason and conscience alike demand an answer.

A sense of duty and necessity has led us to point out features in the work under review which call for the exercise of independent judgment by the reader. The task is not a pleasant one, and is generally shunned. Our objections are principally two : First, to the view taken of the duty of the apologist to be almost colourless or neutral ; and, secondly, to the general tone of doubtfulness which hangs like a haze over the entire discussion. More doubt is suggested than expressed. Take another and minor example. On the phrase " kick against the pricks " (Acts xxvi. 14) it is remarked, " The happy phrase put into Christ's mouth by the historian of the *Acts*, in the third recital of the story of Saul's conversion, hits off exactly the situation " (p. 420). What this really means in the sentence we are quite unable to say ; what it suggests, any one can see. Whether these are days when the spirit of doubt needs encouragement, it is unnecessary to say. We venture to think that what is required, even in apologists, is above all things reality, definiteness, clearness and strength of conviction. We do not for a moment suggest that Dr. Bruce is

not throughout uttering his own opinions, but there is often an air of indefiniteness which it is hard to understand. Whether he is or is not to be so understood, the harm done by his manner of discussion or suggestion will be almost equally great.

We hope there is no need again to commend the high merits of much of the work. The chapters in the third book, "Primitive Christianity," "The Synoptical Gospels," "The Light of the World"—the latter discussing the question of the seat of supreme religious authority, which is declared to be "Christ, not other religious masters, not the individual reason, not the Church, not even the Bible"—are crowded with argument and information of the most valuable kind. The examination, in the chapter on "Primitive Christianity," of the theories by which Baur, Weiss, Weizsäcker, Pfeiderer, account for the form which early Christianity took, is exceedingly helpful. Weizsäcker's theory is preferred to Weiss's. Pfeiderer is shown to be just as speculative as Baur. The vindication of Paul's universalism as in harmony with Christ's teaching is strikingly effective. Pfeiderer's derivation of Paul's doctrine of the believer's solidarity with Christ from Hellenistic sources is altogether fanciful, but is a good illustration of the writer's tendency. Dr. Bruce's estimate of Paul is, on the whole, thoroughly well balanced and fair, ably refuting the extreme positions which have been taken up on opposite sides in reference to Paul's place in the New-Testament economy. Paul's greatness will survive all the attacks of Renan and the criticism of Pfeiderer.

To say the least, Dr. Bruce's adoption of the critical theory of the Old Testament as the basis of exposition is premature. It is much too soon for that. He refers to the analogy of the theory of physical evolution. But that theory, although it has not explained all difficulties, has more to say for itself, and less against it than the critical theory in question. Nothing can blind us to the fact that the opposition to it is not a question of traditional views merely, but one that closely involves the authority of Christ and His apostles. It is easy for those to whom that authority is nothing to sweep past the difficulty with indifference; but there are many who cannot do

this, and who will continue to think that a position which involves such consequences is weak somewhere. Another difficulty already intimated is that the Levitical stage, which on this theory is treated as a falling away from a higher level, is treated in the Epistle to the Hebrews as directly of divine origin and authority. What, then, becomes of the argument of that Epistle? It is thus evident that the shattering of the Old Testament involves the shattering of the New, as Canon Cheyne and other members of the school clearly perceive.

* * Too late for notice we receive, from various publishers, a large parcel of books, some of them of more than ordinary interest and value. We occupy the vacant space on this page by referring to the circumstance—though the like happens, more or less, quarter by quarter, and especially at the Christmas quarter—because we desire to express our regret, in particular, that among the volumes now to our hand is one which has been unaccountably delayed, having been published several months, and which it will be too late to notice in April. We refer to Mr. Jeffery Parker's sketch of his father's life. Nearly two years ago, in this Journal, an accomplished contributor, Mr. G. T. Bettany, now deceased, published an interesting article on Professor Kitchen Parker, to which his son refers in the Preface to the volume we have just received. The son's beautiful sketch of his father, wonderfully vivid and true as it is, needs no recommendation of ours; it has already taken its place—a high place—among the literature to which it belongs. Nevertheless, we should have been delighted to pay our tribute to it six months ago, and regret that now we can do no more than in this incidental way recognise its distinguished merit.*

* *William Kitchen Parker, F.R.S. A Biographical Sketch.* By his Son, T. Jeffery Parker. London: Macmillan & Co.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Praises of Israel: An Introduction to the Study of the Psalms. By W. T. DAVIDSON, M.A., D.D., Tutor in Systematic Theology, Handsworth College, Birmingham. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1893. 2s. 6d.

THIS charmingly written volume, by a ripe and reverent Biblical scholar, will meet a widely felt want, and receive, we doubt not, a warm and general welcome. The contents are divided into ten chapters. After a brief introduction, the topics discussed are the Compilation of the Psalter, the age and authorship of the Psalms, the poetry of the Psalms, the theology of the Psalter—under which he includes (1) the Psalmist's God, (2) God in Nature, (3) The Religious Life in Man, (4) the Church and the World—after which *The Witness of the Psalms to Christ* is dealt with in two chapters, (1) The Person of the Saviour, (2) the coming Salvation, and the volume closes with a chapter on the use of the Psalms in the Christian Church. With much the greater part of this volume no devoted or intelligent Christian student can disagree, except on altogether minor points of taste and judgment.

The chapter on *The Age and Authorship of the Psalms*, however, will no doubt give occasion to varieties of judgment; a few Christian students of modern Biblical criticism will regard Dr. Davidson's views as too old-fashioned, while others, perhaps a larger number, will think that he has conceded too much to the views of "advanced" critics. We should not ourselves regard Dr. Davidson's views at any point as too old-fashioned; but, for his concessions to modern criticism, he, in almost all cases, gives or suggests more or less weighty reasons, though on some points he leaves us unconvinced, as, for example, when he intimates that the twenty-second Psalm may perhaps have been composed by Jeremiah. We are grateful to him for a vigorous vindication of David's authorship of the Eighteenth Psalm. We note, also, with satisfaction that he stands unshakingly by the view which makes the Psalms xlvi.—xlviii., if not also lxxvi., refer to the destruction of Sennacherib's invading host. The whole subject, however, of the age and authorship of the Psalms is one as

to which superficial and often ignorant dogmatism, handed down from of old, has greatly misled the general crowd of commentators in the past, and in dealing with which at the present time a fine combination is necessary of linguistic and critical knowledge and ability with spiritual sensibility and believing reverence. Few writers possess in a better proportioned combination these qualities than Dr. Davidson, but yet his respect for critical authority may sometimes tend to bias him too strongly in favour of certain conclusions, which are more or less repugnant to the views and sympathies in which the best Christian scholars as well as devotional students of past times have been deeply established. The danger now is lest the reaction from traditionalism should go too far. In the other chapters of the volume the most spiritually minded as well as intelligent readers will very rarely fail heartily and thankfully to accept the excellent teaching of Dr. Davidson. The book is throughout pervaded by a high devotional and an intensely spiritual tone; and the language is as choice as the thoughts are devout and elevating. We think indeed that Dr. Davidson's fine chapter on "the Psalmist's God" might have inspired him with a fuller measure of faith as to the outlook of the devout Hebrew into the eternal world. Religious faith and emotion so lofty, so spiritual, so profound as are expressed in many of the Psalms—such living faith in the "living God" as is uttered in language so deep and high as far to surpass the common level of Christian faith and feeling to-day—could not, as we hold, have lived, much less have sung and soared, except in a spiritual world canopied by eternal truth and goodness, by the glory of the eternal Father and His Fatherhood—and stretching onward into a divinely lighted eternity. Faith in God for this life and this world only could not have inspired such trust, such adoration, such rapture. It needs three dimensions to make a solid world; and to inspire divine faith and holy adoration, faith in eternity and in an eternal God and Father is needed. In some psalms, indeed, the light burns very low, and no wonder, considering the trials and conflicts, the disasters and defeats, through which the writers had to struggle—once or twice indeed it seems to have all but expired. Who that knows how even good men have sometimes been exercised even in Christian times can marvel at this? At other times the Psalms show us the man full of life and life's projects and hopes shrinking and starting in dread from the prospect of its sudden ending. It would have been strange if this had not been so. How little, indeed, do we ourselves know of what lies beyond—and how do we "timorous mortals," Christians though we be, often "start and shrink" at the thought of crossing the flood! Comparatively few of us look forward to the end of life, and still beyond, with the serene and steadfast faith and confidence which breathes throughout the twenty-third Psalm. Even after Our Lord's discourses in the Fourth Gospel we have but little illumination, as to breadth or detail, lighting up the eternal future. We cannot get beyond the words of Baxter:

“ My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim :
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.”

In what we have now said, indeed, we are so far from contradicting anything that Dr. Davidson has said that we do but emphasise his words, and say a little more strongly what he has distinctly intimated. “ The words of the Psalmists,” he says, “ fairly interpreted, certainly point to a future state and to complete fruition in a life to come, though nothing is said of the mode in which it will be attained and little of its character when attained. . . . It is certain that the horizon of the Psalmists' spiritual sky was, for the most part, dark on the side of the future life. It is certain also that gleams of light here and there illumine it. They are rays, but only scattered and passing rays, of a light that was afterwards to shine forth in unclouded and unfading splendour, and banish the night of ignorance and fear for ever.” *

As to the spiritual teaching of the Psalms themselves, and all the various beauty, tenderness, depth and glow of their wonderful poetry regarded as descriptive of the deepest and highest experience of the human heart in its living relations with God, we know no one who has, on the whole, written so beautifully or movingly as Dr. Davidson. The volume has our strongest commendation, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of the poorest scholar.

The Book of Psalms. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Volume II., Psalms xxxix.—cxxxix. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

This second instalment of Dr. Maclaren's exposition of the Psalms will not disappoint the expectation of the readers who welcomed the first volume. On the contrary the author seems to have risen to the great and growing demands upon his resources as he has proceeded with his work. He finds himself in this volume compelled not seldom to deal with questions of authorship more frankly and fuller than in the first volume. He has not been able to leave unnoticed Dr. Cheyne's destructive criticisms. Again and again he finds it necessary to show how destitute of plausibility, as well as how mischievous, they are. Into the spirit of the Psalms, as might be anticipated, he enters with characteristic insight, force and felicity of expression. His translations form a striking feature in the volume and show how closely he places himself in contact with the heart and genius of the writers of the Psalms.

* On the subject upon which we have touched we would commend to our readers the late Dr. Geden's Fernley Lecture entitled, *The Doctrine of the Future Life, as Contained in the Old Testament Scriptures.*

The Old Syriac Element in the Text of the Codex Bezae. By FREDERIC HENRY CHASE, B.D., Lecturer in Theology at Christ's College, and Principal of the Clergy Training School, Cambridge. London : Macmillan & Co. 1893. 7s. 6d.

The Codex Bezae is amongst the greatest treasures of the University Library at Cambridge. It was presented to the University in 1581 by Theodore Beza, who alleged that he had obtained it from the monastery of St. Irenaeus at Lyons. Of its earlier history little is certain, but its great antiquity does not admit of controversy, and its peculiarities have made it a fascinating and dangerous study. It is a bilingual manuscript, with the Latin and the Greek written on opposite pages, and at different times some eight or nine revisers are believed to have been busy upon it. So many and curious are the interpolations it contains that Middleton described it as setting criticism at defiance, and an older scholar doubted whether any man of sane mind would consent to follow it. "Replete with variations from the Sacred Text beyond all other example," is the judgment Scrivener passes; whilst Professor Rendel Harris distinguishes between its passages, pronouncing some to display an exceptional accuracy of transcription, and others "a laxity of reading which is simply appalling."

In 1891 a place was found in the valuable series of Cambridge *Texts and Studies* for a monograph by the last named scholar, in which he tried to show that of the two texts in this Codex the Greek was both later than and dependent upon the Latin. That position was reaffirmed in the same author's careful examination of the Codex Sangallensis. It is a recurrence to the theory which prevailed before Scrivener collated the Codex and adduced much evidence in favour of the opposite conclusion that the Greek text has influenced the Latin more than the Latin has influenced the Greek. The weight of this evidence was, unfortunately, neglected to some extent by Professor Harris, who seems, on the other hand, to have overvalued such indications as he was able to find of a process of Latinising in the Codex. And it is not probable that many readers have been able to concede his claim to have proved that the Greek text involves such a series of re-translations from the Latin as establishes the theory of Latinisation.

Another examination of the Codex has now been made by Mr. Chase, who finds that its Greek text is the result of an assimilation to a Syriac text which is not that of the Syriac Vulgate. This conclusion has been reached by the study of the Bezan text of the Acts, a great number of passages, especially in the section that extends to the first lacuna (viii. 29), having been brought under review. In a few of these instances the explanation of the variation from the Received Text does not immediately command assent; but on the whole sufficient evidence is exhibited that the text has been Syriacised. Incidentally, several passages from the Gospels are shown to have undergone a

similar process; but the whole manuscript will have to be submitted to detailed investigation before the hypothesis of an original Syriac influence upon its text can be accepted. Mr. Chase himself calls attention to the necessity of the minute study of all its variations, with a view to see whether they can be accounted for upon his theory; and, meanwhile, the instalment of evidence adduced by him is sufficient to warrant expectation, if not confidence, as to the result.

Should the Bezan text be proved to have such a Syriac basis as Mr. Chase imagines, not only will light be thrown upon some of the most perplexing questions in textual criticism, but consequences of an even more important character will follow. The Codex Bezae is the leading representative of the so-called Western group of authorities. In every ample *apparatus criticus* it stands frequently at the head of a docile company of manuscripts that repeat its eccentric readings. If the birthplace of the Bezan text can be determined, the Western type will yield the secret of its origin, and its strange characteristics will cease to surprise. Behind the former, according to Mr. Chase, lies an Old Syriac text which may with more likelihood be dated shortly before, than shortly after, the middle of the second century. For Antioch as the place of its origin more can be said than for any other locality, especially now that the Antiochene origin of the closely related *Gospel of Peter* is hardly in debate. To the same great Christian centre the Western text may with little hesitation be ascribed. Of it, Dr. Hort described himself as "disposed to suspect"—a phrase which from his pen means that he was prepared to bring forward nearly complete proof—that it "took its rise in North-Western Syria or Asia Minor, and that it was soon carried to Rome, and thence spread in different directions to North Africa and most of the countries of Europe." He evidently preferred the former alternative, as he proceeds to state that from North-Western Syria the text would easily pass through Palestine and Egypt to Ethiopia. There are reasons that make it possible to go a step farther than Dr. Hort, and to fix the origin of the text at or near Antioch. There and in North-Western Syria—possibly only there—all the necessary conditions are found. The copyists would be familiar with the three current tongues of Latin, Greek, and Aramaic, and able to produce the strange linguistic combinations that mark the manuscripts of the group. They would know the special political arrangements of Palestine, and be competent to employ the exact technical terms that are found in the text. Its frequent interpolations become intelligible if its compilers lived in a centre where oral traditions abounded and a devotional Christian literature was multiplying. Consequently, on both linguistic and geographical grounds, Antioch may be assumed to have been the source of the Western text.

The bearing of the earliness of the date that has to be given to the Bezan Codex upon matters of apologetics should not be overlooked. The Old Syriac text of the Gospels cannot have been later than that of the Acts. If the latter must be dated before the middle of the second

century, the former must have been in existence at a time which, if its preliminaries also are considered, throws back the reduction to writing of the Gospels themselves to a period nearer than has sometimes been supposed to the events they describe. Few characteristics of recent critical scholarship are more striking than the way in which it is incidentally turning positions that a quarter of a century ago were held by some to be not open to attack, and increasing the proofs of the authenticity of the Word of God.

Apocrypha Anecdota. A Collection of Thirteen Apocryphal Books and Fragments now first edited from Manuscripts.
By MONTAGUE RHODES JAMES, M.A., Fellow, Dean, and Divinity Lecturer of King's College, Assistant Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1893.

This volume is the latest addition to the scholarly series of "Texts and Studies," by the issue of which the Cambridge University Press is distinguishing itself. It consists of a number of documents, mostly apocalyptic, gleaned from the Libraries of Oxford, London, Cheltenham, Paris, and Trèves. Five of them are complete, and comprise the *Visio Pauli*, in Latin; the *Acts of Xanthippe and Polyxena* (a good example of the "Sunday-Story" reading of the early Christians); the *Narratio Zosimi*, which has a curious bearing upon the legends of the Lost Tribes; the *Apocalypse of the Virgin*, and the *Apocalypse of Sedrach*—a name which, in Mr. James' opinion, is a corruption of Esdras. None of these documents have been easily accessible before, and of several only parts or quotations have been known. Mr. James prints the texts very carefully, expanding the contractions and occasionally incorporating, with due notice, emendations of his own; but he reserves for future discussion questions relating to the sources of the books and deductions from their contents as to faith or practice. The eight fragments that follow are of still greater antiquity, but in two or three instances are almost too brief to admit of any important use. In a Paris manuscript, full of Byzantine occultism, Mr. James found a fragment of the *Apocalypse of Adam* in Greek. A portion of the *Book of Enoch* in Latin is an evidence of the existence at one time of a complete Latin version, which appears, however, to have been condensed and shortened. A *Description of Antichrist*, from Trèves, is probably an extract either from the *Apocalypse of Peter* or from a Latin version of the *Testament of the Lord*. The *Translation of Philip* occurs in a Bodleian manuscript, of which Tischendorf made considerable use, though for some reason he omitted to print the text in full. The Philipps collection of manuscripts at Cheltenham yielded four small but valuable fragments. One of them is believed to be a part of the lost conclusion of the *Assumption of Moses*. The remainder are the *Vision of Kenaz*, the *Lamentation of Seila* (Jephthah's

daughter), and the *Song of David*, all three of which, it is suggested, were designed as interpolations or supplements to the historical books of the Old Testament. The volume is furnished with adequate introductory notes and indexes, and will be gratefully welcomed by the student of apocryphal or apocalyptic literature. Its contents are a fresh evidence of the existence in old libraries of many a treasure, waiting to reward the patience of one who has leisure enough to search for it and skill enough to recognise it.

The Way, the Truth, the Life. The Hulsean Lectures for 1871. By F. J. A. HORT, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

Dr. Hort has always shown the same qualities of mind in the work that he has done, so far as it has been made known to the public. What he was in his essay on "Coleridge" in the Cambridge Essays for 1856, and still more fully and notably in his work as a critic of the New Testament text, he is also in these Lectures, delivered in 1871, partly set up in type in 1872, but held in abeyance from that date till his death. In this volume the Lectures are printed under the editing of his friend and fellow-worker, the Bishop of Durham, from the manuscripts and from the printed sheets left by the author, with such additions or corrections from his own pen as were available. Where there are gaps in the manuscripts, which, however, does not often happen, either the space is left blank, or, as is done in a few cases, the editor furnishes hints of thought to serve as connecting links. The subject is, of course, taken from St. John's Gospel, chapter xiv., verses v. and vi. Throughout, what strikes the reader is the thoughtfulness, the thoroughness, the comprehensiveness and, in a word, the reality of the lecturer's treatment. He is subtle but devout, intellectually free and open but yet a deep and true believer in the Living Christ, in Christ as "The Way, the Truth, and the Life." The book is one to stir thought, but not to disturb the foundations of spiritual faith. It is a book for the deep and well-instructed divine rather than for the untrained inquirer. An appendix of notes and illustrations adds not a little to the value of the Lectures.

The Church of England and Recent Religious Thought. By C. A. WHITTUCK, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

Comparatively few men are at all fitted to take such a survey as is here attempted of the meaning and tendency of current religious ideas and activities; for Mr. Whittuck undertakes, first, to describe the internal condition of the Church of England; secondly, its relation to all forms of Dissent; thirdly, its attitude to the "alienated classes" and contemporary unbelief; and, last but by no means least, to survey the whole field of Catholic theology so far as Anglican writers of the last generation or two are concerned. Let us say at once that Mr.

Whittuck possesses special qualifications for his task, and that his work constitutes a remarkably weighty, judicious, and comprehensive estimate of current religious and theological tendencies, one which deserves the attention of all students of the times in which we live. It is the work of a thinker rather than a mere writer. Both in style and in matter the author despairs the *ad captandum* mode of presenting his subject. He is impartial to a remarkable degree. He possesses a wide and fairly accurate knowledge of the subjects discussed. Moreover he writes with no preconceived aims or pet schemes, but announces, sometimes with a kind of judicial gravity, the conclusions—always carefully modified and guarded—at which he has arrived.

Such a book is refreshing in these days of hurried work and popular methods. We have greatly enjoyed revising our own thoughts on these great themes in the light of Mr. Whittuck's generalisations and have found the process highly instructive. Not that it is possible to force our judgment into the author's grooves. On the main feature of the internal condition of the Church of England—the growing supremacy of one party which is rapidly absorbing the rest—there is little room for difference of opinion, and Mr. Whittuck's analysis of the causes of this process is well considered and fairly complete. He is not equally well acquainted with Dissent, but his chapters on this subject contain many acute observations, and Nonconformists may learn much from “the way it strikes a stranger.” The subject of Reunion is wide and manysided. Mr. Whittuck's explanation of the reasons which make it more satisfactory for Nonconformists to deal with a homogeneous than with a heterogeneous Church of England contains much truth; but he appears to us greatly to underrate the sharp opposition which is created by the intolerable intolerance of modern Anglicanism. It is the cause of far more “alienation,” both within and without the pale of that Church, than Mr. Whittuck imagines.

The section of the work devoted to theology is too brief to be at all satisfactory. Nor is Mr. Whittuck as clear on the subject of the current tendencies in relation to the Bible, and, again, in relation to dogma, as we should desire. This part of the book needs expansion to do its work properly. The remarks on Contemporary Unbelief, its Causes, Course, and Cure, are, for the most part, excellent. But in every case we have followed the author with greater satisfaction in his account of the past than in his indications of present duty and future policy.

The book as a whole is a valuable contribution to current theological literature. We hope it will receive, both from Churchmen and Dissenters, the thoughtful attention it deserves.

Holy Men of God from St. Augustine to Yesterday. By the Rev. JAMES ELDER CUMMING, D.D., Author of “Through the Eternal Spirit,” “The Blessed Life,” &c. Hodder & Stoughton. 1893. 5s.

This is a book of the finest tone. The “holy men” chosen as examples of the “blessed life” are admirably selected, and the outlines

of their religious history and experience could not be drawn and coloured in a truer spirit of Christian intelligence and sympathy. The author writes not only as a godly and gracious man should write, but with remarkable truth of insight and catholicity of spirit; the combination makes the volume one of rare excellence. Almost all schools of Christian doctrine and experience are fitly represented in the gallery of saints here collected, except those of ritualistic Anglicanism, the mystics being not overlooked, not only Madame Guion but Behmen being here. Tauler, Thomas à Kempis, Brother Lawrence, Sarah Pierpoint, Brainerd, Wesley, Fletcher, Henry Martyn, John Laycock the Keighley Methodist, Harford-Battersby of the Keswick Conference, are among the number. The sketches are most of them slight, too slight, but all of them are full of the spirit of consecration and true holiness of heart. Some poems follow, which are at least sufficient to show that Dr. Cumming is a man of poetic taste as well as of a deeply religious spirit and high aspirations after holiness and communion with God.

The Church of Christ as set forth in the New Testament, being Two Lectures addressed to Methodists of Leeds. By GEORGE G. FINLAY, B.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1893.

We ought to have earlier noticed this excellent little book. It is small and plain, but never superficial. It is suggestive, accurate, and interesting—the model of a popular book on a subject which involves close research and exact thinking, if it is to be wisely or truly dealt with. The needful research, the clear and exact thought, required for a valuable elementary exposition of the New Testament teaching as to the Christian Church, are found in this book. In the light of its teaching High Church superstitions appear as shallow and delusive as they truly are.

Selections from early Christian Writers. Illustrative of Church History to the Time of Constantine. By HENRY MELNILL GWATKIN, M.A., Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Cambridge. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

This is a charming book. It contains a representative selection of original documents for the use of students, given in the original Latin and Greek, but with "a translation for the benefit of such as are but mean scholars." We have, as to the Neronian persecution, apposite extracts from Tacitus, Clement of Rome, and Eusebius; we have Pliny's correspondence with Trajan; Eusebius's account of the persecution at Lyons and Vienna; we have the passages from Eusebius and Papias relating to the Canon and to the origin of the Gospels, and the precious Fragment of Muratori; from Irenaeus we have the

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most important passages; the Didache is not overlooked as to the point of church order; the well-known palmary passages from Ignatius and Cyprian on church discipline and unity are also of course given; there are considerable quotations from Justin, Tertullian is largely quoted, his best-known and most striking passages being given; Clement of Alexandria and Origen, Hippolytus, Arnobius and Lactantius, are laid under contribution, especially the two first. The author most frequently quoted, as might be expected, is Eusebius. The type and printing are perfect, and altogether the book is a luxury for the student's eye, as well as a valuable and particularly convenient collection for reading or reference.

The Mystery of Iniquity and Other Sermons. By RT. REV.
PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.
1893.

It is with sadness that we consider that this is a posthumous volume. Such truly catholic spirits as the late Bishop Brooks are rare, and when a large-hearted man possesses also the gifts of insight, exposition, and eloquent utterance, his utterances are valuable indeed. There is no need to characterise Dr. Brooks' sermons. The present series, twenty in number, were preached at dates ranging from 1865 to 1889. They are interesting as showing that the style and method of treatment which marked the great preacher were formed thirty years ago, and the only difference discernible appears to be in the greater freedom and flow of the later discourses. The Christian optimism of the writer appears throughout the volume, notably in a noble sermon on "Whole Views of Life," founded on Numb. xxiii. 13. Another excellent sermon is that on "The Egyptians Dead on the Seashore." The volume as a whole may be said to "form a liberal education" for a preacher, though the distinctively Evangelical element is somewhat lacking.

The Twelve Minor Prophets. Expounded by DR. C. VON ORELLI, of Basel. Translated by REV. J. S. BANKS, Headingley College, Leeds. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1893.

The character of Von Orelli stands high as a Biblical scholar and exegete, and also as an orthodox divine. His style also is succinct, and his sentences are brief—a high distinction among Continental interpreters of Scripture; his commentaries, indeed, are a marvel of condensation. Such a commentator, with such merits, is further commended to the English student by the fact that Mr. Banks—an admirable translator—has given us this volume on the *Minor Prophets* in a wonderfully clear and perfectly English translation.

Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. By Professor WALTER F. ADENEY, M.A. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

From the Professor of Exegesis and Church History at New College we have, of course, an able and well written volume ; nor, in such hands, could an expository epitome of such interesting books of Scripture fail to be very interesting. We may be permitted, however, to regret an occasional want of firmness of tone, where, in our judgment, there was no need for any wavering. The exclusiveness of the providential idea in the separation of the chosen people from surrounding heathen, needs no half-ashamed apology in view of the "Christian liberalism" of to-day. Its place in the scheme of Divine Providence must be accepted implicitly, and on the deepest grounds, by the Christian student. Nor, especially with Professor Max Müller's recent lectures in his hands, need any Christian student doubt that the hope of immortality was part and parcel of the religious faith of Nehemiah.

1. *The Church in Relation to Sceptics.* A Conversational Guide to Evidential Work. By the Rev. ALEX. J. HARRISON, B.D., Vicar of Lightcliffe. London : Longmans & Co. 1892.
2. *The Ascent of Faith : or, The Grounds of Certainty in Science and Religion.* The Boyle Lectures for 1892 and 1893. By A. J. HARRISON, B.D. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

1. Mr. Harrison has had much experience as "Evidential Missioner of the Church Parochial Mission Society," and "Lecturer of the Christian Evidence Society," and his quality and competency are further guaranteed by his having been Boyle Lecturer in 1892-3. He is known also as author of a volume akin to the present, entitled *Problems of Christianity and Scepticism*. The present volume is exceedingly suggestive, and, although we could not undertake to adopt or recommend all its statements or suggestions, we have no doubt that all deserve consideration, and that many of them will prove very helpful to those who have to deal with persons disturbed by sceptical questions. To such we strongly recommend the volume, which comes as the fruit of living contact with doubters of almost every class.

2. Without expressing our concurrence in all the views expressed, we warmly recommend this work to all who are called to deal with the actual difficulties of honest doubters, or even with the objections of ill-disposed unbelievers. It is throughout the result of living thought and living work. The writer has himself known the misery of scepticism, has had to master his own doubts, and has for many years been engaged in a close fight with scepticism as it actually exists in the minds of hard-headed and clever men. Many of his views

are very suggestive. The cases of many minds in a condition of dark unrest will be better dealt with on the lines of Mr. Harrison's arguments than otherwise. As to the doubts and questions most frequently raised at the present time, Mr. Harrison is an expert, and as such he is an authority to be listened to with special respect. He is not only conversant with ideas current among working men, but is widely read in the writings of the intellectual leaders of doubt. The works of Herbert Spencer he has made a special study. He entitles his book *The Ascent of Faith* because it is his "conviction that if an Agnostic can be induced to follow out the line of thought indicated in his lectures, there will be on his part a real Ascent of Faith from Agnosticism to Catholicism." A good index adds to the value of the volume.

The Biblical Illustrator: or, Anecdotes, Similes, Emblems, Illustrations, Expository, Scientific, Geographical, Historical, and Homiletic, gathered from a wide range of Home and Foreign Literature on the Verses of the Bible. The Acts, 3 vols.; Hebrews, vol. ii. St. James. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1893. 7s. 6d.

These are good volumes of the *Biblical Illustrator*. The selections have been carefully made from the best sermons and expositions, and include a wealth of material such as every preacher and teacher will be glad to have within easy reach. No discourse or address need lack interesting incident with such volumes as these available. Busy ministers will often find here what no commentary yields, and if these stores are used to supplement personal study, not as a substitute for it, they will be of great service. The *Biblical Instructor* has won its reputation among preachers, and these volumes show that it is a storehouse crowded with all manner of fresh and helpful anecdotes and illustrations.

1. *The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature.* Edited by Professor S. D. SALMOND, D.D. 7s.
2. *The Expository Times.* Edited by the Rev. JAMES HASTINGS, M.A. Volume the Fourth. October 1892-September 1893. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1893. 7s. 6d.
3. We desire in the briefest but most emphatic way to express our sense of the great value of this journal. It is thoroughly well sustained, and answers truly to its title. In this volume Professor Candlish's review of Dr. Fairbairn's *Christ in Modern Theology* and Professor Ramsay's *The Church in the Roman Empire* are excellent

instances of what reviews of such books should be, whether regarded as exegetico-theological or exegetico-historical.

2. The *Expository Times* maintains its high character. Besides the papers devoted to somewhat technical details of Biblical scholarship we have here much useful matter for preachers and teachers, good notices of books, notes on the international lessons, and short paragraphs dealing with matters of current interest. For preachers in general this is the magazine. Its readers are kept well abreast of all topics of the day affecting the study of the Old and New Testament.

Greek-English Lexicon to the New Testament, after the latest and best authorities. By W. J. HICKEY, M.A. London : Macmillan & Co. 1893.

This little Lexicon is so portable, so clearly printed, and so thoroughly trustworthy that it ought to be in the hands of every student of New Testament Greek. The various meanings of each word are clearly given with references to the verses in which it is used, and useful explanations where necessary, as in the case of the Feast of Dedication. The Lexicon cannot fail to be of real service to young scholars.

The Holy War made by Shaddai upon Diabolus for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World ; or the Losing and Taking Again of the Town of Mansoul, by John Bunyan. With a Preface by ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Frontispiece by Phoebe A. Traquair. Edinburgh : Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1894. 2s.

The Holy War has not taken the place in our religious literature which the *Pilgrim's Progress* has gained, but "its soldiers and battles, defeats and victories," throw light on many a struggle of the Christian life; and Dr. Whyte refers fittingly in his too brief preface to the "tens of thousands of triumphant saints whose faith and endurance have been kindled and sustained by the study of this noble book." The present edition is clearly printed on rough paper with good margins, and the enigmatic frontispiece sets a reader musing. It is altogether a thoroughly satisfactory edition.

We have received from the Oxford University Press four copies of their *Teacher's Bible* bound up with the new enlarged and illustrated edition of the *Helps*. They are arranged to suit all eyes and all purses, from the magnificent copy in Levant morocco lined with calf, which would serve admirably for a pulpit or reading-desk, down to the neat pearl type 16mo copy, which can be slipped easily into the pocket.

The value of the *Helps* to all students cannot easily be exaggerated. Here is a whole cyclopaedia of information about the Bible and its writers, with every light that science and research can pour upon Scripture life and customs. The eye is made an avenue of instruction by the wonderful illustrations and maps which represent the high-water mark of recent investigation and exploration. We are specially pleased with the small edition of the *Helps*. It is a marvellous shillingsworth. The University Press has laid all Christian people under obligation by these editions. The printer and binder have surpassed themselves.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

The United States : An Outline of Political History, 1492-1871.

By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. London : Macmillan & Co.
1893. 8s. 6d.

GOLDWIN SMITH quotes a notable saying of General Wolfe's on his title-page. "This," said the conqueror of Quebec, "will some time hence be a vast empire, the seat of power and learning. Nature has refused it nothing, and there will grow a people out of our little spot—England—that will fill this vast space and divide this portion of the globe with the Spaniards, who are possessed of the other half." The earlier part of the saying has been amply corroborated by the event, though Wolfe's opinion of Spanish power has been entirely falsified by the course of history. The first chapter of this volume describes the founding of the colonies, from the day that Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery to the time of Benjamin Franklin. None of the earlier emigrants dreamed of founding a nation in the New World. The thirst for wealth drew them across the sea, and though missionary enterprise to some extent accompanied and redeemed the gold-seeking, it was not till the voyage of the *Mayflower* that men began to make for themselves a permanent home and found a new nation. The Plymouth pilgrims had to pass through the severest sufferings during the first winter. They were only saved from the Indian tomahawk by a distemper which raged among the red men. The heroism with which they faced all trials is well brought out in their own words. "It is not with us as with other men, whom small things can discourage, or small discontents cause to wish themselves home again." Many interesting details of early colonial life are given in this chapter. Church and State were one. Every citizen was required to contribute to the maintenance of a church. The clergy enjoyed a moral and intellectual influence which made them the real masters of the commonwealth. The whole chapter is crowded with

facts which help us to understand the founding of the great nation across the Atlantic. The deplorable quarrel with England is the subject of the second chapter. When Quebec fell, England and Chatham were in all colonial hearts. If that moment could have been seized to set America free to follow her own destiny, the history of our race might have been quite another thing. The fatal blunders of the Government involved England in that bitter and bootless struggle which tore America asunder from the mother-country. The hero of the War of Independence is very powerfully delineated. "History has hardly a stronger case of an indispensable man" than Washington. His surroundings, his colleagues, his work, all seem to stand out vividly in this valuable study of the epoch. The portraits of the great men of the Republic and its chief presidents are very vigorous, whilst the indictment of slavery is extremely powerful. The last chapter, dealing with the great civil war and the reconstruction of the State that followed, gives a terrible picture of the struggle, with sketches of Lincoln, Stephen Douglas, of Grant, and other generals, which light up the dreadful history. The book is in parts too condensed and allusive, but as a philosophical sketch of American political history, full of life and colour, and opening up the secret springs of events, it is profoundly instructive and full of interest. Any one who studies it carefully will find that he has gained a bird's-eye view of the whole course of American history such as he can get nowhere else.

Rulers of India : Haidar Alí and Tipu Sultán, and the Struggle with the Musalmán Powers of the South. By LEWIN B. BOWRING, C.S.I., formerly Chief Commissioner of Mysore. Oxford : Clarendon Press. 1893. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Bowring has produced a thoroughly readable and strictly reliable record of one of the most exciting struggles of Indian history. Haidar Alí was remarkably unfortunate in his early contests with the Maráthás, but afterwards showed his mettle in some desperate encounters with the English, and built up for himself a powerful kingdom. The celerity of his marches was his chief characteristic as a commander. He was a born soldier, and was both skilful in tactics and fertile in resources. For an Oriental, he was singularly faithful to his engagements, and straightforward in his policy to the British. He was entirely free from bigotry, and never seems to have been wantonly brutal. In these respects he was a marked contrast to his son and successor Tipu, who sacrificed thousands of lives to his ardent zeal and revengeful feelings. Lord Cornwallis crippled Tipu's power but left him his kingdom. The Earl of Mornington, during his term of rule, was obliged to proceed to extremities, as Tipu was plotting against the English. He was killed at the siege of Seringapatam. Tipu was a courageous soldier, but had not his father's genius for war. He had a rage for innovations, was almost as busy with his pen as Philip II.

of Spain, and had pronounced opinions on science, medicine, commerce, and other subjects, about which he possessed little real knowledge. He was a devoted Mussulman, and appears to great advantage in his attempt to prevent the sale of spirits. His cruelty is almost beyond description. Mr. Bowring's work gains in interest from the comparison and contrast between father and son.

Adventures in Mashonaland. By Two Hospital Nurses, ROSE BLENNERHASSETT and LUCY SLEEMAN. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893. 8s. 6d.

It is long since we have read a more exhilarating story than Miss Blennerhassett's narrative of the two years which she and her friend spent at Umtale. The strain of her life as Superintendent of the Cardiff Union Hospital had seriously affected her health, so that she was advised to try a change of work. She therefore went out to Johannesburg as a nurse with Miss Sleeman. When they arrived at "The Golden City" the "boom" was over; business was at a stand still; thousands of people were utterly ruined; many men drank to drown care. Very few then thought that Johannesburg would ever lift up its head again, though it is now more prosperous than ever. The nurses found the Home in a dreadful state, and moved heaven and earth to escape to Kimberley, where they worked six months in the hospital. They were on the point of returning to England when Dr. Knight Bruce, the Bishop of Mashonaland, persuaded them to join him in that country. The story of the weary delays before they could start, of their plucky tramp up country when all other means of transit failed, of their organising a hospital and working it for two years in Umtale, forms one of the most romantic stories of the Dark Continent. The book introduces us to Dr. Jameson, the brilliant surgeon who has proved himself so able an administrator. The nurses gave him a bad quarter of an hour whilst they denounced the muddle of the Chartered Company's affairs, the drink which they allowed to be imported for revenue, and other matters that sorely needed redress. "Jameson went into that hut a man, and came out a mouse," was the comment of the officer who brought him in to see the sisters. He revenged himself by doing everything he could to promote the success of their work. The faith of the new settlers in Mr. Rhodes was wonderful. "Rhodes will square it" was their comment on every difficulty. When he visited Umtale his personal magnetism soon lifted the spirits of all the settlers. "Malcontents and chronic grumblers went to his hut, and came away in a few moments cheerful and satisfied." The periodic "bursts" of the early days at Umtale, when there would not be more than three or four sober men in the place, and the graphic description of the reign of terror caused by some lions who invaded the settlement, show us what the making of a new colony in Africa really means. The piquant style and vivid

descriptions of the book ought to make it a general favourite. Such a story shows how imperative it is to send missionaries and chaplains out with every band of settlers.

Spain. Being a Summary of Spanish History from the Moorish Conquest to the Fall of Granada (711-1492 A.D.). By HENRY EDWARD WATTS. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893. 5s.

In the valuable series of volumes included under the general designation of "The Story of the Nations," the history of *The Moors in Spain* was sketched by Stanley Lane-Poole; the present volume carries forward the history of Spain during the period following the death of Roderick, the last of the Goths, when the Moorish power in Spain rose to its zenith, till the final victory over the last of the Moorish rulers secured by the fall of Granada. The story of the long and weary struggle, and the gradual restoration of Christian rule in Spain throughout all its provinces, is far too large a subject for one volume of moderate size; but the author, who seems to have made the whole period an independent study, has furnished us with a vivid and interesting sketch. The history of the Cid especially is given clearly and with much vigour. The author is, we presume, an American, or he would not use so intolerable a barbarism—and one also so useless and inexcusable—as the compound "evilly-disposed"—a word we can hardly call it—certainly not an English word. Nor would he have said that a section of Dr. Dunham's *History of Spain* "captured the judgment of Buckle." But it is remarkable that, in writing of Spain, a country whose history and literature, from causes easily understood, American scholars have made so much their own, and especially in dealing with the period of Ferdinand and Isabella, he makes no reference to his countryman, Prescott, though in his Preface he criticises at some length, and with some severity, Dr. Dunham's learned history in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopaedia*. It is a pity that the Preface is written so much less carefully than the body of the book, especially as it is rather long and somewhat pretentious. His style in these first pages of the volume reminds us of that of the compiler of a peerage or a genealogical dictionary, only that it is less exact and correct. Speaking of Professor Dozy, of Leyden, he says: "Dozy is discursive and pugnacious, who will stop in the middle of an important research to fight with some rival Arabist, and in the ardour of battle is apt to forget his reader." And again he writes: "The authorities from the Christian side are the monkish chroniclers, of whom Isidorus Pacensis is the first. Next to him, who does not seem to have been acquainted with his predecessor's work, was Sebastian, who composed his chronicles" (866-910). Here the "who does not" must be intended to refer to Sebastian. The relative *who* is placed before what should be its antecedent "Sebastian," to avoid confusion with the following

"who correspond." But this makes "him" to be the syntactical antecedent of "who," so that the sentence actually *says* that Isidorus, the *first* chronicler, does not seem to have been acquainted with his *predecessor's* work. In the following sentence, besides an awkward and confusing use of the relative *which*, making it, as it stands, refer by strict construction to *Spain* instead of to *work*, two lines above, the writer speaks of certain "works, together with "other fragments," being preserved. In another sentence, also in the Preface, he says: "One of the most recent, who is also the most ambitious of modern Spanish historians, who claims to deal with the past from the superior point of modern enlightenment, is Lafuente." His relatives in the Preface seem to be perpetually in his way as he is writing, like a sword worn by an undrilled civilian as he walks.

Old Court Life in France. By FRANCES ELLIOT. Two volumes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

This work was published many years ago in England, and achieved some popularity as a volume for circulating libraries. For the English taste, however, it was too Frenchy, too gossipy, and too free and easy in its tone. It was something between history and fiction—the history being seldom very strict. It heroines were royal mistresses; its romantic love-scenes were imaginary pictures of illicit love-making, with slight historical hints as a foundation. Morality it ignored. Scene painting was its strong feature. It was clever, and to a certain class of reader fascinating. But, in the permanent judgment of the English public, its attractions and literary merits were overbalanced by its faults. It has, however, precisely hit the taste of a large portion of the Transatlantic public. In America it has passed through four editions, the present edition being the fifth. The two volumes are got up in an almost luxurious form as books for the private library of people of taste, with attractive illustrations. The portrait of Diana of Poitiers is twice given—the very same portrait—one as a frontispiece, she being the most beautiful and the most abandoned of all the heroines of the old French Court life. Miss Elliot, who inscribed the work to her niece, the Countess of Minto, furnishes a new preface for this edition, in the first sentence of which she says: "I cannot express the satisfaction I feel at finding myself once more addressing the great American public which, from the first, has received my works with such flattering favour." These volumes can hardly be recommended as containing trustworthy history. They could not be quoted as authority on any doubtful point; but they contain such renderings of history as were current in French circles of society, embellished with additions and imaginary illustrations from the invention of the authoress. They furnish, no doubt, a more or less correct idea of the times and of the society to which they refer, and are perhaps less misleading,

more instructive, and not more morally injurious than many of the novels which are found in the circulating libraries not only of America but of England.

Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen to America. Select Narratives from the *Principal Navigations* of Hakluyt. Edited by EDWARD JOHN PAYNE, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. *Hawkins, Frobisher, Drake.* Second Edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1893.

Those who have been repelled by Hakluyt's unwieldy and unsightly folios will find in Mr. Payne's edition a first-rate introduction to those great exploits of the Elizabethan sailors which form an integral part of our national history. Mr. Froude has pronounced the *Principal Navigations* to be "the prose epic of the modern English nation," and those who read the voyages of Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake in this volume will certainly catch some of the historian's enthusiasm for the men who laid the foundation of our maritime greatness. Mr. Payne's Introduction gives a bird's-eye view of the general movement towards America which accompanied the Renaissance. Italy occupied a prominent part in the discovery of the times, and the Spanish expeditions were largely made in vessels built and manned by Italians. England was late in catching the fever, for there was little or nothing at first to induce its seamen to seek the New World. The sketch of the period and of the relations between the great powers forms a valuable introduction to the narratives. There are also good notes and condensed biographies of the chief leaders. The stirring chapter from Captain Smith's *Seaman's Grammar* shows how a naval battle was waged in olden times.

Tropical Africa. By Professor DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. With Map and Illustrations. Twenty-ninth thousand. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894. 3s. 6d.

We do not wonder that Professor Drummond's book has become so widely popular. It contains a series of vivid sketches, the impressions of an acute traveller in a hasty journey, but this limitation gives it added interest and colour. There is scarcely a page which does not throw new light on the African problem. Captain Lugard contests some of the Professor's dicta with regard to white ants and the inherent laziness of the African; but even if some of the statements here call for revision, the book is one of the brightest volumes in our growing library of travel in Africa, and every one who reads it will feel a keener and more tender interest in the Dark Continent. Three and sixpence cannot be better invested than in securing this popular edition of *Tropical Africa*.

Literary Recollections and Sketches. By FRANCIS ESPINASSE.
London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1893. 12s.

The chief part of Mr. Espinasse's sketches have appeared in the *Bookman*, but they have since been carefully revised, and very considerably enlarged. The early recollections are almost too slight to deserve preservation, but as they afford glimpses of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, and Wordsworth, we are glad even for these crumbs. The article on the British Museum Library, in which Mr. Espinasse was for some time an assistant, is very bitter against Panizzi. "He was a big, boisterous, rather blustering man, with likes and still more with dislikes, a dangerous foe, and if he was also a helpful patron, his patronage was generally bestowed on those in whom he found subserviency and sycophancy united to mediocrity." The blunders of the cataloguing are also exposed. Some pleasant bits of information about assistants and librarians are to be found in this chapter. The largest part of the volume is filled by the "Carlyles and a Segment of their Circle." Here we have much first-hand information about the philosopher of Cheyne Row, and his wife and his intimates. He refers to Mrs. Carlyle's "self-assertion, her constant intervention in conversation while Carlyle was leading it, and her readiness to tell, 'before company,' anecdotes of Carlyle which made him appear ever so slightly ridiculous. . . . Carlyle was full of inconsistencies, especially in the contrast between his doctrine of the sacredness of silence and his own incessant talk. This gave Mrs. Carlyle a handle of which, when irritated, she was not slow to avail herself for comment on the difference between her husband's preaching and practice." These papers form a distinct contribution towards the right understanding of the Carlyle problem. The wholesome remarks on George Eliot's relations to Lewes should not be passed over without a word of praise. There is good stuff in this volume, but we are afraid that it is rather too bulky and diffuse to win popularity.

The Brontës in Ireland; or, Facts Stranger than Fiction.
By DR. WILLIAM WRIGHT, D.D. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1893. 6s.

Dr. Wright is an enthusiastic Brontë student who came into contact with the Irish Brontës as a child, was nursed by a girl who lived within a quarter of a mile from their home, and had a rich store of wild tales about them. His first classical master taught him more of Brontë lore than of classics. He was thus steeped in his subject from the cradle, and has paid many a journey to Ireland to clear up doubtful points in his story. The interest of his book centres round Hugh Brontë, the grandfather of the novelists, who was taken away from his home by Welsh, the ogre who had married the little lad's aunt. A wilder or more improbable story we never read. That his parents

should have allowed their boy to vanish out of their sight so completely that he never saw them again, and even failed to ascertain his own birthplace, is really beyond belief; and that Hugh who, according to this book, ran away from his uncle to escape his fiendish cruelty should call one of his sons Welsh is itself a refutation of the story. To our minds the explanation lies in the fact that Hugh Brontë was a famous *raconteur* who used to gather an audience of rapt listeners on winter nights at his corn kiln. Dr. Wright says: "Hugh Brontë seems to have had the rare faculty of believing his own stories, even when they were purely imaginary; and he would sometimes conjure up scenes so unearthly and awful that both he and his hearers were afraid to part company for the night." Such a confession seems to strike the ground from Dr. Wright's own feet. We have come to the conclusion that this account of Hugh Brontë's boyhood is mainly fictitious. The book itself has many pages of profound interest. The story of the Irish Brontës is certainly weird enough, and the great Brontë fight is thrilling. The glimpse of the land agents calling, and the McKee temperance story should not be overlooked. The book is neatly got up, with some pictures and fac-similes which are of great interest; but the writing is sometimes too fine, and the mingling of fact and theorising often confuses the issue.

Life of Parkinson Milson, Primitive Methodist Preacher. By Rev. GEORGE SHAW. Hull: William Andrews & Co. 1893. 5s.

Mr. Milson was an honoured Primitive Methodist minister who had much success as a revivalist and teacher of entire sanctification. Mr. Shaw has some impressive stories to tell, and there is no doubt that this biography will be highly acceptable to those who knew Mr. Milson. But the book suffers greatly from want of condensation. If it had been half the size it would have been far more effective. Mr. Milson's sterling character and intense zeal deserved to find a permanent record, but we are not impressed by any signs of culture or intellectual strength. The book gives some interesting glimpses of work inside the Primitive Methodist Church.

The History of London. By WALTER BESANT. London: Longmans & Co. 1893. 1s. 9d.

This book is intended as an introduction to the history of London. A better guide, more variously interesting and instructive, it would be impossible to put into the hands of the young. Mr. Besant's previous labours in this field have enabled him to take a rapid survey of the history from the days of the Romans to the time of our own County Council, and every page is graphic and vigorous. The notice of Dick Whittington is one of the brightest bits of a bright book. We

are glad also to see the paragraph on Professor Palmer. The sections on London Bridge, on Trade, Amusements, Plays and Pageants, London Churches and Religious Houses, are fresh and useful. Such a book will awaken enthusiasm for the subject, and will give the reader a key to the growing library that deals with the vast subject of London life and history. We strongly advise every one who wishes to know something about our metropolitan city to get this delightful book. It will please fathers as much as children. We ought to add that it is full of good pictures.

Bygone Scotland. Historical and Social. By DAVID MAXWELL, C.E. Hull: W. Andrews & Co. 1894. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Maxwell traces the history of Scotland from the days of the Roman Conquest of Britain down to the Rebellion of 1745, in a series of compact chapters. Those which deal with Old Edinburgh and Old Aberdeen, with Offences and their Punishment in the Sixteenth Century, with Holy Wells and Marriage Customs, are specially good, and will certainly whet the appetite for fuller information on these tempting subjects. The Kirk-Session of Aberdeen instructed "the baillie with two of the sessioun" to go through the streets every Sunday and note those who were absent from sermon. They had liberty to search any houses, and were ordered in summer-time to take special notice of the ferry-boat that they might keep record of those who went to Downie. No disputation or reasoning as to the Scripture was permitted at dinner or supper or open table, lest it should cause eager contention and debate. The story of the Covenanters is well told, especially the touching story of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, who was so brutally murdered by Claverhouse. The volume has some good illustrations. It ought to be popular on both sides of the Border.

The Life and Letters of James Renwick, the last Scottish Martyr.
By the Rev. W. H. CARSLAW, M.A., Helensburgh.
Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1893.
2s. 6d.

No complete or reliable edition of James Renwick's letters has previously appeared, so that Mr. Carslaw's labour of love will be much appreciated by those who wish to know more of the young minister who was done to death by James II. and his myrmidons. We wish Mr. Carslaw had kept his biographical sketch apart from the letters, instead of mixing it up among them; but he has taken great pains to give us a complete edition of the letters, and we owe him hearty thanks for a volume which will be dear to all friends of religious liberty in Scotland.

My Schools and Schoolmasters ; or, The Story of my Education.
By HUGH MILLER. Edinburgh : Nimmo, Hay &
Mitchell. 1893. 1s. 6d.

Such a popular edition of *My Schools and Schoolmasters* as this will be a great boon to many. The charm of the book never seems to wear off. It is as entertaining for old people as for children, and seems to brace one's energies afresh for the battle of life. It is crowded with passages that one never forgets, and is in itself quite an education for a young reader.

True Stories of Australian History. By A. PATCHETT MARTIN.
Illustrated. London : Griffith, Farran & Co. 1893.

The salient features of Australasian history are here presented in popular form. The short chapters deal with Dampier the Buccaneer, Captain Cook, the Sailor Governors, the Bushrangers, Maoris, the Rev. Samuel Marsden, Bishop Selwyn, Sir George Grey, Robert Lowe, and other prominent figures of colonial life. The idea is a good one, and it is well worked out in brief, bright sections. The excellent illustrations add much to the interest of a book which forms a capital introduction to the history of Australasia.

BELLES LETTRES.

With the Woodlanders and by the Tide. By A SON OF THE
MARSHES. Edited by J. A. OWEN. London : Blackwood
& Sons. 1893. 6s.

SOME of these papers have already appeared in the magazines, but a large portion of the volume is new. We cannot turn a page without feeling that we are enjoying the company of a man who has given a lifetime to the study of Nature at first hand. He is no stranger to the best works on natural history; but the charm of his work is that it takes us straight out to the moors and woods, and to the Kentish long-shore, which was the home of his boyhood. He says truly enough that "a man may have all the birds that money can get for him in the finest aviaries; he may have the most costly works on the subject, from Audubon and Gould down to Lilford, and yet he may know nothing about the real life of the creatures; for that knowledge can only be got out of doors in their haunts, and to get it is the work of

a lifetime." That is the reason why lovers of Nature are thankful to look on the wonders of country life through "A Son of the Marshes'" eyes. The chapter on "British Game Birds" is one of the best in the book. The description of the wiles and shifts by which the partridge protects the retreat of its young, and the account of the way in which the nests of the great wood-ants are rifled by the keepers to procure their eggs for the partridges are specially worthy of attention. Scarcely inferior in interest to the studies of bird and fish are the pages given to woodlanders, poachers, anglers, and even to the little boy set to shoot the sparrows. The book is full of delights for those who love the green lanes and moors, and wish to know something about the old hedgerows, the fast-disappearing "quakes" or marshes, and the long-shore where fowlers used to pick up a precarious living in the olden times.

All the Year with Nature. By P. ANDERSON GRAHAM. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1893. 5s.

This book deserves a place in the library of every lover of Nature side by side with the works of Richard Jefferies and "A Son of the Marshes." The papers are arranged in four groups corresponding to the four seasons, and are somewhat wider in range than one expects to find in such a volume. "Knapping Flints" introduces us to an industry which many people think extinct, but which still flourishes at Brandon in Suffolk. "Village Heathen" is a somewhat grim study of phases of life that are happily becoming rare indeed. The pages on "Poachers" are very entertaining, while such studies as "A Winter's Tale" supply a little narrative spice to the bright sketches of "Birds-Nesting," "carting the bees," the suggestive little papers about "the hardest labour," and "rabbits." So much loving familiarity with Nature is manifest in this volume that we hope the writer will be encouraged by a quick sale to give us another book.

"The Aldine Edition of the British Poets." 1. *The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick.* Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. In Two Volumes. 5s.—2. *The Poetical Works of Matthew Prior.* A new edition revised, with Memoir. By REGINALD BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

London : George Bell & Sons. 1892. 2s. 6d. each net.

1. This is an entirely new edition of Herrick, who has now, for the first time, won a place in the Aldine Poets. Mr. Saintsbury gives the facts of his uneventful life in the Introduction. Herrick was the son of a London goldsmith who went to Westminster School, and after studying as a fellow-commoner at St. John's College, Cambridge, and Trinity Hall, was appointed Chaplain to the Isle of Rhé expedition in

1627. The same year he was presented to the living of Dean Prior, on the edge of Dartmoor, which he held till his death, save for fifteen years during the Great Rebellion. Mr. Saintsbury says: "A little of Herrick calls for the broom and the dust-pan, but taking him altogether he is one of the English poets who deserve most from lovers of English poetry who have most idiosyncrasy, and with it most charm." His convivial and amatory poems Mr. Saintsbury pronounces "not merely exceptional but even unique." The edition, with its introduction, notes, paper, and get-up, leaves nothing to be desired.

2. Every pains has been taken to turn out a perfect edition of Prior, and the result will be entirely satisfactory to all students of these poems. The basis of the work is the Pickering Edition, prepared by the Rev. John Mitford in 1833, but Mr. Johnson has had much valuable help from Mr. Austin Dobson, the recognised authority on Prior, and has spared no effort to make this new edition thoroughly reliable. In his judicious biography Mr. Johnson faithfully brings out the "careless cynicism and absence of morality," apparent both in Prior's personal attitude and in his poems. "His poetical works generally exhibit a cynical indifference to the serious aspects of life that is not essentially inconsistent with his religious and didactic poems. The latter are characteristic rather of the age than of the man, and are entirely formal in their faith." The neat binding, good type, wide margins, add much to the value of this exhaustive edition. We wish there had been an explanation note on the line (I. 258) "And wound their bottom round the year," which John Wesley, who was a great admirer of Prior's, quotes in one of his sermons.

Poems and Lyrics. By W. J. DAWSON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

The first poem in this series describes *The Soul's Trial*, and is probably intended by Mr. Dawson to set forth his view of the artist's aim and work, perhaps to some extent of his own. The description is a sad one:

"Nor self-approval, nor man's cheerful praise;
Uncomprehending eyes of friend and brother,
Uncomprehended aims and lonely days,
Till all the next infertile toil hath end,
In youth misused and age without a friend."

It is a high ideal, such as it is given to few to maintain, and spite of the proverbial blindness and dulness of critics, there seems no reason for Mr. Dawson to anticipate such a fate. We are all *incompris* in our highest and deepest work. It is well quietly to recognise this, and accept it without whining.

The verse of this volume exhibits an advance upon a previous volume, published, if we remember rightly, some six or seven years ago. It is the work of a man of culture, thought, reading, and truly

poetic fancy. The versification is melodious, the choice of subjects varied, and the range of song fairly extensive. The longer poems, such as *A Soul's Awaking*, *An Elegy*, and *Pilate at Vienne*, are marked by care, elaboration, and considerable power. The lyrics are not always successful in striking the single clear note which a lyric demands; but in this respect, *The Bird's Song at Morning* and *A Song of Rebuke* deserve favourable mention, while *Fair Rosamond* exhibits similar power, under somewhat different conditions. Traces of the influence of other poets, as might be expected, are found; and not only of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, to whom, in *The Soul's Awaking*, there is special reference. But there is no plagiarism, nor is Mr. Dawson's voice a mere echo of any other.

There is so much to charm the fancy, and so much evidence of culture, thought, and taste in these *Poems and Lyrics*, that we wish we could add we had found in them that unmistakable *soaring* power which marks the true bard. Here and there the poet rises lightly and swiftly beyond the clouds; for the most part, he sings gracefully and pleasantly within sight of earth. But the artist's soul is manifest throughout the volume, and the artist's reward will not be lacking.

MESSRS. BLACKIE'S STORY BOOKS.

1. *St. Bartholomew's Eve*: A Tale of the Huguenot Wars. By G. A. HENTY. 6s.
2. *A Jacobite Exile*: being the Adventures of a Young Englishman in the service of Charles XII. of Sweden. By G. A. HENTY. 5s.
3. *Westward with Columbus*. By GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M. 5s.
4. *The Clever Miss Follett*. By J. K. H. DENNY. 6s.
5. *A Fair Claimant*. By FRANCES ARMSTRONG. 5s.
6. *A Champion of the Faith*. A tale of Prince Hal and the Lollards. By J. M. CALLWELL. 4s.

London: Messrs. Blackie & Sons. 1893.

(1) Mr. Henty generally manages not only to entertain but instruct his young clients, and he has succeeded admirably in his two new books. The Huguenot Wars and Massacre of St. Bartholomew form a stirring theme, and Philip Fletcher is just the hero to win a boy's heart. His father is a farmer at Canterbury who marries a French refugee of noble birth. Their son is full of resource and courage, a wonderful swordsman and altogether a plucky lad who deserves the gifts which fortune lavishes upon him. The history of the war and

of the persecutions of the Huguenots is told with great spirit and the interest never flags. (2) *A Jacobite Exile* introduces us to the days of William III. where two English gentlemen are wrongfully accused of plotting against that monarch's life and have to flee to the Continent. Their sons enter the army of Charles XII. and Charlie Carstairs has some wonderful adventures. He sets fire to a tree in which he and his friend took refuge to escape from the wolves, and has many exciting experiences in Russia. At last he and his friend unravel the plot against their fathers and all ends well. Love plays a small part in these books, especially the last; we are fed freely on hairbreadth escapes, fighting and adventure. In *Westward with Columbus* (3) Dr. Stables tells the story of the discovery of the New World with great spirit and with the details that give life and colour to that famous voyage. His book will be greatly prized by boys. *The Clever Miss Follett* (4) introduces us to a bank manager's family suddenly raised to affluence, and after a brief experience of wealth displaced by a claimant nearer of kin than themselves. It is a story which girls will delight in, full of capital lessons too. *A Fair Claimant* (5) opens in a minor key with a beautiful wife flying from a drunken husband, but we are compensated when the governess, who proves to be the heiress, appears on the scene. The story is a great success—one of the best tales for girls that we have seen for some time. Mr. Callwell's *Champion of the Faith* (6) will not be less enjoyed than Mr. Henty's books. Sir John Oldcastle's pathetic story and the history of his brave young squire will make every boy enjoy this lively story.

The Last Day of the Carnival. By J. KOSTROMITTEN. Translated from the Russian. London : T. F. Unwin. 6s.

This work, we are informed, is to be the first of a series in which the writer intends to give, in a literary form, an important account of present social and political life in Russia. As such, it may claim and perhaps obtain an amount of attention which its mere "literary form" could not have secured for it. As to style or plan or plot there is little to be said in its favour. There is no trace in it of genius or of imagination, unless it be in the way of burlesque. Nor does it, like the striking novel, *Aut Cæsar aut nihil*, published some years ago, introduce the reader to any public characters or modern history. The scene is laid in a provincial town not very far away, it would seem, from Moscow, and the time is the last day of the Carnival. The scenes described are dingy, sordid, and every way miserable. The story relates the history of the last wild day of Carnival in this miserable town, introducing persons of all classes and conditions from the governor downwards, all of whom seem to be more or less disreputable. The scenes and adventures of the day are full of confusion, bad manners, and bad morals. It gives but an opening show of scenes in provincial life; there is really no story, nothing like a conclusion. There

is, however, probably a good deal of truth at the bottom of this dreary extravaganza and burlesque.

T. Fisher Unwin has taken in hand to introduce to the English world of readers a number of Continental books. *The Pope's Mule, and Other Stories from Daudet* is a selection of stories, all of which are very short indeed, and of which a considerable proportion are very childish. As child's stories, these are graceful and amusing; they are pleasant, but hardly any of them at all humorous, fables. Others are stories relating to the Franco-German War. In the preface, they are spoken of as "incidents," but whether they are all, or many of them, mere matter-of-fact, may be reasonably doubted; several of them are very liable to the suspicion of being more or less, and perhaps more rather than less, legendary. But all of them are gracefully and touchingly told, and the whole are admirably translated. Two other books, one of them translated from Italian, come to us from the same publisher, in paper covers, as part of the Pseudonym Library. Neither of these commends itself to our admiration. The tales from Sicily, as might perhaps be anticipated, are not adopted to a wholesome English taste—the general title of this volume is *Cavalleria Rusticana*. *The Sinner's Comedy*, of which the author's pseudonym is John Oliver Hobbes, is a cleverly written story, a sort of novel, but, though it is published as "fourth edition," we cannot regard it as a "thing of beauty," or a "joy," or as likely to endure "for ever," in any sense, however modified, of that phrase.

Olive Schreiner's *Dream Life and Real Life* contains three powerful studies, painful but vividly realistic. "The Woman's Rose" is very tender; and the last tale, with its story of a great sacrifice made in vain, is intensely pathetic; every word and phrase heightens the effect. "The Home of the Dragon" is "a Tonquinese idyll" in seven chapters. All are fresh and instructive, lighted up with Tonquin sunshine and colour. The stories seem to carry us far away from our cold grey winter to the brilliant East. The introduction is a good feature, and the book as a whole is one of the best volumes of the Pseudonyms.

There is variety enough in *The Passag of a Mood*. A girl's empty life, so empty that she resolves to end it, supplies a title to the collection of tales. The desperate mood passes as she catches a glimpse of her beautiful hand in the mirror and a dream of love enters her breast. This, and many of the other tales, have a distinctly unpleasant flavour. We move on the shady side of life, and sometimes feel only too thankful to escape from our company. "Cross Purposes" with the father, who is absorbed by politics, and the son, who is a passionate admirer of Balzac, is one of the best studies. Each tries to interest the other in his own pet subject, but as the curtain falls the son is "deep in his book, the father busy with his newspaper." "At Last," a pleasant little love scene, should not be overlooked; but the sketches are scrappy with all their cleverness, and the company is disreputable.

A Book of Strange Sins. By COULSON KERNAHAN. London : Ward, Lock & Bowden. 1893. 3s. 6d.

We are sorry to say that, to our thinking, this is a loathsome book. The first paper, on *The Lonely God*, describes a man who feared death because of its loneliness, brought in a dream to look into the eyes of God in which he saw eternity lie. "God is loneliness and loneliness is God." The paper has no connection with the rest of the book, and is altogether repellent. *A Strange Sin*, committed by a man who had spent his after life in making atonement, is a harrowing tale of self-condemnation ; "the Apple of Sin" is a repulsive story of an adulterer's heartlessness and misery ; whilst the suicide and the victim of drink are simply horrible. The last paper, *A Lost Soul*, though slight, is the only redeeming feature in a morbid book which ought never to have seen the light. Mr. Kernahan cannot escape condemnation by the plea in his preface : "Whatever there is that is sensational or morbid in this volume, is, as far as I am concerned, merely a matter of detail and background."

Swirlborough Manor. By SARAH SELINA HAMER. Edinburgh : Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1893. 2s.

Paul Hasling, grandson of the toll collector at Swirlborough, is the hero of this capital story. His steady industry and sterling character find their foil in Squire Cleve's son, who brings his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. The squire's youngest daughter has a hard struggle to care for a mother and a sister whose mind had given way through the sudden death of her lover, but she bears up bravely under her heavy load and finds ample compensation in the love of Paul Hasling. How he becomes Rector of Swirlborough, and Esther Cleve becomes lady of the Manor, we must leave Miss Hamer to tell. She has given us a delightful tale which will do all its readers good.

The Cornhill Magazine. New Series. Vol. XXI. July to December. 1893. London : Smith, Elder & Co.

"With Edged Tools" is one of the freshest and most vigorous serials that we have seen in *Cornhill* for a long time. John Meredith and his old father, Jocelyn Gordon, and Guy Oscar, are finely drawn characters, and the interest of the story is well kept up. The reminiscences of "The Master of Balliol" are tender and racy ; the series of "Character Notes" are specially good though sometimes rather sad. "What Men call Instinct" is a wonderful story of a sheep dog that had taken to worry sheep. Some of the short papers in *Cornhill* are first-rate.

Household Words for 1893. Edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

The short paragraphs, useful hints, and odds and ends in *Household Words* give it great variety of interest. No other periodical can come near it in this department. The stories are often bright and pleasing, but sometimes we come across one that we wish had not been printed. "Shadowed by Silence"—the story of a doctor who, in his college days, killed a rival in a fit of passion, and whose daughter gave chloroform to the man who threatened to disclose the secret of her father's crime unless she married him—is appalling. The manifest power of the story only makes us revolt the more against its *dénouement*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Church and Social Problems. By A. SCOTT MATHESON, author of *The Gospel and Modern Substitutes*. Edinburgh and London : Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1893.

ONLY the first chapter of this interesting book answers to its title. The duty of the Church with respect to social problems is, not to ignore them, for that would be foolish, nor to run away from them, for that would be cowardly, nor to handle them rashly, for that would be fanatical, but to study them thoroughly and thus act the part of wise men. It might hardly have seemed necessary to write a book to tell us that; but probably the various chapters in it have done duty as lectures or sermons to popular audiences, and in their printed form they may be of service to those who are beginning to take an interest in the subjects discussed. The author is evidently anxious to be impartial and fair, and has taken the trouble to read extensively and to think carefully on the various questions passed in review, such as the Land Question, the Labour Question, the Drink Question, &c. ; but the topics treated are far too numerous for adequate, to say nothing of exhaustive discussion, and on the most critical and important economic questions the author's views are neither clear nor firmly held. As a popular deliverance of the soberer and more thoughtful kind the book may be commended. It is immature and amateurish ; but it gives ample evidence of the author's power to think as well as feel for the straggling masses round him, and, with time to think more thoroughly, and with all the facts before him, he is capable of rendering a signal and much needed service to the Churches in their endeavours to understand the problems that are pressing for solution and to contribute their share to the social educa-

tion and advancement of the people. Mr. Matheson is at his best in stating the questions calling for consideration, and much information, gathered from recent and generally reliable sources, may be found in his pages on the problem of Poverty, Better Housing, Sweating, Child Life and Rescue, Woman's Place and Influence, the Co-operative Movement. Very interesting chapters will also be found on Political Economy, Old and New; on Commonwealth, Ideal and Actual; and last, and most striking of all, on The City of God. The gist of the book is contained in the following paragraph: "We are not all agreed as to how the dignity and due rewards of labour can be secured, but we are all agreed that the problems connected therewith should be generously solved, and that they will be thus solved as we realise the truth, no less scientific than Christian, that we are members one of another. The idea of organism, every part for the whole, and the whole for every part, affords a key to many of our enigmas, and pervades the simple and sublime morality of Jesus Christ; but we have let it fall too much in abeyance. Happily it is the most resplendent idea at work in the economic transition of our time."

An Introduction to the Study of Political Economy. By LUIGI COSSA, Professor in the Royal University of Pavia. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893. 8s. 6d. net.

This is the very ideal of an Introduction. It tells you exactly what you want to know and everything you can possibly need to know about the methods and the materials of the study on which you are about to enter; and it tells it to you in the clearest, fullest, and yet briefest way. Part of the volume deals with the theory and part with the history of Political Economy. The treatment is descriptive and discriminative. M. Cossa has his own views. He is a disciple, and, for the most part, a follower of Roscher, but his book is the fruit of independent study and research. It is written from the point of view of an enlightened and progressive orthodoxy; but every school and every phase of political economy is fully and fairly described, and every question in dispute is impartially stated and discussed. Two copious indices and a running bibliography add greatly to the value of this admirable and invaluable guide. It should perhaps be added that this edition has been revised and enlarged by the author, and has been beautifully translated by Mr. Dyer, of Balliol. The work was originally translated into English at the suggestion of the late Professor Jevons, and the work of revision has had the valuable assistance of Mr. James Bonar, the eminent economist. It will no doubt become the standard Introduction in the schools and colleges of England and America. We know of none to be compared with it for soundness of judgment, for completeness of information, and for impartiality and thoroughness of treatment.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Social Life among the Assyrians and Babylonians.* By A. H. SAYCE, LL.D.
2. *By-Paths of Bible Knowledge. XIX. The Early Spread of Religious Ideas, especially in the Far East.* By JOSEPH EDKINS, B.A., D.D., Shanghai, China. 1893. 3s.
3. *Forty-two Years Amongst the Indians and Eskimo.* Pictures from the Life of the Right Reverend John Horden, first Bishop of Moosonee. By BEATRICE BATTY. 2s. 6d.
4. *The Log of a Sky-Pilot, or Work and Adventure Around the Goodwin Sands.* By the Rev. THOMAS STANLEY TREANOR, M.A. 3s. 6d.
5. *The Brahman's Plot, or the Story of Two Friends.* A Tale of Life in India. By the Rev. W. J. WILKINS.
6. *Life on the Congo.* By the Rev. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY, of the Baptist Mission. New Edition, revised.
7. *Echoes from the Undying Word.* By the Rev. FREDERICK HARPER, M.A.
8. *Which Way? or The Old Faith and the New.* By the late Miss E. J. WHATELY.
9. *Did a Hen or an Egg Exist First, or My Talks with a Sceptic.* By JACOB HORNER. Edited by JAMES CROMPTON. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 1s. 6d.
10. *This is What I Want, and Other Tracts.* With Fifty-three Illustrations.

London : Religious Tract Society, 1893.

1. This volume is published by the Religious Tract Society as one of the series entitled "Bypaths of Bible Knowledge." It is a truly charming volume. The reader, as he goes through the pages, finds himself becoming familiar with the character and daily life of the Assyrians, Babylonians, and Chaldeans. Who and what these races were, how the people lived, their education, their marriage and death, the market and the money-lenders and the tenant, the agricultural labourer, and slavery as it existed among these races; trades and professions, the religion of the people—all these subjects are clearly and interestingly dealt with. It is evident that Dr. Sayce knows a great deal more about the Assyrians and Babylonians than many English people know

about the French and Germans ; and those who read this small book will find their knowledge wonderfully enlarged and very distinctly defined. We may quote one page from a book which we hope all our readers will make their own, its price bringing it within every reader's reach :

" As in Egypt, so in Babylonia, if not in Assyria, a knowledge of reading and writing was widely spread. Books were multiplied, and there were plenty of readers to study them. So far from being illiterate, the intelligent civilised East was almost as full of literary activity as is the world of to-day. The so-called critical judgments that have been passed upon it, begotten of ignorance and prejudice, must be revised in the light of the fuller knowledge which we now possess.

" The Israelites in Canaan were surrounded by nations who were in the enjoyment of ancient cultures and abundant stores of books. There is every reason for believing that the Israelites also shared in the culture of their neighbours and the literary activity it implied. We now know that Egyptians and Babylonians wrote and read, not only in the time of David and Solomon, but ages before ; why should not the Hebrews also have done the same ? If the historical authority of the Old Testament Scriptures is to be overthrown, it must be other arguments than the unwarranted assumption that letters were unknown in the epoch which they claim to record."

2. Dr. Edkins, who has spent forty-five years in the East, delivered a series of lectures at the Indian Institute, Oxford, and other places, which have here taken book form. He sets himself to prove that in the ages before Abraham there was a revelation, and that this is recoverable. The chief points in primeval religious teaching in Babylonia, China, Persia, and among the Karens of Burma are brought out. There is a wealth of information on the subject in ancient Oriental literature, and Dr. Edkins holds that the monotheism of China and Persia is a survival of the revelation made to Enoch, Noah and other patriarchs. " It was given to both these countries to preserve the immemorial tradition of burnt sacrifices, of the duty of prayer, of a divinely taught moral law, and of the doctrine of a future life." He holds that the investigation of Eastern religions appears to show that Genesis is historical, and is our best guide in seeking to know the origin of religious ideas. The working out of this theme is profoundly interesting. We are convinced that Dr. Edkins is on the right track, and that his vein of study will repay careful working.

3. The story of Bishop Horden's work among the Indians and Eskimo around Hudson's Bay brings home to a reader the true heroism of such a life. The Bishop spent forty-two years among his loving people, and died at his post last January. The book is not so fascinating as Egerton R. Young's *Canoe and Dog Train*, but a more unaffected and impressive chronicle of missionary labour we have not met. The terrible tragedies of Indian life, when starvation claims its victims ; the exciting incidents of travel on river and by dog train ; the touching eagerness of the people to hear the Gospel, and the

quaint sketches of Indian customs ought to make this book a general favourite. Amid his incessant labours the Bishop taught himself Hebrew, and read the Hebrew Bible through carefully and grammatically. Such a man's name deserves to be held in lasting honour. The book is very well illustrated.

4. Mr. Treanor has been for fifteen years chaplain in the Downs for the Seamen's Mission, and has spent two hundred or two hundred and fifty days afloat every year, holding services on vessels, supplying men with books and periodicals, and doing a work which has borne blessed fruit in many lands. He has a fund of good stories, and knows how to tell them. Such a book gives thrilling illustration of the perils of a sailor's life, and ought to plead powerfully for the Society of which Mr. Treanor is a chaplain. The pages given to lightships are thoroughly interesting. The sailors' name for a chaplain-sky-pilot—is certainly well applied in this case. The illustrations are effective, and the book ought to be very popular among young people as well as their seniors.

5. *The Brahman's Plot* is the story of two friends who go out to India together. One of them gets astray by gambling and drink, but is at last reclaimed through the influence of his noble wife; the other becomes the object of a Brahman's hatred through his unwavering rectitude, and runs great risk of his life. The story gives many glimpses of life in India, and has a thoroughly healthy tone, but it is rather prosy at times.

6. *Life on the Congo* is a capital little record of discovery and mission work, of which we are glad to see a third edition. A new chapter has been added, bringing the history down to the present time. The disastrous blunders of Bishop Taylor's self-supporting mission chronicled here should prove a wholesome warning against fanaticism.

7. Dr. Harper's *Echoes from the Undying Word* is a useful little set of sermons. They have no special point or brilliancy of style, but they are straightforward and helpful talks on great themes.

8. Miss Whately died before her book appeared, so that she had not the opportunity of giving it some finishing touches, but this was of less consequence, as the papers had already been printed in a local magazine. She shows in a very lucid manner the fundamental difference between Romanists and Protestants, and effectually disposes of the claims of Rome to supremacy. In another chapter she points out that the Apostles know nothing of an infallible Church. He who preaches the doctrines that Christ and His Apostles preached is the true successor of the Apostles. "A wise and faithful teacher will seek no other succession, and heed no other!" Every point in the discussion is clearly stated, and the result is a cogent, temperate, scriptural little volume, which ought to be widely circulated. We ought to add that the discussion is made thoroughly interesting.

9. We are glad to see that another edition of Mr. Horner's useful little work has been called for. It would not be easy to find any

book so concise, so bright, or so likely to open the eyes of a thoughtful sceptic.

10. This volume of tracts shows what good work the Religious Tract Society turns out. They have secured the services of some well-known experts in this department of Christian work, and have given us a set of bright, homely, forcible, and practical tracts, which cannot fail to arrest attention and leave a blessing behind them.

Essays, Addresses, and Lyrical Translations. By the late THOMAS CAMPBELL FINLAYSON, D.D. With Biographical Sketch by A. S. WILKINS, LL.D., Litt.D. London : Macmillan & Co. 1893. 7s. 6d.

Dr. Finlayson had a brilliant course in the University of Glasgow, which seemed likely to open his way to high distinction in Scotch Presbyterianism ; but his revolt against the rigid doctrine of election compelled him to seek another spiritual home. Many friends advised him to enter the Church of England, but his strong feeling against an establishment closed this door. He became a Congregational minister, first at Cambridge, and then at Rusholme in Manchester. His intellectual force and his noble character won him profound esteem in his own circle. His congregation only numbered three to four hundred, but among them he was loved and honoured as few men can hope to be. His great shrinking from publicity stood in the way of anything like popularity. It was found after his death that he had long been suffering from a lesion of the spinal cord, which accounted for symptoms which had long baffled his friends and medical advisers. The papers gathered together in this volume introduce us to a clear and cultivated thinker—a man who always has something to say to the point, and says it in a way to command the attention of thoughtful men. The lyrical translations from Heine and Goethe are the work of one who, if not a poet, has much true poetic feeling. The lecture on *In Memoriam* is suggestive ; the essays on the “ Use of the Imagination ” are worthy of careful study ; whilst the brief studies of Browning’s “ Pippa Passes,” of Vashti’s refusal to appear before Ahasuerus, and the discussions of Stoicism, Meekness, and Sentimentalism show both sound judgment and true literary skill. These papers are not of the sort that win wide popularity, but they are the ripe fruit of a Christian thinker’s study and meditation.

Our Household Insects. An Account of the Insect-pests found in Dwelling-houses. By EDWARD A. BUTLER, B.A., B.Sc. (Lond.) London : Longmans & Co. 1893. 6s.

Mr. Butler’s chapters originally appeared as a series of papers in *Knowledge*, and they are both popular and scientific. He aims to show that every one has ready to hand abundant material “ for the

practical study of that most fascinating branch of natural history, entomology." The descriptions of form and structure are not laden with forbidding technicalities, so that a novice will find the chapters pleasant reading. The volume opens brightly with a reference to the hosts of insects which accompany man in his migrations, linking their fortunes with his, that they may gain improved means of subsistence, and often causing him infinite annoyance, yet rendering him "considerable, though generally unrecognised and unappreciated services." Their chief function seems to be to keep superabundant vegetation in check, and remove effete and waste matter. A clear account is given of the marks which distinguish insects from other classes of the animal kingdom. Then we are introduced to the wood-boring beetles which often commit great depredation in the woodwork of houses, and in articles of furniture. The ticking of the death-watch, which has been a fertile source of superstitious fear, is probably a love-call. Club-horn beetles, ants, wasps, moths, flies, fleas, and a host of other insects are described in these chapters. The plates and wood-cuts add greatly to the interest of a book which may be confidently commended as one of the best introductions we have to the study of entomology. Mr. Butler introduces us to a world of wonders, and he does it in a fashion that makes us eager to follow him. The description of the way in which gnats and mosquitoes lay their eggs will serve as a specimen of the style of this book. The female rests with her first pair of legs on some floating stick or leaf, its second pair of legs gently touch the water, whilst the third project over its surface. "Crossing these like an X, she allows an egg to pass into the angle where they meet; this is soon followed by another and another, their moist and glutinous surfaces causing them to adhere to one another with the long axis nearly perpendicular. In this way a collection of some two or three hundred is built up into the form of a tiny raft, concave above—a sort of miniature lifeboat, so constructed that no capsizing can take place." The mother's duties are now over. The little craft drifts away for its two or three days' voyage. The eggs are placed upside down in the water so that when the lower end of the shell is forced off, "the newly hatched grub finds itself at once in position to take a header into the watery world in which it has to pick up its living."

From Messrs. Blackie we have received a useful and attractive set of literary school-books—that is, "of literary works edited in a literary spirit," and *not* "as pegs upon which to hang philological notes." All teachers will at once recognise the distinction, and hail an attempt to carry it out in cheap and excellent books for pupils and teachers. The series which leads in the sample sent to us is *The Warwick Shakespeare*, the three dramas published being "Richard the Second," "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar," the price of the first being eighteenpence, of the other two a shilling. The work has been very carefully done, with the literary requirements of young students always in view, and the books will, we believe, be generally welcomed as meeting a widely felt

want. Five other plays are in hand, and more will follow. The same publishers also send us two numbers of their *Junior School Shakespeare*, "Coriolanus" and "King Henry V.," intended for young pupils just beginning to read Shakespeare, the notes being specially adapted for those preparing for the Junior Cambridge Local and similar Examinations. This series of useful text-books for beginners has already taken its rank with teachers and requires no special notice from us. In the same spirit of literary rather than mere philological annotation as that which is exemplified in the *Warwick Shakespeare*, Schiller's *Song of the Bell* with other poems, some French Stories by Marguerite Ninet, and Scott's *Lay*, are published by the same firm; and also an easy and interesting selection of Latin Stories by A. D. Godley. Messrs Blackie have also brought out *A Summary of British History* by the Rev. Edgar Sanderson. These volumes are all exceedingly cheap, some as low as eightpence bound.

Dictionary of Quotations from Ancient and Modern, English and Foreign Sources, including Phrases, Mottoes, Maxims, Proverbs, Definitions, Aphorisms, and Sayings of Wise Men, in their bearing on Life, Literature, Speculation, Science, Art, Religion, and Morals, especially in the Modern Aspects of them. Selected and compiled by the Rev. JAMES WOOD, Editor of Nuttall's Standard Dictionary. London: F. Warne & Co. 1893. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Wood undertook this work because he felt that, notwithstanding the many excellent compilations of the kind already in existence there was room for another that should glean its materials from a wider area, and have more respect to the speculative and practical needs of the day. Sayings from ancient and modern writers that seem to bear on these questions have been carefully sought out. The arrangement is alphabetical, but there is a copious index, which will assist those who want to find all that bears on a special subject. "Art," "Beauty," "Christianity," and similar topics are not indexed, because they lie together in the volume. The names of authors are given without reference to the special work from which an extract is made, except in the case of Shakespeare. Mottoes and proverbs, with rare exceptions, are not dealt with, as their insertion would have made the book cumbersome. As it is we have six hundred and fifty closely printed pages with double columns. No one will be surprised to learn that Mr. Wood has spent three years on the work. The compiler of such a book is a public benefactor. We wish that Mr. Wood had found it possible in every case to give the place where a quotation was to be met in a writer's works, but the practical difficulties would have been serious. Wherever one opens these pages there is a wealth of sugges-

tive thought, brightly put, which makes them pleasant to turn over. The gems about woman fill three capital columns. Lord Lyttleton is responsible for "Women, like princes, find few real friends." Madame Necker tells us "Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust." Ruskin says, "Woman's function is a guiding, not a determining one." It is significant that one-third of the aphorisms on work are culled from Carlyle. "Work is for the living;" "work alone is noble;" "work is the cure for all the maladies and miseries of man—honest work, which you intend getting done." The *Dictionary of Quotations* is published for seven shillings and sixpence. Any one who is wise enough to buy it will soon be repaid tenfold. It will give interest to a man's reading, and will no doubt set many who refer to it at work to search out the quotations for themselves.

From Messrs. Isbister & Co. we have received the volumes of *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine* for 1893. We cannot profess high admiration for the leading work of fiction in either volume. It is probable that our taste in this respect differs from that of a large proportion of the readers of these volumes. Of most of the other contributions, however, we can speak highly. The illustrations, as usual, are excellent. The monthly summary of religious intelligence in the magazine is generally interesting and in good tone. The papers for children are very good. Science is well represented in *Good Words*, and excellent Christian teaching is not wanting.

We have received from *Home Words* Publishing Office a set of their annual volumes which provide much healthy food for many readers. *The Fireside* is full of good things. Agnes Giberne writes the chief serial story, and Mr. Bullock has secured the help of many well-known writers who have enabled him to provide a great variety of entertaining and instructive reading. We have never seen a better volume of *The Fireside*. It is profusely illustrated, and is very attractively got up. *Home Words* and *The Day of Days* provide equally well for another class of readers. They are full of readable stuff served up in an enticing style. *Good Will to Men*, the Christmas number of *The Fireside*, has some excellent stories and short papers.

Earl Grey on Reciprocity and Civil Service Reform. With Comments by General N. M. TRUMBULL. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1893.

General Trumbull thinks that now the Presidential election is past, the burning question of the hour may be examined "without appearing to support the candidates of either party." The pamphlet brings out the startling fact that "to many of our American statesmen nothing ever is in politics but the offices; and all reforms that put the offices in peril must be diligently let alone." English politicians will find it hard to understand the want of consistency and the shameless grasping after office exposed in these pages.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (September 1.)—M. Bazin's third paper on "The Italians of To-day" deals with the Southern provinces. He says the horses at Naples are very numerous, very rapid, and are kept at small expense. For a family that wishes to maintain its rank a carriage is a prime necessity. They will economise in their table, never receive friends to dinner, and content themselves with the most meagre fare, but they must have their equipage at five o'clock on the Via Caracciolo. The carriage with two horses and a coachman can be hired for three hundred francs a month. The second luxury required by custom is a box at San Carlo, where there is a play three times a week. M. Bazin's neighbour the Baron was said to be somewhat embarrassed in circumstances, but he had his horses and his box. He kept sixteen servants. Only two of these lived in the palace—the concierge and his wife—the rest came in for the day. The Baroness, who was a fashionable lady, rose late, and about half-past eleven went out for her constitutional under the trees at the edge of the sea. She had very lively eyes and the most delicious paleness. Her two daughters, less pretty than herself, generally accompanied her. Her husband never went with her. About one o'clock the family, including a son who had already taken his degree and entered on a lazy life, met for lunch, which consisted of macaroni on tomatoes and cold meat, served from the sideboard. Then came the siesta. The carriage was waiting at five. M. Bazin does not know whether the dinner was more substantial than the lunch. The family then spent the evening at the theatre or in society, and only returned home after midnight. The Baron's estates were near Vesuvius, in a region where the ground produces five crops per year. Yet though labour costs next to nothing, the farmer never seems to get rich and does not pay his landlord. A friend of the writer's said that though he had lived in Naples for thirty years he could not understand this. Naples is the most uniformly pleasant city in Italy. All the world mixes together, lives a little out of doors, and respect for rank is considerably discounted. M. Bazin was fortunate enough to see the low parts of the city, where even the police are afraid to venture, under the wing of the Cavalier Antonio d'Auria, provincial counsellor. There was a little party who entered the place two by two, because the passage was narrow and frightfully dirty. It was a lamentable spectacle of misery and suffering for those who had regarded Naples as a joyous city, where people were content to live in the sun. The counsellor was eagerly recognised, and his help solicited by people in distress. It was pitiful sight indeed. The articles ought to be studied by all who wish to understand the Italy of to-day.

(September 15.)—The paper on "The Foreign Reviews," by M. Wyzewa, is a new feature of *Des Deux Mondes*. In dealing with English reviews, he says that our nation has one quality which he has often envied as the sign of perfect moral and physical health. That is our optimism, our natural tendency to be content with ourselves and our country. Differing in that from France and most of the peoples of Europe, we have no need to make any effort to believe ourselves superior to the rest of mankind; by a happy privilege we are born contented, and carry through life the tranquil assurance of being infallibly right. Our critic says this great and precious virtue beams from our eyes and gives to our words an air of assurance and authority. It enables us to feel at home everywhere, and leads us to judge and classify at our own sweet will the French poets and novelists without troubling to ask what their own countrymen think of their writing. The French admiration for Racine and Lamartine appears to us a new proof of the inferiority of their race. There is a good deal more of this not unpleasant banter. Some reference is made to our opposition to the Channel Tunnel scheme, based not on any fear of a military invasion, but a dread of an invasion of Continental manners and

ideas which would turn London into a Paris, Berlin, or Brussels. We take, according to M. Wyzewa, as much pains to keep ourselves free from foreign influences as Russia or China, though with more address, as witness our schools, our electoral system, our parliament, our law courts. But our critic thinks that a change is coming, and refers, in support of this, to Mr. Charles Pearson's "National Life and Character." Mr. Pearson, he says, regards England as the leader of the world's civilisation, but arrives at conclusions which are not a little discouraging—conclusions which are sustained by Mr. Frederic Harrison in the *Forum*. Extended quotations are given to back the writer's theories. M. Monchoisy's paper on "The French Antilles in 1893," complains that the new colonies, such as Tonquin and the Soudan, have absorbed attention to the neglect of the older settlements. But Guadaloupe and Martinique, both from the interests they represent and the traditions they preserve, by their political and social condition, their agriculture, industry, and commerce, as well as by the rôle which they may some day have to play in the national defence, claim attention and raise topics of great importance. The beauty of those wonderful islands, like nests of verdure rising from the sea, is dwelt on. The finances are involved, and the sugar industry needs to be freed from local burdens if it is to develop. The women take an active part in politics, and a candidate needs to have them on his side. Those brown women, feverishly energetic and impassioned, give popularity to a cause or take it away. They chant their weird creole songs, improvised from day to day, and keep gay festival when their candidate has won the victory. The people are lively, active, and capable of the courage and perseverance which triumph over all difficulties. These colonies, though old, are always young. The tariff needs to be reconsidered, and coffee and cocoa set free from some burdens, but the writer thinks there is a bright future for the French Antilles.

(October 1.)—M. du Bled deals with the industries of Franche-Comté in his third paper on that province. The country has no glaciers, or eternal snow, or giant mountain peaks, but glorious memories charm at every turn the mind of the tourist who makes the six hours' journey from Paris. There are old cities, villages coquettishly scattered on the hillsides or dotted about on the plain. Deep valleys, lakes and cascades, meadows and forests, form a varied adorning with a thousand special beauties in a symphony of grace and colour. The highest mountain is not more than 1700 metres, the largest lake only 350 hectares, its principal rivers are only streams by the side of some of the great waterways of Europe. But Nature has surrounded them with so many charms that any term of admiration is due to them, the word sublime alone excepted. Many Parisians have visited Constantinople, Ceylon, and Japan, who know nothing about Sainte Chapelle or the Gallery of Cluny. But Franche-Comté is not unknown to painters, artists, and novelists, of whom a great host go there to gather fresh inspiration for their work. Besançon and its surroundings have special charm. The forts, the panorama from the citadel which Cesar has described with perfect accuracy, the churches, hospitals, lycéums, and the great library which contains 130,000 volumes, 1200 printed in the fifteenth century, and 1850 precious MSS., as well as the cabinet of coins with 10,000 specimens, the Roman bridge of Battant, the house where Victor Hugo was born, the statue of Jouffroy la Pompe, all have a charming originality of their own. Amid these things as in a magic mirror the imagination calls up the visions of love and battle, the hundred generations who have followed each other in that lovely region from Gallic and Roman times down to the present day. The manufacture of clocks and watches is one of the great industries of the district. In 1891, 119,003 gold watches and 303,619 silver were turned out.

(October 15.)—M. Jordan gives us a good sketch of M. Ubaldino Peruzzi, an Italian statesman who died at his villa near Florence in September 1891. He was head of the provisional Tuscan Government in 1859, their ambassador to France, and one of the chief movers in the union between Tuscany and Piedmont. He was twice Minister, thirty years a deputy, and ten years syndic of Florence. Born in that city in 1822, of an old aristocratic house which

Dante refers to in his *Paradise*, Peruzzi early entered on public life. Cavour was glad to secure his help in his great scheme for the unification of Italy, and in 1862 he became Minister for the Interior. He pushed forward the construction of the Adriatic Railway, and took vigorous steps to suppress brigandage in the ancient kingdom of Naples. Florence always had the chief place in his heart, and though he kept his seat in the Italian parliament till 1890, his strength was devoted largely to the affairs of his native city. The article is a useful contribution to the modern history of Italy. M. de Wyzewa, in an account of Russian reviews, refers to an article which appeared in the *Rouskoe Obozrenie* last September. It was written by a peasant to defend his brethren from the charge of being careless as to instruction. He says it is true that Russian peasants refuse to read the books written for them, editions of the classics, manuals, and the parables of Tolstoi. But they read the books which were read in Russia before the days of Peter the Great—among which the Psalms and Gospels hold the first place. Books of prayers, lives of saints, especially Russian saints, and other religious books, are eagerly read.

(November 1.)—M. Houssay's paper on "Maritime Laboratories" introduces us to the institutions for the study of marine zoology at Naples and Banyul-sur-Mer. The first was founded twenty-five years ago by a young German doctor, Anton Dohrn, after some hard trials. He had pledged his own fortune of 300,000 francs in the work, but further resources were needed, and it was not easy to secure them. Our great embryologist, Francis Balfour, opened his own purse and secured 25,000 francs from English scientists. Berlin was more slow to help, but came to his relief at last. The institution has now established its reputation, and nearly all the countries of Europe have contributed in some measure to its success. The thirty *savans* of various nations who have their homes in this place, make it a kind of little Babel. The French laboratory is younger and smaller, but it is doing excellent work under the direction of M. de Lacaze-Duthiers. It was founded in 1881. M. Doumie's study of "The Work of Guy de Maupassant" leaves a painful impression. Maupassant could only understand love as a physical appetite. He emptied the world of every idea of union of minds, of forgetfulness of self, of disinterestedness and abnegation. For him such things were mere dreams. The image of death is everywhere in his work, casting its shadow on all things, and meeting us at every turn in all its hideousness.

REVUE CHRETIENNE (September).—The sketch of Field-Marshal Ligonier, by M. Rabaud, is the most interesting feature of this number. Ligonier belonged to one of the noble families of Languedoc, and left his native country at the age of eighteen to escape the religious terrorism of Louis XIV. His father had become a Roman Catholic to preserve his property, and the eldest son followed the bad example. But Jean-Louis was not willing to give up his Protestantism, and set out to push his fortunes. He started in September 1698 for Utrecht, where his brother Antony was studying theology. His uncle, Du Ponct, was there with a son who was already lieutenant-colonel of an Irish regiment. Under the pseudonym of Lanauze he managed to correspond with his widowed mother. In 1699 he joined an Irish regiment, and four years later got his company. He served under Marlborough, and soon distinguished himself by his intellectual and moral superiority, his military genius, and his irresistible bravery. His promotion was rapid. He fought at Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Fontenoy, and Culloden. The extracts from his correspondence with his relatives in France show how warmly his heart beat towards them. He took part in twelve battles and twenty-two sieges, married a Wellesley, and was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1770.

(October 1.)—M. Bonzon's valuable little paper on "The Missionaries of Islam in Africa" should not be overlooked. He says that it is not only Christianity which is spreading itself far and wide in Africa. The Mohammedan religion is working more quietly, but it almost seems as though it would cover the Dark Continent. Mahdism reconquered the Soudan for Islam; Uganda is still agitated by the struggles aroused by the Arabs against Protestants and Catholics. Mohammedanism has spread from Egypt to

Morocco, now it is seeking to win the west—Dahomey, Sierra Leone, and on the east, Mozambique and Zanzibar. A mosque was built some years ago on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. The coolies from India are spreading the faith in Southern Africa. The Mussulman missionaries began operations at Timbuctoo nine hundred years ago. The present propaganda is not carried on by an official clergy. The Muftis and Imams are charged with the care of the mosques and the spiritual training of the faithful. They have to keep the converts brought in by the independent clergy, who are really not a clergy at all. Mohammedanism has not any missionary orders. The Arab apostle continues his trade or school whilst he carries on his propaganda. He devotes himself body and soul to his task, but the missionary vocation does not exclude everything else. An interesting account is given of the various Brotherhoods, of which there seem to be a hundred scattered over various parts of Asia and Africa. The most ancient and wealthy is that of Kaderya, founded in the eleventh century at Bagdad. The greatest of the African confraternities is that of Senoussa. Their mode of proceeding varies according to circumstances. The missionary generally opens a school and tries to turn out scholars who shall win great influence in the country. Or he aims to win over the ruler of a settled State. If he finds himself among savages, he persuades them that conversion to his order will render them invulnerable.

(November 1.)—M. Comba's "Letter from Italy" gives a good account of the recent Vaudois Synod. It was preceded by the examination as to matters of faith of six candidates for the ministry. All were approved, including those who had been sent back because of some doubts as to the canon. The voices which protested last year were now silent. M. Comba thinks this was due to the spirit of progress. The door is thus opened to those who distinguish between the canonical dogma, which usurps too much attention, and that of the authority of the Divine Word. The Commission chosen a year ago to consider the revision of the Confession of Faith, was reappointed. It was recognised that a renewed Confession was not necessary, and that a kind of Declaratory Act would not be a bad way of meeting the needs of the hour. There is a happy awakening among the Vaudois churches, and the King of Italy has shown himself well disposed towards them by receiving a deputation from them at Pignerol.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (September 1.)—Signor Chiappelli, whose valuable paper on the Gospel of St. Peter we referred to in our last number, contributes a study of the "Apocalypse of Peter," which he regards as not less noteworthy than the Gospel, though for different reasons. The most ancient testimonies to this writing come from Alexandria and Rome, the great centres of Christendom in those days. A good account is given of its contents, with notes on its chief features. Signor Seirano deals with the Platonism in the poetry of Lorenzo de' Medici. Carducci greatly admired his lyrical poems, and declared that the critics who described him as a mere imitator of Petrarch were quite in error. If one cannot indeed speak of any great originality, it is not a small matter amid the slavish Petrarchism of others in that age, to meet with one who possesses not only some freedom in imitation, but knows from time to time how to step out of the footprints of others and leave beautiful traces of himself. His Platonism is most to be distinguished in the three stages of his artistic development: in the *Altercazione*, where it is very far from having a character too religious and too abstract—it is manifestly the work of an immature poet; in the *Canzionere*, where it is dressed in a form which savours too much of Petrarch; and in the *Selva*, which show how much Lorenzo might have given us of concrete poetry.

(September 15.)—Signor Schiadi's article on "The Jews in Venice and its Colonies" gives a pitiful chronicle of the persecutions they endured during the Middle Ages in Germany and Spain. The Jews of Italy, however, who were gathered in communities of their own in the chief cities or scattered in districts of less importance, enjoyed a certain measure of tranquillity and comparative freedom of action. Their annalists extol Gregory the Great for the toleration granted them under his pontificate. Large numbers of them

lived in Girgenti, Palermo, Cagliari, Lucca, Genoa, Milan. They found a protector also in St. Bernard, who sent a letter to the rulers of Europe in their favour. They had their share, of course, in the troubles caused by the disturbed state of politics, the civil and religious discords of Italy. They were able to take root in the March of Ancona under Alexander III., who elected a Jew as administrator of the taxes, until the time of John XXII., who, having expelled them from his States, afterwards revoked the edict. In general the States and cities of Italy regarded the establishment of Jewish banks as an advantage rather than a loss. The best of the princes were generous in their concessions to such banks. When Florence was suffering from the war with Lucca and the plague which was raging severely, the Jews were introduced to relieve the situation. Towards the end of the fourteenth century Italy began to persecute them like other countries. Benedict XIII., John XIII., Sixtus IV., Nicolas II., are Popes of bitter memory for the Jewish race. The Venetian Republic lavished favours on the Semitic colonies in its territories at various epochs. But in the first constitution of the Republic its founders appear as fervent Christians, flying from the hordes of barbarians. The Venetian lagunes were the refuge of pious believers, founders of churches and monasteries, wholly devoted to the Pope, rigidly virtuous and laborious. Such a territory was not adapted to the Hebrews. Many other facts about the Jews in Italy are given in this interesting paper.

(October 1.)—Paolo Mantegazza says in his paper on "Paraguay" that the immense distance of that country from Europe, with the sanguinary history of its discovery and conquest, the foundation of a true sacred republic where a whole nation was ruled by a handful of Jesuits, exercised a powerful fascination over his mind as a boy. When the dreams of his infancy became a reality and he was able to spend several months in the country, they proved the most adventurous months of his life. It is only three and a half centuries—a single day in the history of the human race—since Pedro de Mendoza sailed from Seville with fourteen ships, 2650 men and seventy horses, to colonise the country which had been discovered by Sebastian Cabot. When provisions failed, Mendoza sent Juan de Ayala to explore the country. He discovered the river Paraguay, and when the peaceful Indians barred the passage the Spanish artillery made havoc in their ranks. The first page of the conquest was thus written in blood. After giving some interesting facts about its early history, Signor Mantegazza describes the country itself. Its climate is semi-tropical with only two distinct seasons—summer and winter. The first begins in October and ends in March. November, December, January and February are the hottest months. The forests are very rich in valuable timber, cotton grows of its own accord. There are no rich deposits of gold, silver or diamonds, but the fertile virgin land which cries out for cultivators, the excellent climate and liberal government, give promise of great prosperity for Paraguay.

(October 15.)—Signor Nallino concludes his study of the constitution of the Arab tribes before the appearance of Mohammedanism by saying that it seems fair to conclude that in the most remote times which we can gain any information about, there was no trace in Arabia of the tribe formed by totemism, or according to the rule of descent in the female line. The somewhat rudimentary conditions of the family in the Arabia of the earliest ages, leave room to presuppose the existence of the female relationship, but the writer thinks that Wilken lays too much stress on the word *Khal*, or maternal uncle. The fact is that there is no word in Arabic to express uncle in general, so that it is necessary to use *khal* or "amm," paternal uncle, as the case may be. Usage has consecrated, according to circumstances, the one word or the other, hence no conclusion can thence be drawn as to the succession in the female line. He thinks that a few scattered hints of Mussulman theologians do not warrant the assertion that systematic polygamy was practised in Central Arabia. A dispassionate study of the facts points to a form of prostitution. A phrase equivalent to "drinker of blood" and a few verses of satirical poetry have led Robertson Smith to conclude that

the Arabs "practised cannibalism at a comparatively recent date." A sociologist of the future might as justly accuse the Italians of cannibalism because they have the expression "manziapreti, manziar uno vivo" in their familiar language, or because Giusti speaks of tyrants "who suck the blood of the poor."

(November 1.)—Pasquale Villari's article, "Where are we Going?" holds the first place in this number. He says that people are now asking this question all over Italy without any one knowing what answer to make. The kingdom has passed through many hard struggles, but now for the first time the Italians seem almost disposed to doubt about themselves and their future. The great disorders and abuses which have been discovered in a bank, with which some politicians have been connected, and the Government itself not been without fault, is a fact sufficiently grave, but still not serious enough to account for the terror which has seized on Italy. Other countries have found themselves in similar circumstances, and have not rapidly escaped from their trouble. Yet they have not given way to despair. There is no doubt that for more than eight months Italy has been under a heavy load, and the Government has been accused of profiting by the disorder of the bank, and prolonging the disquiet. It is said that it only instituted proceedings against those involved when forced to take such a step, and is held not to have respected the independence of the magistrates; and to have kept back, in order to defend its friends and threaten its enemies, documents which ought to have been handed over to the judge. The writer complains that the moral level of the Italian Parliament has been getting lower, but thinks that the present Government is not more blameworthy than its predecessors. Concord, self-abnegation, and virtue made Italy, and they alone can save it. Signor Biaggi contributes a valuable study of Gounod's life and work.

METHODIST REVIEW (November-December).—In a word to contributors we read: "The rule which experience has made necessary is that the *Review* does not print any contributed article which is a review of a book." This seems a strange rule to English editors who draw their best material from such sources. The pages devoted to the "Evangelical Association of North America" will interest students of ecclesiastical polity.

THE CENTURY (October, November, December).—Mr. Flynt's papers on "German and American Tramp Life" will be eagerly studied. The reminiscences by Salvini and Edwin Booth are very good. There are some interesting papers in the Christmas number. "Texas" is a capital story, and the Rembrandt articles are a special feature. Some of the illustrations are very fine.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (October, November, December).—"The Handsome Humes," which closes in the November number, is one of the strongest stories Mr. Black has given us for a long time. Lord Week's descriptions of his travels in Persia furnish many pleasant glimpses of life in that country. Mr. O'Connor's "House of Commons," and Mr. Page's "Old Dominion," are good features in the Christmas *Harper*. "A Second Spring," the story of a lonely widower's second marriage, should not be overlooked.

ST. NICHOLAS has been fortunate enough to secure one of Mr. Kipling's best things, "Toomai of the Elephants," for its Christmas number. The story of the Indian lad, whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather had all in turn been drivers of Kala Nag, the famous elephant, will prove entertaining and instructive both to boys and their fathers.

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